The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Collection of North Caroliniana

C378
UQcab
v.11

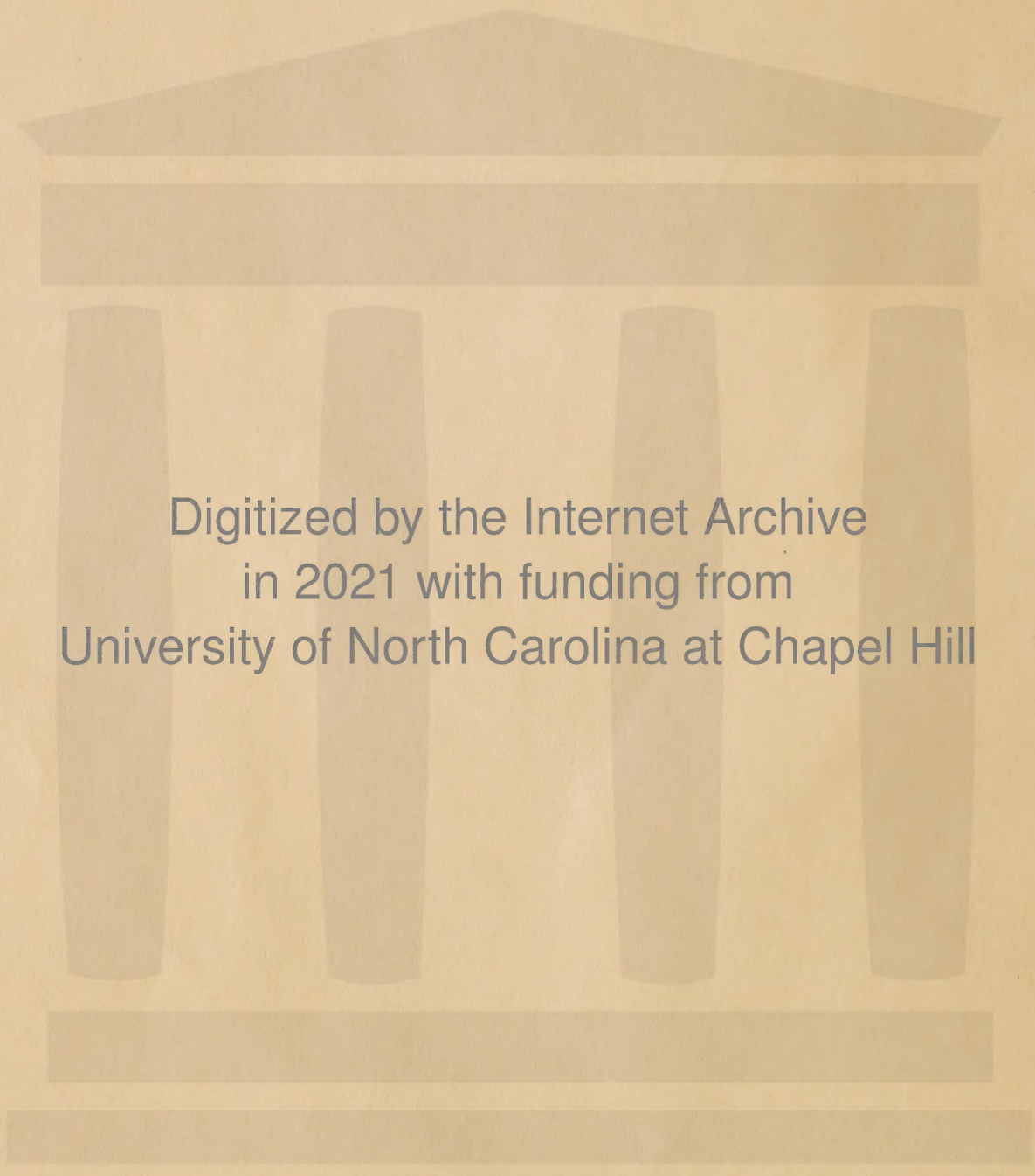
Mutilated: pp. 19-20,
June issue missing.

This book must not be taken from the Library building.

23 NOV 39 E D

19 Aug'40 CB

LUNC-15M JL 38



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

https://archive.org/details/carolinabuccanee1119unse

NOV 7 - 1933

THE LIBRARY UNIV

CAROLINA

SCRAMBLER



GRIDIRON NUMBER

tiller





● ABOVE — FRANK BUCK has lugged tons of rhinos, tigers, and gorillas across the Pacific. He *has* to keep his nerves healthy to follow his strange occupation of capturing wild animals *alive!*

● WHETHER YOU'RE ON A HOLIDAY, or hard at work, you'll find that Camels are better for steady smoking.

● FRANK BUCK HAS SMOKED his way around the globe with Camels. He says, "I am a steady Camel smoker. Camels are milder, and they don't upset my nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"Bringing 'em back alive is a job packed with thrills, excitement, and real danger," says Frank Buck. "I am a heavy smoker, as you noticed if you saw my picture, 'Bring 'em Back Alive,' but I can smoke all I want because I smoke Camels. They do not upset my nerves. I prefer their mild, rich flavor, too."

* * *

Turn to Camels and find out for yourself how true it is that Camel's costlier tobaccos taste better... and do not jangle the nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You'll appreciate the mildness ...the flavor...the added pleasure in costlier tobaccos.



A MATCHLESS BLEND

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI OCTOBER, 1933 NUMBER 1

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

PERPLEXITY

By GEORGIANA MOORE

Oh, tell me why you care for me;
Oh, tell me why you smile;
Or walking to and from the shack
You hold my hand the while.
Will you really like me more?
Will romance follow glee?
And now, my friend, please tell me
Must you hold my knee?
The trouble with you sailors
Is you have too many ports.
And tell me, can't you find diversion
In any other indoor sports?

Hibernians and Hotcha

There was a Scotch lover named Lew
Who thought necking his honey taboo;
She said "Kisses are free!"
He jumped up with glee,
And said, "Have ye many, noo?"

A campus newspaper quite bum
On which all reporters are dumb
Does print antique news
Midst hisses and boos
While Benny sits chewing his gum.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

N. R. A.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

We suggest that you patronize the Chapel Hill merchants here listed. They are co-operating fully with the National Recovery Act.

HARRY'S GRILL
PRITCHARD-LLOYD, INC.
ALFRED WILLIAMS & CO., INC.
LACOCK'S SHOE REPAIRING
ANDREWS-HENNINGER CO., INC.
O'KELLY TAILORING CO.
SHIELD'S "HOM-OND" FOOD STORE
FRIENDLY MARKET & GROCERY
RANDOLPH-McDONALD, INC.
SOL LIPMAN
W. C. LYON HDWE. CO.
DURHAM DAIRY PRODUCTS, INC.
UNIVERSITY SERVICE STATION
MODEL MARKET & GROCERY
CAMPUS CONFECTIONERY
BERMAN'S DEPT. STORE, INC.
UNIVERSITY SHOE SHOP
JOHNSON-PREVOST DRY CLEANERS
HILL DRY CLEANERS
CAROLINA THEATER
ORANGE PRINTSHOP
STROWD MOTOR CO.
LEDBETTER-PICKARD
SUTTON DRUG STORE

243971

HERE AND THERE

By Susie Spencer

What's this about three co-eds bursting into a student government meeting under the impression that it was the Buccaneer tryouts? Curious! The names on the two doors read very differently, you know. We wonder if the fair rosy face of Harpo Barnes had anything to do with it????

We hope that the occupants of a certain red roadster well known around the shack will have better luck with his next 'femme'. Brunette—Blonde—now why not try a red-head?

How about that jealous Romeo who had a detective agency trail his girl-friend and her latest flame!

We hear a certain co-ed carries her room key attached to her garter so it will be safe. We wonder how safe.

And there's the co-ed who went to a boy's apartment and played tit-tat-toe!

Not to forget the urious co-ed who, hearing she was two-timed, started off to Carr at 12 o'clock at night!

One wonders how that hopeful suitor felt, on calling for his lady-love, to be informed that she was over at the Medical Building, but to come on over with the other stiffs!

"Lips that touch wine, Shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And so she taught school for years and years and years.

Believe it or not, a frat man has actually ASKED a girl for a kiss!

One wonders what happens at that cabin these nights in that cabin 3.2 miles from town—

Speaking of football, we hear that there are a good many more "workouts" in Kenan stadium under the dreamy rays of the moon than under the streaming ones of old Sol.

And by the way, Coach Collins, several co-eds have asked that you hold some special coaching periods for certain innocent little freshmen who sorely need instruction in several points of technique.

We wonder how that contest for Wee Willie on the second floor of Spencer came out.

It is said, that Gimghoul is as good a place to study astronomy as the Arboretum is to study Botany. We wonder how much longer that "Rock of Ages" can stand up under the stress and strain of co-education!

Maybe those cows mooing all one night were just having a bull session.

KLOTHES, KOMMENT AND

FALL FASHIONS

By Margaret B. McCauley

Now that October has come with football, falling leaves, and crisp cool air, summer clothes are forgotten along with swimming, tennis, and golf and the new thrilling fall activities bring up that always exciting question of clothes. Fashions this year are more than ordinarily exciting: they are elemental—there is something of the sea and the sky in them. Clothes, like cars, are going in for stream-lines—the foolish frills and furbelows of yesterday are as obsolete as a model T Ford.

Perhaps due to the new deal, fabrics are much richer this year. There is more lamé, damask, velvet and fur and all sorts of curious materials; satins so stiff they can stand alone, or unusually heavy, to give that silken leaden feeling, stiff faille, and that new quilted taffeta first conceived by Schiaparelli. Unusual colors hold the stage this fall; the hues of berries being predominant, everywhere from blackberries and mulberries to the grape. Olive brown, olive green, dark bottle green, wine red and dark blue and popular for the daytime. In the evening, black is replaced by new dark, rich shades; deep purple, deep sapphire blue, carnation red, brown, Chinese blue and Chinese red. But *no* white or pale pink or pale blue, unless in one of the new stiff and shiny materials.

For school, simple little suits of wool or corduroy, with jaunty jackets and something warm and bright and foolish around the neck, are just the thing. Extremely simple velvet suits are more formal. Coats must be swagger, if sporty, or molded in long smooth lines, if for dress. Day clothes are slightly longer than they have been, afternoon dresses of ankle length, and evening gowns touch the floor and may even sweep it in some cases. Necks must be amusing; bright cravats, high standing collars, shoulders broadened by clever treatments of all kinds, but *not* padded like those of a Monte Carlo gigolo. Sleeves extend anywhere from the elbow to the wrist and gloves come up to meet them.

The always fascinating subject of evening clothes is more fascinating than ever. The idea is to show off your curves, if thy're good, by means of princess lines; with the neck, oh so high and demure in the front, but quite backless, and even sporting a ducky train. If your lines are not so good, try a Vionnet line with its kindly bias cutting

KOMEDY OF THE KO-EDS



"My, what a handsome sorority pin, you have, Miss Jones."

about the hips, or the Calvacade dress, tight in front, and with an Edwardian train in back. Evening capes are the most thrilling of all-sumptuous affairs of velvet richly trimmed with fur, or plain velvet swirled ove on shoulder and worn with a dash, or "historical" capes, with long Shylock sleeves or brilliantly evil Mephistophelian capes of vivid scarlet.

Most of the girls probably have their wardrobe practically complete for the fall, but it is always fun to keep up with Dame Fashion, and, in case you do need a few new things, now and then, let me give you a hint—there are some awfully cute tricks in women's shops in Chapel Hill and Durham that it wouldn't hurt to investigate!

FADS OF FASHION

By Margaret B. McCauley

Did you know that:

The new hats are a cross between the Sheriff's daughter's and a Tyrolean peasant's?

Bracelets are always smarter worn in pairs, one on each wrist?

Lavin uses diadems of silver and black enamel to heighten the classic feeling of evening dresses?

Velvet tams with feathers are just the thing?

Velvet scarfs are smartest with a coat?

Schiaparelli suggests initials handstitched on back of antelope sports gloves?

Mainbocher has started a surprise fad of "jockey backs"—what appears to be a plain wool suit reveals a startling leopard skin back when the wearer turns around?

It's smart to wear velvet or satin "fantasie gloves" with evening clothes—the gloves matching an opposite note of color in the evening dress?

The most attractive and yet practical new glove is of bagheena—a soft thin mat velvet that pulls on easily and doesn't make the hands look large and bulky?

The lovely new silver-gray fur, Ondatra, that made such a hit at a recent Paris opening, is really only the skin of the common Parisian rat?

When she starts singing, "But, Honey, are you making any money?" be nonchalant and answer, "I can't give you anything but love, Baby." Then she'll most likely come back with "Just friends, lovers no more." But by heck, "Good times are coming"—Yeah—So is Christmas.

Breathes there a man
With soul so dead,
Who never to his wife hath said
When do we eat?

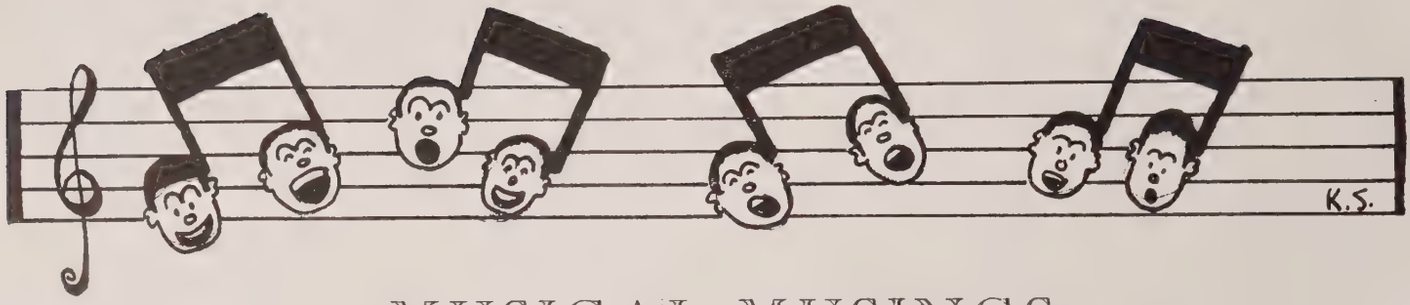
"There must be a slip somewhere," said the co-ed, as she searched through her dresser.

Smart Fall Apparel

Randolph-McDonald, Inc.

Now Featuring

Arrow Tab Shirts



MUSICAL MUSINGS

By JIM JACKSON

Strains of "Smoke Rings" . . . "Harry Bonsell announcing and presenting GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA from the Glen Island Casino, just off the Shore Road from New Rochelle, New York."

That's the way the Columbia Broadcasting System presents the band that was, without a doubt, the reigning musical aggregation of the upper East this summer . . . and justly so. When a band can break thru the nonchalance of New York's summer society it has to have something out of the ordinary . . . and anyone that's heard these boys must admit they have just that.

"All for one, one for all" . . . "All men are created free and equal" . . . nope, we're not quoting Dumas or reciting the highlights of American History . . . but rather stating the principles behind the organization of The Casa Loma band. All fourteen men are shareholders financially in this unique musical corporation. In other words it's an incorporated orchestra. Glen Gray's name in uppermost because he is, so to speak, the head man of the "Execk" committee. Glen, you know, takes his place with his saxaphone on the front row of the band and leaves the directing of his men to the competent baton wielded by the man elected annually by all the boys. So-ooo . . . even disregarding the music they put on, any band with an organization like that is bound to be a success in some way or another . . . corporation or no corporation . . . these gents, in the minds of many of us put out a brand of music second to none.

Chemistry 42 is qualitative analysis . . . but this is Music 32, with the Casa Loma band as the experiment for today. "What is it that they got that makes us folks think they're so hot!" Is it the Casa Loma rhythm . . . their distinctive arrangements . . . their precise time . . . the well-rounded selection of tunes in their repertoire . . . their vocalists—"Pee Wee Hunt, Kenny Sargent, and Clarence Hutchenrider—. . . Is their success due to any one of these features? Frankly, we're of the opinion that it's all of these distinctive features put together to give Glen Gray's band a personality all its own. Truly, they combine all the above features to a degree accomplished by few other orchestras.

They can take a piece, old or new, rearrange it, and play it for you . . . and it'll turn out to be a damn' sight more enjoyable tune than most other bands could make it. The Casa Loma play as hot tune as any nigger outfit . . . or a sweet tune as sweet as any King or Lombardo . . . and keep them danceable.

The Casa Loma vocalists . . . three swell voices with "Pee Wee" Hunt and his husky baritone for the novelties and the hot ones . . . Kenny Sargent on the sweet tunes for sweet tenors . . . and Clarence Hutchenreider for good straight tunes . . . all in all a mighty well balanced array of first class songbirds.

The Casa Loma orchestra was originally Ben Pollack's Orange Blossom Band of the old days. They started on their own hook and really came into their own while holding forth from Sir Henry Pellet's "Casa Loma," away up in Canada . . . hence the name. Anyway, Sir Henry, a swell ol' gent, gave the boys a tour across the sea, where they were a huge success. Upon returning, they got aboard the popularity train back in dear old U. S. A. Most of us know the rest of the story . . . but to delve a little farther into the future . . . we'll still be able to hear these gents from New York's Essex House this winter.

Records . . . records . . . and more records . . . all after a summer full of some fine tunes, of which "Lazybones" and "Blue Prelude" were undoubtedly the reigning favorites. Hhis column of bull is written, you know, two or three weeks ahead of its publishing date, so it's up to us to ask your indulgence if we're not right up to the minute . . . but we can offer this bit of premature dope—generally good anywhere, anytime, and say that you'll seldom go wrong on any new record by Ray Noble, Blen Gray, or Hal Kemp—there are a few sour ones, we know only two well, but when these boys put 'em but they're few and far between.

Let's look over a few of those that are O.K. the time of writing.

IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN and THAT'S HOW RHYTHM WAS BORN . . . CASA LOMA . . . Both a trifle old but still fine tunes . . . glee club vocal on the first and "Pee Wee" Hunt vocal on the later. Both very well done.

MUSIC FROM ACROSS THE SEA—CASA LOMA again, in a swell arrangement.

LOVE IS THE SWEETEST THING—Another fairly old one right down the KEMP alley—and justly arranged and turned out.

EMPEROR JONES—VICTOR YOUNG with CONNIE BOSWELL singing superbly. This tune is set for real popularity because it has "character." DINNER AT EIGHT—fair on the reverse.

SHANGHAI LIL'—LOMBARDOS on another that fits them.

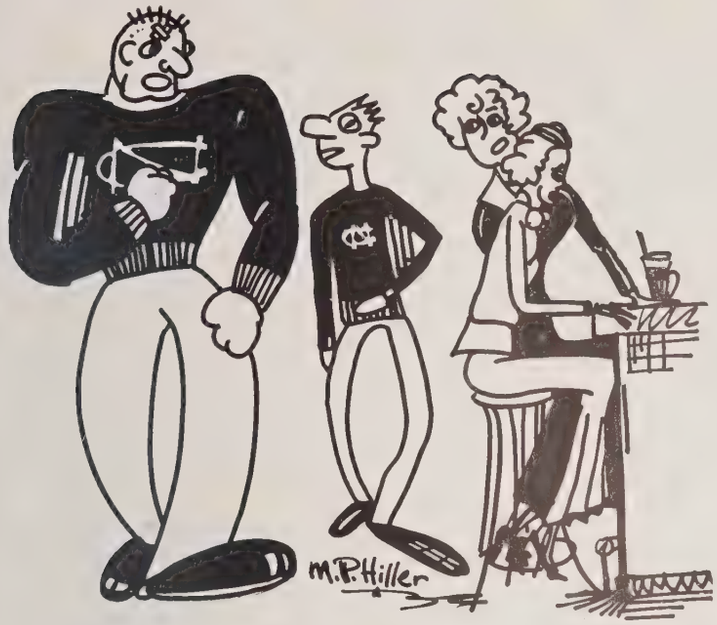
AIN'T-CHA GLAD?—Another by HAL KEMP, done with lots of quick time sax work. IF YOU LIVED IN THE MOUNTAINS . . . a swell, enjoyable KEMP novelty.

MY LOVE—One of GLEN GRAY'S sweetest tunes and finest arrangements, with a Kenny Sargent vocal.

SHAME ON YOU—On a Brunswick by FREDDIE MARTIN—ane of his best, also one of Harold Arlen's best compositions.

SAVAGE SERENADE—Another down the CASA LOMA ALLEY.

Watch for record releases of some of these newer tunes . . . THE DAY YOU CAME ALONG . . . THE LITTLE TOWN GAL . . . I'D WORSHIP HIM JUST THE SAME . . . AND SO GOODBYE . . . BE CAREFUL . . . GOODBYE, LOVE.



A La H. I. Phillips

Who are these people?
What people?
The people in the picture above.
Oh, they are athletes and co-eds.
What kind of athletes?
Oh, a football man and a track man.
What do they have under their arms?
Books.
What are they doing with them?
They say the professors like for them to bring bring books to class.
What is the football player saying to the track man?
He says, "Lay off the women and sodas; good livin' is what got me where I am today."
What does the track man say?
Nothing.
What is the homely co-ed saying to the other one.
She is saying "Athletes are out of date when it comes to love making."
What does the other co-ed say?
Nothing.
Why doesn't the track man say anything?
Because he knows.
Why doesn't the other co-ed say anything?
Because she knows too.

'Twas dusk, and night was falling fast. The man was in a hurry to finish mowing his lawn before it grew too dark to see. Suddenly he spied a darker patch over to the right that he thought to be uncut grass. Quickly propelling his mower to the spot, he stumbled and fell down a well. Aha! He couldn't tell his grass from a hole in the ground.

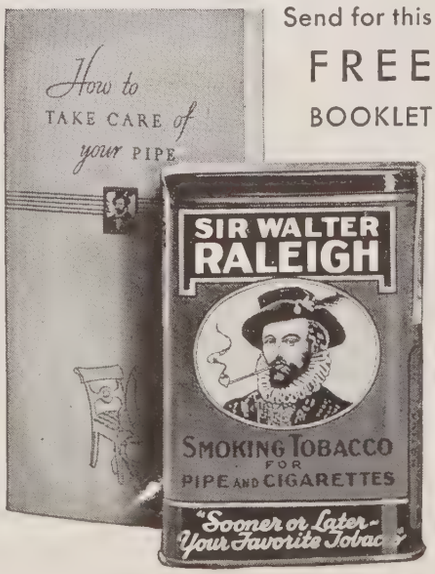
Why *rope* 'em when you can *dope* 'em?



NO WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong, heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it . . . rich . . . full-bodied . . . satisfying . . . and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution . . . "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-310



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



SPIRIT OF CAROLINA

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI OCTOBER, 1933 NO. 1

BUCCANEERING

The freshmen have arrived, and the situation is well in hand. This year they come from everywhere. From the rock bound coasts of Brooklyn to the Sunkist shores of Hatteras come freshmen thirsty for knowledge and Orange county corn.

Talking about thirst reminds us of how the Society editor of the Rocky Mount Telegram headlined a story that appeared in the paper in early September. The story concerned local students returning to the various colleges throughout the state and country. The headline said "College Campuses Attract Thirsty Throngs of Local Youths." That's the kind of thing that give colleges a bad name.

Students: "We Do Our Part"

Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices! Spell Carolina! Split Carolina for team! Let's go Carolina!

Yes sir, Carolina is having some yelling this year. Sore throats are replacing swelled heads, and the cheering section is beginning to make some noise. Cheering reached its peak at Carolina during the undergraduate days of Kike Kyser (now known as Kay). Dale Ranson tells a story of how Kike started his famous Cheerios:

James Kerns Kyser was a junior at the University. He was known as a good-natured sort of fellow, but was not recognized as being especially outstanding.

One day out at Emerson field, a baseball game was in progress. Someone observed Kike standing in front of the stands. He yelled at him, and Kike yelled back. Someone else called out, and Kike made some bright retort back at him. Several people in the stands joined in the conversation with Kike acting as Master of Ceremonies. Kyser's tongue was ready enough to cope with the situation and soon he had the whole stands with him. He has had the stands with him ever since. He was urged to lead the cheers, and he took the job.

Kyser, as a result of his versatility, became the most popular man in the University. As the Tar Heel (bless its little heart) said last year "Kike Kyser was everything but President of the University. His spontaneous spirit held the campus, and his Cheerios won renown all over the country.

He organized a band here that was recognized as one of the best collegiate bands in the nation. Kike changed his name to Kay after he left Carolina with his band. He has made a big success in the orchestra racket, playing in almost all of the larger northern cities. He is now located in San Francisco. Kay recently gave two new football songs to the University.

The BUCCANEER sincerely hopes that with the football songs of Kike Kyser, the spirit of the Campus will be stimulated as it was when he was here.

Co-ed Correspondence

We went to the post office the other day expecting nothing more exciting than a few exchanges. Imagine our surprise to see a letter addressed to the BUCCANEER in feminine handwriting. Here is what was inside:

CAROLINA BUCCANEER
Scandal Column,

A certain little brunette freshman at the co-ed shack and a big transfer from Tulane seem to be very much "that way" about each other. Every time I go through the Arboretum, I see them either petting or pouring sweet nothings into each other's ears. On two occasions, I have heard her call him "Snookums Bootsie" and he replied with "lil peaches."

Please inform them that the Arboretum is a public place, in the daytime anyhow.

Yours truly,
I. C. ALL.

To the BUCCANEER, this looks like a plain case of jealousy.

Here's to Ya

Blackbeard, the patron saint of the good ship BUCCANEER, cursed a terrible oath and said, "Yo, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum! From now on this *?-&$(!! magazine ain't goin' to have no more !*)?-æ*!! dirt in it. The next man who mentions sex will walk the plank.

All the little cut throats around the BUCCANEER office trembled with fear. "Okay, Uncle Blackey," they said.

And so we present the BUCCANEER to the public once more.

more of moore

There was a young preacher named Bipp
Whose congregation sure thought him a pip.
Then he went out one day
With a choiress, they say.
Boy, anyone's liable to slip.

It is rumored that a young lady demanded a quarter back after the Carolina-Davidson game.

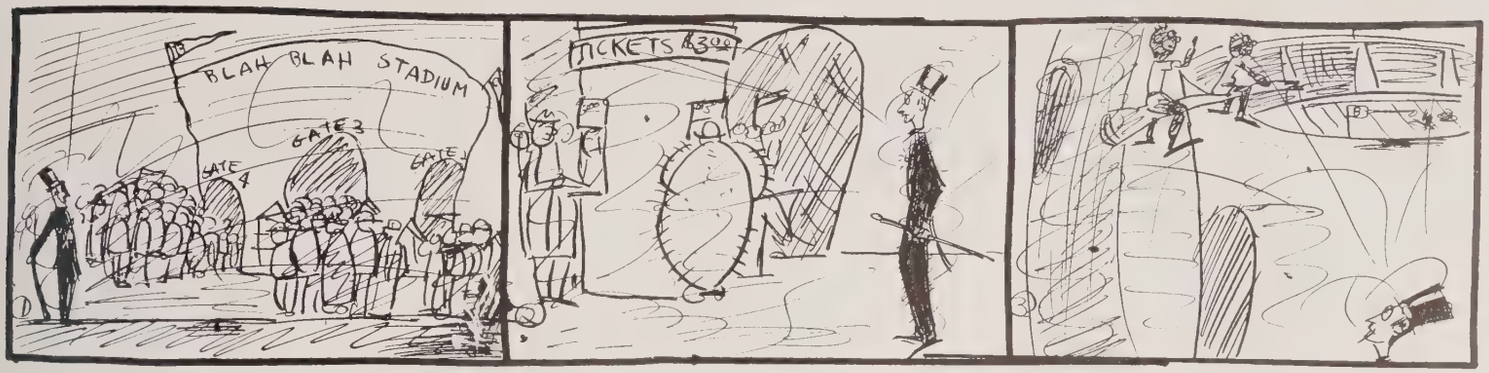
"How do you like Duke as a whole?"
"All right, but they ought to cover it up."

Oh how I yearn to be a star
Of football notoriety
Then I could have a great big car
And live at some sorority.

There was a young Heeler named Carr,
Who thought that the BUC he would mar,
But with our arguments specious,
And quips most facitious,
We have chased him to regions afar.



When you gotta go, you gotta go.



Chapel Hill
Monday Night

DEAR MABEL,

My dear, I don't know where to begin, I simply don't! So much has happened in the last few weeks that I'm all *aghast.* I mean I actually *am!* I had the most exciting date last Saturday-to a football game and I was simply thrilled. George took me (you remember me telling you about him don't you?). He came by about two, in his car, and we drove out to the stadium. You never saw so many parked cars in all your *life,* I mean my dear you *never* did. We got in the mob of people in front of the gate and finally got inside. When I saw that perfectly gorgeous stadium all white and green (concrete and grass you know) I knew then and there that I'd simply *adore* football. There were scads of people already seated so we found our seats and got settled. There were a lot of boys running around on the field and kicking footballs way up in the air. George was looking at them pretty closely but I was interested in seeing all the people coming in. By and by a whistle blew and somebody yelled "Kick it down!" A second later everyone was yelling and shouting at the top of their voices. Pretty soon things quieted down a little and the boys did a lot of scrambling around on the field. Just then I noticed the sports costume of the girls a few seats down the row. My dear, I nearly died of envy it was absolutely *stunning!* A coffee brown velvet affair trimmed with fur—I could hardly keep my eyes off it. It looked frightfully expensive but you can't tell; besides she didn't have the air of money, if you know what I mean. Between cheers I heard some girls laughing, so I looked over my shoulder and I nearly *died!* There back a little bit was a drunk standing on the seat and waving his arms around and shouting, "Give 'em hell, boys!" The people near him would try and pull him down but he'd jump right up again and start yelling. It was a *scream!* I thought I'd pop a cork. My dear, it was simply one of those things! I glanced at

(Continued on page 26)

George but he was busy fumbling the pages of a program; and mumbling something about "number 38." Then I began to hear a boy right in back of us making funny remarks. Really Mabel you have *no* idea, I mean you *haven't!* He was absolutely the wittiest thing I ever heard. I laughed till my sides ached. A couple of minutes later I heard my name called and looking back guess who I saw. Marge Browning! You could have knocked me over with a filet mignon! We hadn't seen each other for *years.* She was looking real cute, if you like that type. She came running down and we had a swell time talking about old times and what we'd been doing. I haven't quite gotten over it yet! It didn't seem long before there was a big shout and everybody got up. George was grinning and saying something about winning "by a point," but I didn't understand very well.

But I do *love* football, it thrills me to death, I mean it actually *does!* Goodbye, Mabel, I'll write again when I have time, I'm so frightfully busy!

LIB.

"36-22-45-88. Hey, you mugs, get in there and do something. Get a move on you. I suppose that all you dopes think that you are tied down with a ball and chain. Those shoes weren't given to you to do toe dances in; you're supposed to get out there and do your best, and those shoes were given you to keep from stumping your little tootsy-wootsies. And those uniforms don't have to be kept absolutely spotless. It's perfectly all right if you get 'em a little soiled now and then. Hell, if youse guys weren't put here by the state, I'd kick every damn one of you out of the prison.

Two drunks,
One fight.
One drunk,
All right.

SING A SONG OF FOOTBALL MANIA

By Pete Ivey

The day of the big game dawned as do all days. Nobody was up to prove it, but there was the fact to be seen for itself. When everyone arose at eight there was the sun shining, and there could be no doubt about the fact that it had dawned. There was no room for quibbling and people saying "It has not dawned," or "How do you know it has dawned?" or "I didn't see it dawn, and what I don't see, I don't believe." Therefore one may just as well know dawn well that the day for the great gridiron classic had finally arrived, and that in arriving, the sun had risen, and that constituted what is know in most sections of the globe as dawn.

It was a perfect day for a game. The air was cool and fresh and exhilirating and clear and pure and breezy. The turf was soft and springy. Not soft and springy like a sponge or like a rubber ball or even like a pair of tennis shoes, but it was soft and springy like a football field should be soft and springy. A goodly crowd was filling up the arena, and the cheering section was beginning to yell.

A great hullabaloo burst from the crowd as the home team dashed on the field. A pretty sight they made as they pranced around throwing balls in the air.

The Radio announcer was getting excited. "The big game is about to commence, folks," he said. "I will now announce the lineup. Coach Groucho Marx of Subsidy College is putting a brand new team on the field today. At fullback we have



Tarzan of the Apes. The Rover Boys are at half, and at quarter we have none other than Frank Merriwell. On the ends are the Bobbsey Twins and at left tackle we have Buffalo Bill. Tom Swift is at right tackle, and for guards, Subsidy College is using Jesse James and Long John Silver. At center is non other than Popeye the Sailor. Coach Sitting Bull of the University of Blood has refused to let the names of his players be divulged. However, it is believed he has hired some well known figures from the underworld. King Kong and Gyp, the Blood, are thought to be on the team as are also Blackberad and Finkelstein, the monster."

"Folks, the cheering section is under the direction of Mr. J. Wellington Wimpy. Just listen to them yell. I'll turn the microphone over to the audience."

Hamburgers, Hamburgers
Raw Raw Raw

The whistle blows and the game begins. Subsidy College kicks off and the two teams dash towards each other. King Kong gets the ball and sells out up the field. He is tackled on his own forty yard line by Buffalo Bill and the Rover Boys. The University of Blood quarterback is calling signals, the ball is snapped, and they're off! Blackbeard has the ball. He heads for the side of the field, and then cuts back towards his own goal line. He runs around in a circle for a time and then heads for the Subsidy college goal. He gallops ninety yards before he trips in his own beard and is thrown for a one yard loss. Finkelstein gets the ball, fumbles it, and it is recovered by Popeye the Sailor. Tarzan gets the ball and jumps thirty feet straight up in the air. He grabs a swinging vine and jumps forty yards more before he is brought down by King Kong, who grabs him out of the air. Jesse James is now in a back position; and shooting right and left, he gallops down the field for a touchdown!

* * *

The fourth quarter is about over. The score is 6 to 0 in favor of Subsidy college. The University of Blood has the ball. Gyp, the Blood, hits a single and slides into second base before the Nightwatchman could say Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. The Bobsey twins jumped for him but he had dribbled the ball so far they couldn't reach, and he made the basket without any difficulty. Popeye landed a teriffic right to Blackbeard's jaw and he went down. "They got me, Pal," he said. "Tell cookie I won't be home for supper." The tears rolled down Dick Merriwell's cheek for he hated to see an animal in pain. The game went on, however, and the score was finally evened when Long John Silver had his shoulders pinned after a corkscrew flying mare.

The score ended 56 to 0, but our side had been cheated at the post.

Sign in the "Illegitimate Bookshop"
BARGAIN

One Book ..... .90
Two Books $1.80

It's fun to be a college boy,
He lives a life of ease;
And even when he graduates
He does it by degrees.

Rich Richard's Almanac

PAT GASKINS

Take care of the pennies, and the sales tax will take care of itself.

* * *

Rolling bones gather much loss.

* * *

Politicians live on the fatuous of the land.

* * *

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never have got your face slapped.

* * *

Two is company, but three of a kind is better in a poker game.

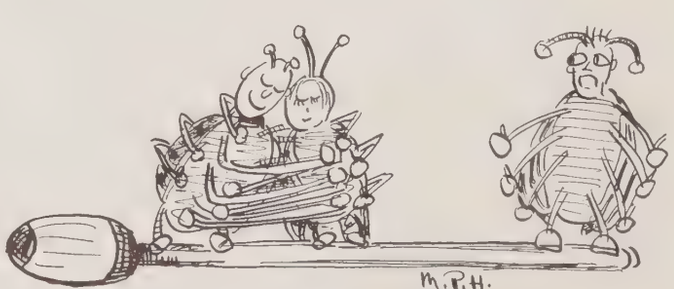
* * *

It's a long worm that knows no turning.

* * *

The proof of the purring is in the sinking.

Modern version of "Love's Old Sweet Song"—"But Honey, Are You Making Any Money?"



Three on a Match



Headquarters
for
McGREGOR
Sportswear
Suede Jackets and
Sweaters
THE YOUNG
MEN'S SHOP
126-128 East Main Street
DURHAM, N. C.


1.
HOG CALLING CONTEST
2.
3.
U.N.C.
4.
5.
FOOTBALL TODAY
6.
Rankin

Post Mortem

(An epic to perished love)

By George A. Moore

It's over now, and once again
I'm conscious, Jane, of all the pain
That loves will have when love has gone—
That stars will feel with coming dawn.

But let's sing no hymns, nor have no tears
Let's smile and say, "It had to be."
And as we go on through the years
Faded dreams in their true light we'll see.

For each journey has an ending, dear,
And books eventually are read.
Songs never last more than a year,
And all loves someday will be dead.

It's over now, and once again
My heart is wrecked and torn with pain.
I CAN'T FORGET your last caress!
(Now where the hell is Sue's address?)



It was the last quarter of the Carolina-Duke football game. The stadium was packed. The cheering was yelling. The score was seven to six favor Duke. The Carolina quarterback was calling signals. The ball snapped back into my hands. I drew back as if to pass, and then suddenly cut out to the left. The Duke right end made a flying leap, but I neatly side-stepped him.

I was gathering speed all the time. The Duke fullback and the quarter both dived for me at the same time, but I spurted onward just in time and they had a head-on collision. I had an open field! I dashed forward the remaining fifty yards and put the ball down on the other side of the goal posts. Quickly we lined up, and I kicked the extra point. The score was 13 to 7 in Carolina's favor.

As the game ended, I was hoisted to the shoulders of the other players and we marched around the field with the band playing, the Dukesters cursing, and our own cheering section yelling.

I awoke with a start to find myself seated on my own shoulders.



Who was in that Ambulance?

My wife's twin sister. My wife caught her muscling in on her racket.



She was only a football player's daughter, but she could sure kick the gong around.

Strange Platitudes

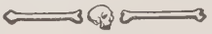
By Eugene O'Steal

The scene of the play is around a banquet table. The Master of Ceremonies arises.

Master of Ceremonies: Ladies and gentlemen, it is with a great deal of foreboding and regret that I present the speaker of the evening to you tonight. There is nothing that I could say in praise of this man. He is a rascal, a blackguard, a thief, a scoundrel, a skunk, and an unmitigated nincompoop. He is not deserving of the respect of any man or woman. I have known him a good many years, and I can say to you without fear of contradiction that you have never had such a low down low brow speak to you. Gentlemen, my apologies in presenting to you Mr. Julius Julippo.

(Boos and cries of "Take him out") Mr. Julippo rises to speak.

Julippo: Ladies and Gentlemen, I resent the Toastmaster's remarks exceedingly. I can only say that our feeling for each other is mutual. It is customary to say something about being glad to be here. I am *not* glad to be here. I think your fair city is a dump. I have never seen more imbecile looking faces than I see when I glance around this audience. I have heard of this club a number of times. A bunch of drunkards and sots is what you are. In closing may I say that I have never had a more boring evening. May I never see the likes of you again. I thank you.

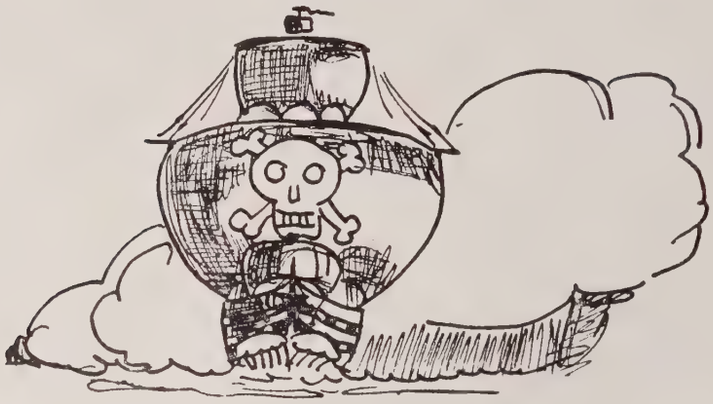


HOW TO ACT LIKE A SENIOR

1. Use the word "proletariat" in a sentence at least three times a day.
2. Remain cynically disinterested in the face of all enthusiasm.
3. When disappointed, merely remark, "Oh, what the hell!"
4. Call all women of all ages by their first names, and refer to them with a suggestive smile.
5. Pretend to see an economic or sexual reason for everything including wars, movies, colleges, churches, and football games.
6. Have on hand a stock of stories of a more or less personal nature concerning the drunken antics of friends and acquaintances.
7. Never cease chiseling and never relax in your efforts to get as much glory, money, keys, and good grades as you possibly can without doing any work.
8. Always refer to a college as "super high school."

—*Pitt Panther.*

BUCCANEER



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Jack Lowe
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pearson

EDITORIAL STAFF

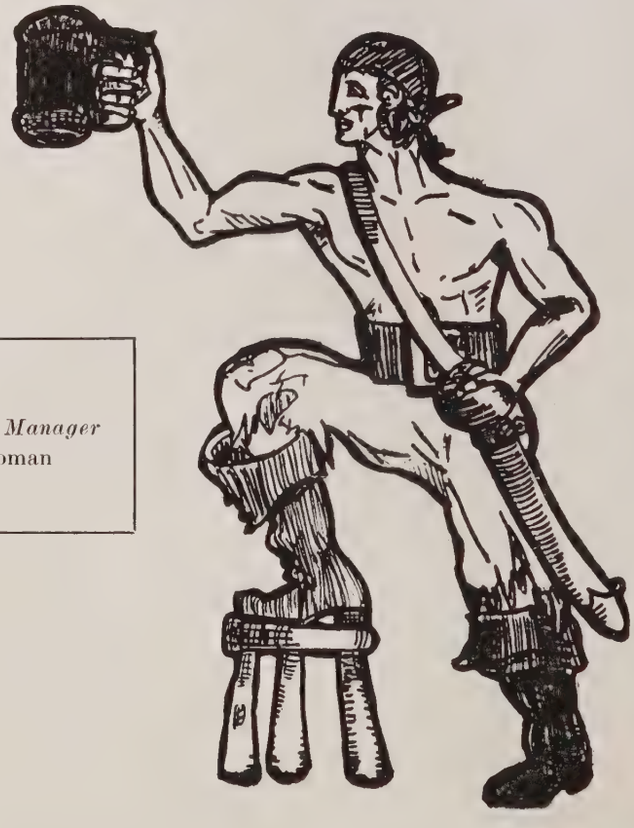
Kay Thompson	James Westbrook	Howard Easter	Ray Braswell
Francis Breazeale	Sherwood Barefoot	Laurence Frank	Joe Brown
Elmer Oettinger	DeWitt Carroll	J. B. Lindeman	Ben Proctor
J. L. Jackson	W. R. Fowler	Herbert Ostendell	Albert Ellis
Tom Hicks	Bob Bolton	Sol Eichler	Alan Waters
Richard Hymes	Jack Poole	M. L. Remin	Jimmy Overton
Tom Koonce	Parker Morris	H. B. Johnson	Jerry Kisner
W. C. Durfee	Fred Langsam	J. R. Bedrick	Milton Kogan
	Margaret Gaines	Margaret B. McCauley	

ART STAFF

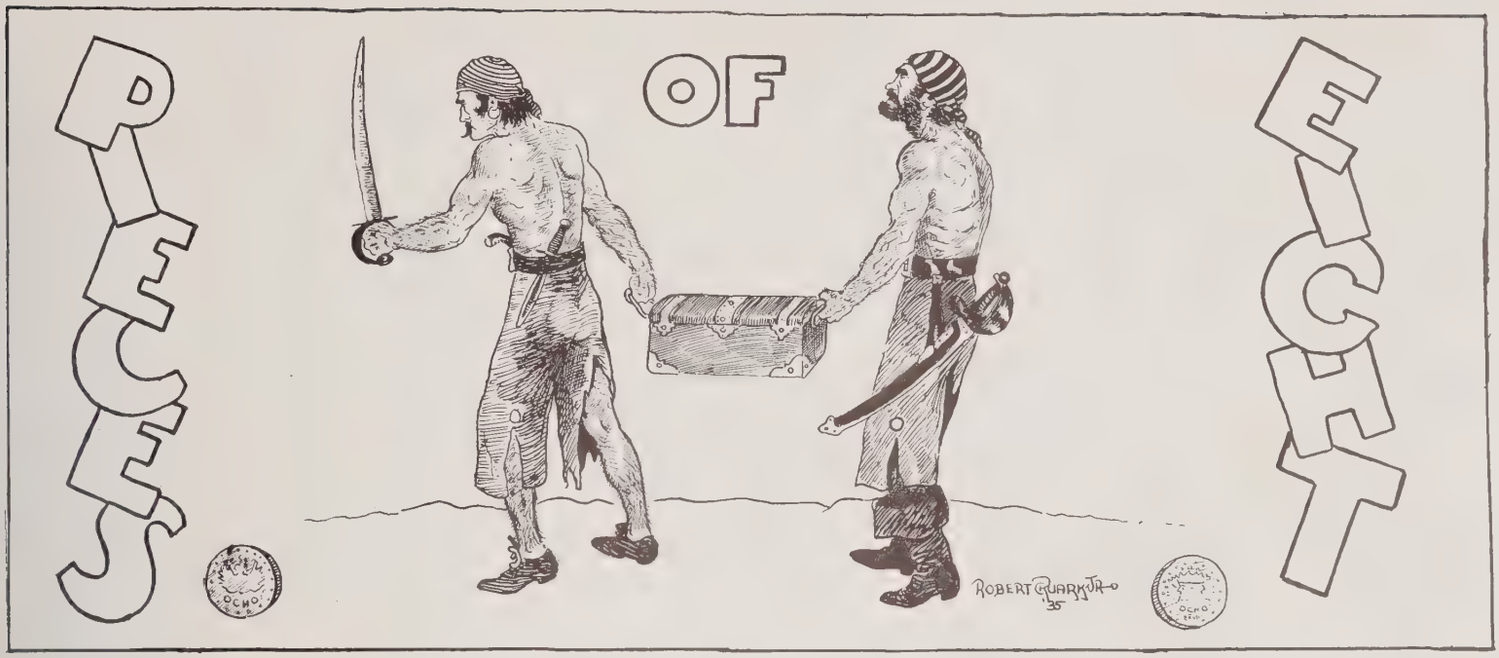
J. Rom Gooding	X. Schlesinger	Roy Wilder	Julian Steinberg
	Julian Bobbitt	Opia Shelton	

BUSINESS STAFF

F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*
R. D. McMillan, Jr. Bernard Soloman
R. B. Kimball



M. P. Hiller



The Buccaneer heartily endorses the purposes and program of the University Club and urges the Student body to cooperate with this splendid organization in all its undertakings. The campus has long been in need of such a practical organization as the University Club professes to be.

For too long we of the student body have been indifferent towards organized cheering and have feigned a stupid air of Sophistication and dignity. In doing so we have denied ourselves many genuine and wholesome pleasures. With a new conception and reawakening we are finding that whereas we are minus the financial allowances from home with which to travel around the country week-ending hither and yon, we can hugely enjoy ourselves with our fellow students and classmates by showing a little of the right kind of school spirit. The Buccaneer urges every man and woman in the University to be school-spirit-minded and at the same time play his or her indispensable part in the rejuvenation of the old Carolina Tar Heel spirit symbolized by the Davie Poplar, the old well, and the phrase, "Carolina Gentlemen." —Jack Poole.

Whether the stock market crash in 1929 had anything to do with the success of our football teams we do not know. It seems that the success of the team has however followed the trend of depression. Something else seems to have a direct correlation to the success of the team, that is the praise of the coach. In 1929 he was a wizard, in 1932 he was a plodder. How any one could be so dense as to think a coach is entirely responsible for the success of his team is inconceivable, yet the majority of the student body and the onlookers feel that he was a genius in 1929 and a plodder in 1932.

In 1929 Coach Chuck tried to shift the blame onto an experienced team, in the last three years he has assumed all the glory of mediocre teams. There are ever so many factors that lend themselves to an unsuccessful teams, namely, dumb material, non trainers to break the morale, a cynical cheering section, a headlinesmans in the Duke game, and then just plain old tough luck. The best a good coach can do is take the material at hand and make the most of it, and who can accuse Collins of doing other wise.

This year we have promise of a good team. It may not win every game, but it can with the student morale behind it. Whether it comes out successful or whether it fails it is still our team, the best material we have, under someone who wants to win games even more than the student body. So cut out the beefing and cheer awhile, and remember that whatever way the wind blows, it can't be laid entirely at Chuck's feet.

—Ben Proctor.

The Class of 1937 is with us and what are we going to do about it? Are we going to be examples to them? Are we going to sit quiet in the football stands while the freshmen cheer? Are we going to stand for some half-wits littering the campus with Scot tissue every time we have a pep meeting or parade? Are we going to keep on reading assinine open forum letters to the Tar Heel? Are we going to demonstrate to the freshmen the art of destroying the grass on the campus by creating unsightly paths?

BUCK REVIEW

"Every Carolina student is a gentleman." For once the *Handbook* doesn't carry that statement, probably due to the female students' protest that they couldn't very well be gentlemen. Nevertheless, the *Handbook* this year contains some juicy morsels, some tasty tid-bits.

* * *

Now that the summer is over and we have time to sit down and *read* travel guides instead of *doing* them, we find a list of choice books at our disposal. Picking up one at random we happen on the *Carolina Freshman Handbook, 1933-34 edition (YMCA, on request)*—a lurid, enticing tale of a place, Chapel Hill, by name. The volume sweeps us from the magnificent *Table of Contents* through hundreds (or is it thousands?) of delicious, congenial, homey, unexcelled boarding places; on and on through pages of gorgeous, collegiate haberdashery; and right smack into the back inside cover: "Fresh Meats, Fresh Vegetables, Fresh Fruits." At least these natives of Chapel Hill EAT! And how they eat!

To boom the boarding business, the Chapel Hillians run, as an added inducement, a modern, sanitary college—American plan.

Within this well-stuffed main theme of interesting places to eat run is interwoven a thin sub-plot of advice to Freshmen. Author Carl G. Thompson (of the Pinehurst Authors' Colony) writes in a clear, understandable, yet paternal, and poetic style. His sentences are as trimmed and direct as a pencil point. By the use of many day by day details he makes college life seem almost realistic.

We haven't space to give the whole scope of the book, but some outstanding passages are worthy of quoting:

"All professors are human." P. 10.

"The Buccaneer is a humorous publication." P. 30.

"Books can be bought at the Book Exchange." P. 10.

"Quizzes are given according to professors' whims"—and grades he forgets to add. P.10.

"*Yackety-Yack*, the college annual, is published once a year." P. 30.

* * *

This edition is bound neatly in red, and contains a handy map of interesting places, by Mary Dirnberger. When out of date it will make attractive material for valentines next February.

* * *

Next Month: Hamburger and Hornblower *United States Census Report as of 1820.*



KRAZY KWOTASHUNS

(By R. Hymes, assisted by Tonsilitis—the damn Greek)

People who live in steel houses shouldn't throw acetylene torches.

Look before you peep.

All that glitters is not sold.

Still water's against the law.

Time and tide make a wet bed.

Rolling bones gather no moss-backs.

He who hesitates is a Scotchman buying a newspaper.

Absinthe makes them sound the louder.

A girl in the bush is worth two in the sand.

There's many a sip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

A cat has nine lives, and a women has nine cat's lives.

A burnt child dreads his sire.

Two's a company; three's a corporation.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Every dog has his day—see Benny Carr on Sundays.



A stranger stopping in the little town of Blankville was astonished by the great number of children he found there. It was soon explained by an obliging lady. "Well, you see, it's this way: The engineer that runs the five o'clock morning train begins blowing the whistle a mile up the road and doesn't stop blowing until he gets a mile on the other side of town. Well, along about that time it's a bit too early to get up—and a little too late to go back to sleep.



Now that the Buccaneer is being printed at the Christian Printshop in Durham our editorial policy goes hand in hand with our printers.



"It came from nowhere," he sang
As he looked into the sky,
"But sure it was something,
Cause it fell into my eye."

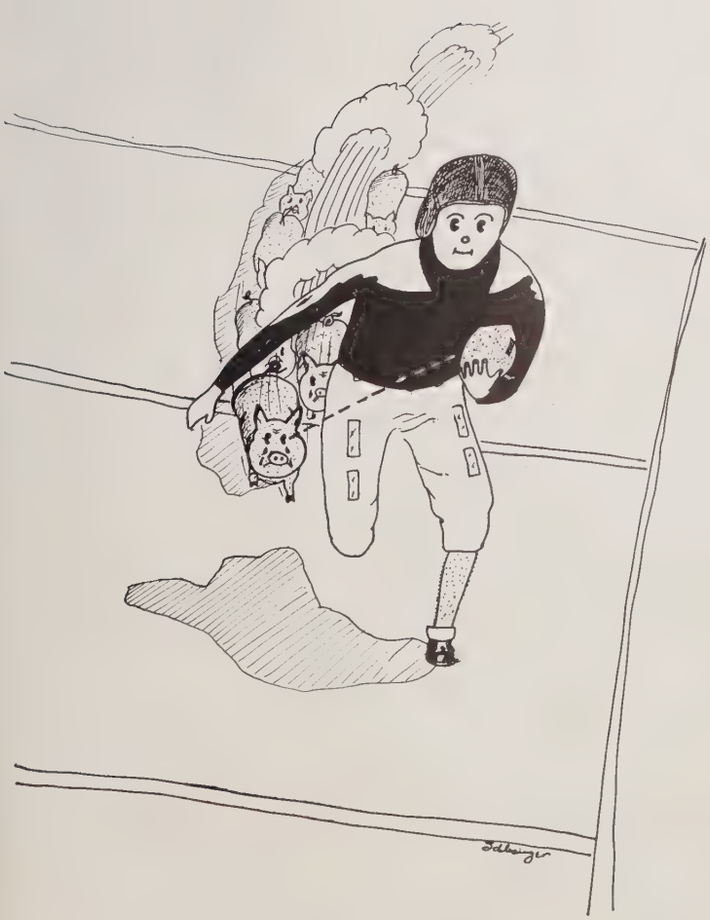
JUST PIGS



"Sonny Boy!"



"Cow hide, Poppa."



"That's my Pop."



"Alas, poor Yorick."

HITHER AND THITHER ON YE CAMPUS

By George Moore

The Treasures

I have lived and I have loved;
I have walked and I have slept;
I have sung and I have danced;
I have smiled and I have wept;
I have won and wasted treasure;
I have had my fill of pleasure.

And all these things were weariness,
And some of them were dreariness.
And all these things—but two things
Were emptiness and pain;
And Love—it was the best of them;
And Sleep—worth all the rest of them.
—Anon.

* * *

We start this year by flicking our modesty (and our fear) to the four winds, and meekly signing our name to the column. Last year we employed those nottobeforgotten initials "A. K. B." A. K. B. meant "a kalinkus bird," and we sure gave the old bird to as many as we could. A kalinkus bird, if you're interested, is a bird that flies backward to keep the sand and rain out of its eyes, and has a .....[CENSORED—Ed.]. This year we experience the renaissance; no more dirty cracks; no more scandal; no more obscene jokes; no more puns. Did you get that? NO MORE PUNS! (With a line like that we should be on the advertising staff.)

And now we write our first column. It is really a task. Nothing we know is funny. There was a pretty good joke about the Chinese girl and the sailor with the wooden leg, but we're saving that one for the Christmas issue. It's a gift.

We know a lot of freshman, rushing and football jokes, but they're all old. I know a joke about my French professor too but we don't get along so well as it is so I'll try to amuse you with the recapitulation of the best stories of the month. Incidently, if you read the Commencement issue last May you can stop now. In fact, if you subscribed to the Buccaneer last year you should have them memorized by now.

* * *

VULNERABLE

During that lull between Summer School and Freshman week, when nothing ever happens in Chapel Hill, those unfortunates left here resort to bridge for their evenings of amusement. On one occasion some friends of ours had repaired to the Kappa Sig house with that idea in mind. The rubbers were quite interesting but the heated discussions of Culbertson, Lenz and Vanderbilt, coupled with the climate, made it necessary for the participants to shed articles of their apparel from time to time. The interest was so intense that none noticed the arrival of a Kappa Alpha boxer with two young ladies. Play was postponed for a short period of formal introductions, in the midst of which one of the amused hurriedly betook himself to other parts with the cry: "Hold everything 'till I get my pants on."

* * *

MORPHEUS

It seems that we all have a freshman story. Ours concerns a hospitable upperclassman who was to awaken one of the newcomers during that orientation week. He went to the room and proceeded to hammer friend frosh on the head.

"What is it," asked the freshman?

"Get up. It's seven o'clock," was the answer.

"Are all of us boys to get up now?"

"Yeah," dryly reported the other, "Hurry up and wash your face. The last one dressed is a nigger baby."

* * *

FEMININE TOUCH

Swain Hall, long the main independent vote of the campus, makes its first move to entice unsuspecting females into its midst by naming Mary Frances Parker its hostess. Acquaintances of the young lady are hailed with a merry "hello" each meal time as they dash helter, skelter through the doors to their tables. Occasionally, a few will stop for the briefest moment of chitter chatter. Then away they go. Sometimes she sits there neglected. (There are still those who will have nothing at all to do with women.) But, all in all, she is rapidly becoming the sweetheart of Swain Hall, the big moment of the training table, the dream girl of the dishwashers.

* * *

KING'S TOUCH

It seems that we all have a football story too. There is one young lady on the campus who is just that way about anyone and everyone connected with football. She's always talking about them, and tries to meet as many of them as she can. Nightly she is found in the library. Being a fastidi-

ous lass, she is escorted home by this one or that one, as the case may be. Feminine friends once asked her why she favored footballers. "I always get a grand and glorious feeling," she said.

* * *

NIRA

A barber friend of ours who shears locks in a downtown bleedery was telling us the other day that Chapel Hill is one hundred per cent for the N. R. A. He went on to say that though his profession wasn't pledged up they were doing their part, and spent some twenty-odd minutes going into detail about how wonderful it was and all that sort of thing. Yesterday we passed him on the street. "Are you still doing your part," we asked?

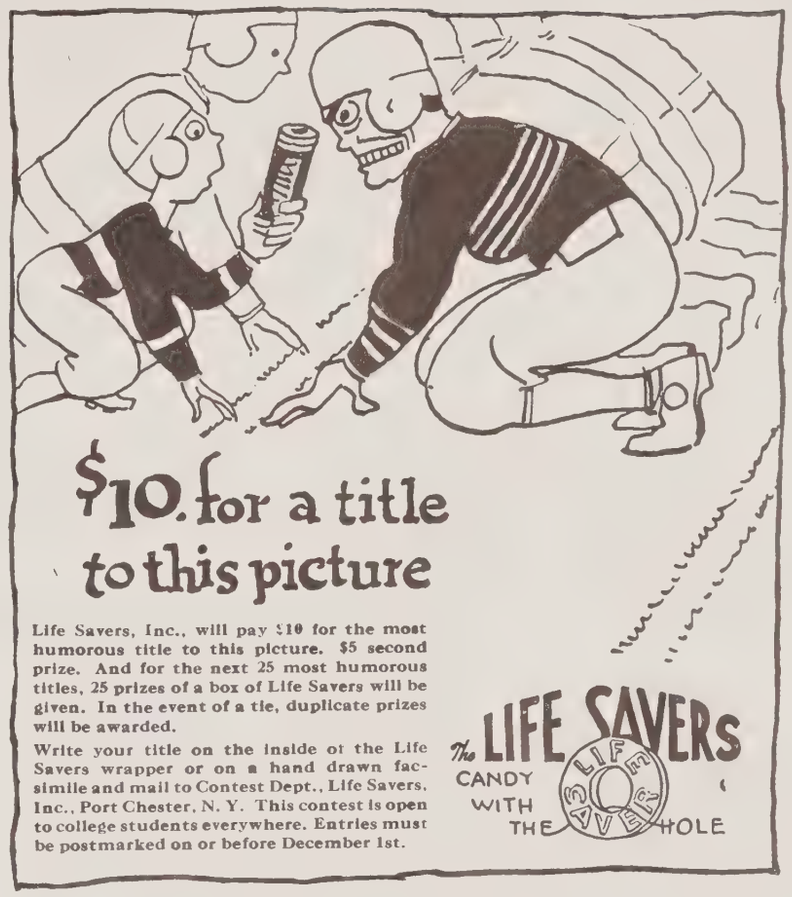
"Yeah," he replied, "Bring around thirty-five cents and we'll do yours too."

* * *

Neatest Trick of the Week. . . .
"HUSBANDS HAVE BABY"—*Daily Tar Heel.*

CONGESTION

The D K E house, by the side of the road, (stay on the right side, sister), is being further illuminated these days by Chapel Hill's second traffic light. In days past, D K E's amused themselves by watching from their front porch near-collisions of speeding Pittsboro-bound vehicles as farmer, negro and co-ed chauffers would whiz past, barely missing the cross-currents of traffic. Such antics always delighted the anticipating onlookers. There were also friends to be hailed as car after car drove by in the panorama. Occasionally, Billy Stroud would pass and wave. (Once she stuck out her tongue.) But those days are no more. Motorists now experience a momentary halt, and then move on. No longer are there screaming brakes; no more close-calls; no more speeding morons; nothing but the uninteresting stopping and starting, starting and stopping, over and over again. Dekes are beginning to feel lack-a-day. They resent the light being there, and suggest it be taken down. And we can hardly blame them. How would you like to have a red light in front of your house? down to the drug, bought every card bearing the He was told it was the Old Well, despite the fact



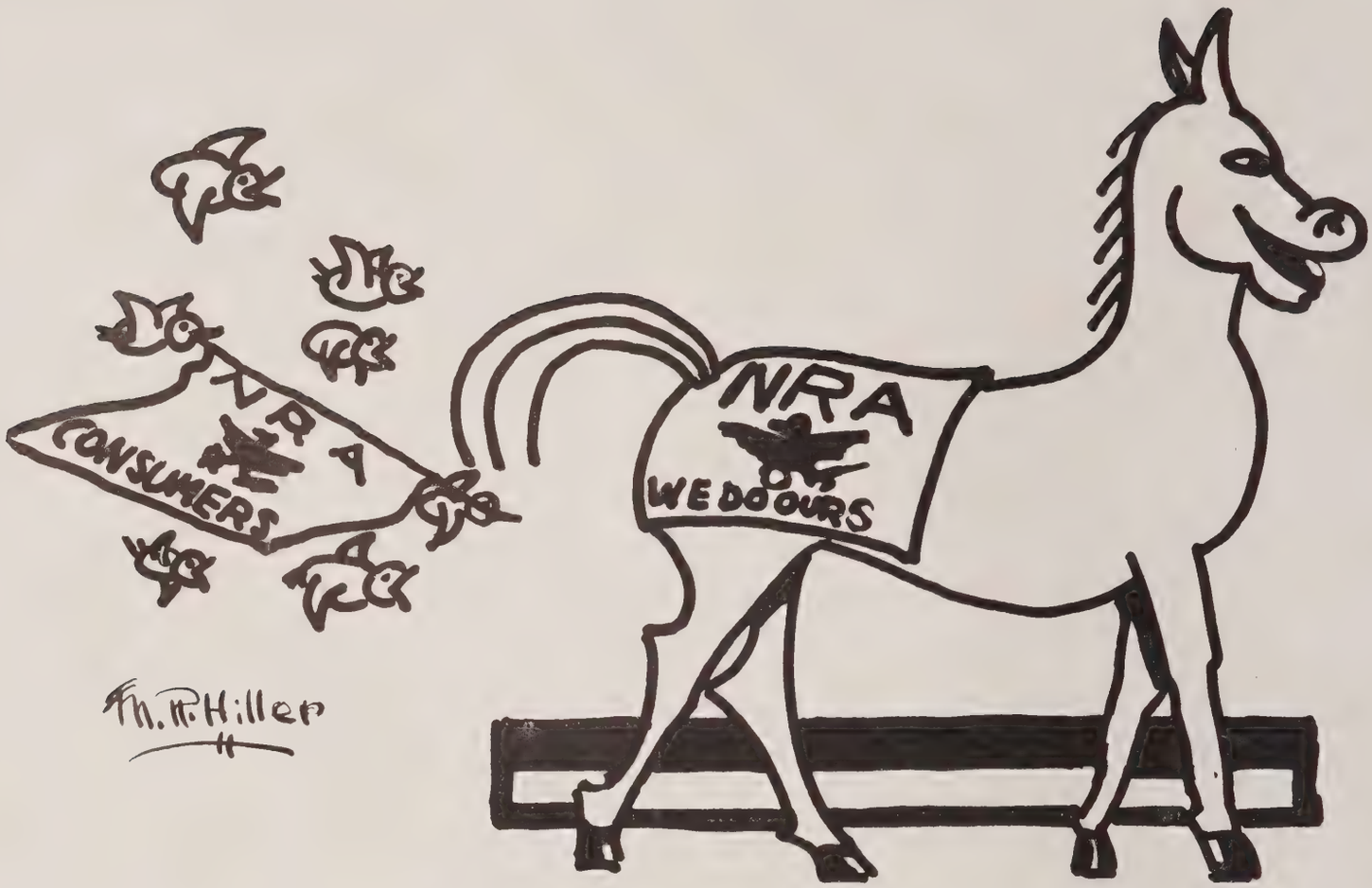


"Is this the way to the football game?"

Potatoes are cheaper,
Tomatoes are cheaper,
Football season tickets $6.00.

And now since Popeye has got the Bonkus of the Konkus, we think it'd be a good idea to take spinach off of the football training table.

Then there was the guy who was so weak he couldn't spit over his chin—but after trying Smith's vitality pills, he claimed he could spit all over it.



FOOTBALL DICTIONARY

Pat Gaskins and Claude Rankin

FORWARD PASS—Excuse for a slapped face.

TACKLE—To make one laugh with a feather.

END RUN—A hole in the bottom or top of a silk stocking.

LINE—A ferocious animal.

CENTER—A dirty skunk.

QUARTERBACK—Refund on your laundry deposit.

NOTRE DAME SYSTEM—A method worked out with the aid of Sal Hepatica and Ex-Lax.

GUARD—A profane expression.

WHISTLE—To cut a piece of wood.

TOUCHBACK—A politician.

PUNT—A bad joke.

BLOCK—A dark color.

SCORE—To frighten.

PAD—Out of debt.

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER—An alumnus.

BET—A place to sleep.

First dope: Horseback riding always gives me a headache.

Second Coca-Cola: That's funny, I'm just the other way.

She—John, dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this.

He—My name isn't John.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

You'll never get through law school—By Hecke.

"Why is the Stork the funniest bird in the world?"

"Because he's always kidding."

EPITAPH:

A shot gun ended Thomas Tate:
He still refused to marry Kate.

ARE YOU LITERARY ?

READ THE WUXTRA LITERARY PUBLICATIONS NUMBER

OF GOOD OLE

"BUCCANEER"

"Bless 'er Soul"

Exposing

"Beany" Benny—Daring, Devilish Tar Heel DEMON!

"Artful Alec" Andrews—Activating, Anarchistic PENMAN!

"Slobbering" Shoemaker—Lurking, Lurid, Literary LUNATIC!

"King-Pin" Lear—Fearer, Frightful, Fatal BOSS!

OUT IN NOVEMBER
IF THE WEATHER PERMITS

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

Observations of Incidents and Accidents

By Wilbur Dorsett

"Quick, Henry—"

It happened at the game Saturday. After the band had finished its performance between the halves, Director Slocum was upbraiding Dan (Bass Horn) Field for playing his music wrong. Dan resented it. "But I played it exactly as it's written!" . . . Slocum came back with "You know *Hark the Sound* doesn't end on A flat." . . . Dan, to prove his point, reached for his music and then exclaimed, "Great Caesar, I've been playing a fly!"

* * *

Silly Symphony

Which reminds me of one on Red Raper. For one of their Sunday afternoon concerts in Graham Memorial the Carolina Ensemblers were to open with the Lenore Overture. Red remained outside to give the bugle call echo. Came the time in the course of the overture for the bugle and Director Thor heard only a sickening silence. Again came the time for the echo—and again. Still no Red. . . During the applause at the end of the selection Thor Johnson slipped out to find Red, with what intent we refuse to reveal. He found him—in the clutches of Uncle Bill McDade, the janitor, who was storming him with, "You caint be a-tootin' that horn out here. They are having a consuht inside.

* * *

Horridspondence

"Having a fine time—wish you were here!" From beaches, mountain resorts, the Fair, everywhere. This was the greeting that poured in this summer from all over the country to one of our Raleigh mates (name on request). Since he was so unfortunate as to have to remain at home all summer it was especially torturing. . . He marched down to the drug, bought every car bearing the picture of the penitentiary, and mailed them to his thoughtful correspondents with the message—you've guessed it—: "Having a fine time—wish you were here!"

* * *

One of Life's Little Dramas

Speaking of prisons—cheerful subject—reminds me of the letter Prof. Koch received from Al (former Playmaker Playboy) Kerr addressed: "In care of City Jail." The letter finally reached Proff's hand with the penciled instruction: "Not in City Jail. Try Playmaker's Theatre."

* * *

Slightly Askew

Have you seen Mary (Bull's Head) Dirnberger's cartograph of the campus? This bird's eye view appeared on the cover of the May *Alumni Review*, and Carl Thompson used it in the *Freshman Handbook* this year. It is really an amazing little picture-map. Yes, any Freshman will tell you that. And just watch one use it. He presses his forefinger down firmly on the desired building and then starts tracking it down. Sometimes he gets there. . . One Freshman wanted to know what church that was between Old East and Old West. He was old it was the Old Well, despite the fact that it was taller than the two buildings on each side. . . Mary has given the Davie Poplar new strength. Believe me, it is no mere shrub now, being, according to her, three or four times taller than the Alumni Building. . . But down in the lower right hand corner you will notice she puts the scale at "Slightly Askew." We askew, isn't that right?

CHILDREN

All that is necessary to get a laugh down at Spinster Hall now is to say, "How's your little boy?" It seems that a certain femme down there is in law school and managed, probably while in the library, to get intimately acquainted with a student in her school who is somewhat smaller in stature than she. The other night when she came in for supper, someone yelled across to her table, and said, "How's your little boy?"

"Oh, he's just fine," was the answer.

"Gee," piped up little Dot Bowen, who is rather new in these parts, "I didn't know that you had a little boy."

"Sure I do," was the answer, "and he's in school here."

"You don't say," said Dot, "you really don't look old enough though."

"Yes, come up to the room sometime, and see my sun and air."

Evidently Dot misinterpreted the statement, for she continued in her credulity and naiveness. "My, you certainly do hold your age well."

And Dot is still wondering why everybody laughed.



"Gee, I wish I could do that."

KAROLINA KOMMENT

Dean E. Carrington Smith of the school of Entertainment presents in the next few days, for the students' pleasure, some excellent attractions that have long been waited for in Chapel Hill. TOO MUCH HARMONY will run for two days, the 22nd and the 23rd. It is a peppy musical production with Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher and Judith Allen (of "This Day and Age" fame). It is about the trials and tribulations of a vaudeville team. They make good on Broadway amid the swell looking chorus girls and everything.

Edward G. Robinson comes to the Carolina on the 24th in a different sort of picture. It is rated as his best yet. Sophisticated Genevieve Tobin and lovely Kay Francis support him. Eddie G. simply breaks out with dramatic ability and love making. The story is about how the women try to do him wrong. The name of the picture is I LOVED A WOMAN.

On the 25th Claudette Colbert comes to the Carolina in TORCH SINGER. Paramount discovered that Claudette had a good singing voice that she had been holding out on them, but she makes up for it in her new picture. As an honorable woman who has an illegitimate child, Claudette sings her way, in an Horatio Alger manner, through stage to radio and riches. Ricardo Cortez

(Continued on page 25)

SOCIETY NOTES

Friends of Mr. William "Bill" Collins will be pleased to know that he has recently recovered from an attack of flu and is busting lines and smearing opponents all over the field.

* * *

The swollen eye of Jimmie Williams, assistant dean of students, is practically well now. Mr. Williams claims he was hit in the eye by a golf ball.

* * *

Mr. Benjamin C. Proctor was the guest of honor at a social function in Carrboro the other night. Benjamin, known to his friends and acquaintances as "Rare Ben," goes to Carrboro several nights a week. The local youths of Carrboro resent Ben's intrusion on their Carrboro beauties and they have made several attempts to ostracize Ben. On several occasions they have thrown rocks at him and threatened him with bodily harm. Now when Ben goes wooing he carries a trusty firearm with him. To the party the other night, Ben went armed to the teeth.

* * *

Tom Walker, managing editor of the *Daily Tar Heel,* has a wart on his back.

* * *

The annual football game between the Buccaneer and the *Tar Heel* will come off sometime this quarter. Experts pick the hardy sons of Blackbeard to beat the sissies of the *Tar Heel* by a large margin.

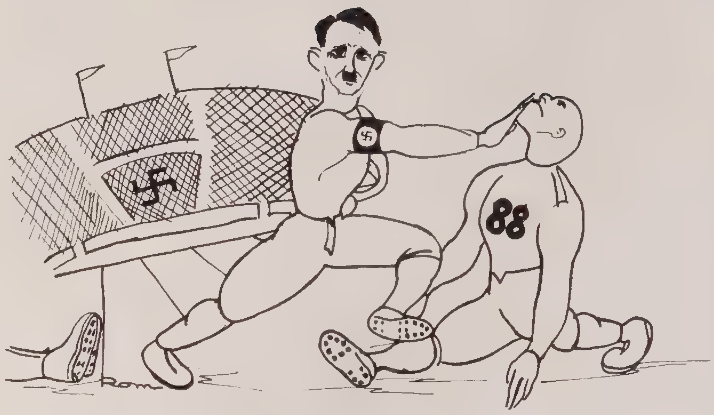
* * *

Ernest Eustler, Tom Bost, Jr., Mark Lynch, and Gene Bagwell made up a foursome at a party at the Sigma Nu house several week ends ago. A good time was had by all. Gene Bagwell couldn't take it.

Naturalist: I understand the language of the animals.

Farmer: Next time you see a skunk, ask him how-come.

"The drinks are on me," said the Scotchman as he was run over by a beer truck.



Suggested use for the Nazi salute.

QUILL SWILL

Marling Spike
Makes me Sycke.
Ogden Nash.

* * *

B-r-r-r-urp. The beerig
Guttrig rises feeling
Smuuthey, grotzney
Once again it trccs
B-rr-r-urp.
James Joyce.

* * *

Feet . . . . .
Heads hitting heads
Then hitting dirt.
People . . . . .
Thousands of them yelling, stamping.
Football . . . . .
Buy a program, Mister?
The Carolina Magazine.

* * *

The wichness of the whyness
Brings to the whoness of
Whensability, whichway?
Alright.
Gertrude Stein.

* * *

I read the Buccaneer.
Bill Croom.

* * *

. . . .
. . . .
Havelock Ellis.

* * *

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
Fido.

CO-ED CONTRACT

By J. L. Brown

Breathes there the Co-ed who never has explained to her Partner that she is always a bit uncertain as to whether to "lead *thru* Strength and *up to* Weakness, or thru Weakness and up to Strength"?

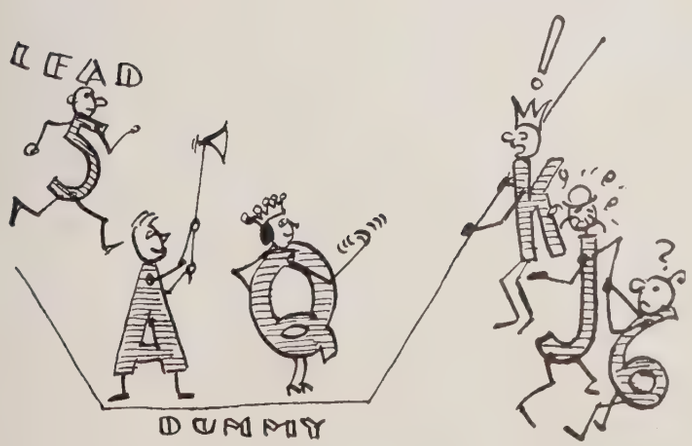
The Centipede leads a happy life as long as he allows his locomotion to be governed by his Sense of Logic,—but just let him sit down and attempt to figure out a set of *Rules*—whether to move the 39th leg ahead of the 81st, etc.—and he'll end up with a nervous breakdown.

Card Sense is merely Horse Sense a*pplied to* Cards. A Co-ed who can be depended on to do the logical thing, (still talking Contract,) will be a better Partner, in time, than the bloke who can quote from page 167 of any Bridge book on the market.

Concerning the bewildering "rule" mentioned in the first paragraph, above, let us consider the Pictographs, below:—



CASE NO. 1



CASE NO. 2

In both cases, the Honors and small cards are members, let us say, of the Spade family. In the first case, the lead is *thru* Strength—Dummy, the second Hand to play, containing the Ace and Queen—whereas, in the other case, Dummy is *fourth* Hand to play, and the lead is *up to* Strength. In which case, think you, is the lead a good one? - - - - Elementary, Watson.

Attempt to memorize the letter of a rule instead of inbibing its spirit, and you will never get anywhere. Determine the principle which *underlies* the rule, find yourself a sympathetic Partner who understands your Bidding Language, and, with added Experience, you'll be walking off with your share of fountain pens, at the regular meetings of the Thursday Night Club. - - - - More anon.

How to Be Funny

1. Drink at least a half pint of 33.2.
2. Lock yourself up in a room with the complete works of Shakespeare, the classic poems, and Joe Miller's joke book.
3. Seat yourself at a table with a pencil in your hand, and ponder for forty minutes.
4. Go out and buy a soda, and ponder and ponder for forty minutes more.
5. All at once grasp at a fleeting idea, and strain as if you were laying an egg.
6. After three hours of this, go to some other college comic and see if there are any jokes you can revise.

KAROLINA KOMMENT

(Continued from page 23)

and David Manners are the two main supporters.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 arrives on the 26th and stays through the 27th. This is the sort of show that the collegians go crazy over: Beautiful women, funny wisecracks, snappy songs, and good dancing and scenery. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell repeat their fine performance of "42nd Street." GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 is one of the best pictures of the year.

Golf pro: Tee the ball.
Pupil: Sure I see it, but why the baby talk?

TOM COLLINS' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Once again school has started and we turn our minds towards what the well dressed young man will wear to class. Color, and more of it. There is a definite trend for color in almost everything in men's clothing this season. This entire column will be devoted to discussion of shirts and neckwear.

To begin with, the tab collar is on the wane at the Northern and Eastern schools, but is just coming into its own here in the South. More popular, and probably a style that is a bit neater and nicer in its proportions, however, is the round collar. They may be obtained in attachables or in detachables. Arrow has a new shirt out this season in the above style. To go a little further they have put it out in color —blue chambray—with two white pique collars to mach and white cuffs. These collars are round and have eyelets in them for the pin. The pin is probably the most important collar and shirt accessory.

Other companies are putting out similar shirts but none quite so smart. In all likelihood the *attached* round collar will take better here due to laundry prices for starched collars.

For those ever popular tweed suits there is now a tweed shirt on the market. It is a good imitation of the tweed, is rough and wooly and goes well with that Harris sport suit. French flannel shirts are also the "nuts," so to speak.

Your grandfather wore a tattersall vest; you have seen it in the attic. Well, shirts are now in the tattersall check and also in the quite popular Glen plaids. Shirts are in reds, blues, greens, yellows, and many other colors or mixtures, in checks and plaids. But, if you really want to be smart, when you wear a double breasted to an informal occasion, wear a white shirt and stiff, detached collar.

The dicky bosom shirt is also popular up north, but it never has gone over well down here. It has, usually, one collar with round edge, and one pointed collar, giving variety when needed.

To get down to cravats, ties to youse guys, the very newest thing is an importation from ondon, namely, a black background tie—preferably satin—with a red, blue, or green figure of medium to small dimensions.

Tweed Suits

An Important Fashion This Fall

$29.50

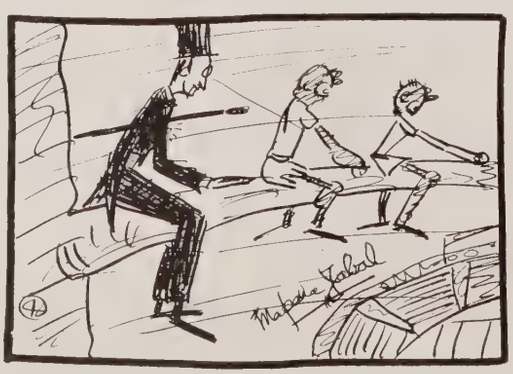
Tailored to Measure

Rough, shaggy, colorful fabrics of the English sporting type, are prime favorites this fall with college men. But rough shouldn't mean rowdy . . . and that's why you'll like these . . . there are plaids that are placid . . . quiet checks and neat ribbed weaves. Especially recommended is the semi-Norfolk model.

Durham Men's Shop

"Style Quarters"

111 W. Main St. Durham



Satins have come back into their own and the sheen of a really fine satin sets off a suit admirably. Poplins, reps in military and club stripes, are rather loud, but they do look quite nice with a solid color shirt. Any sort of wool plaid or wool houndstooth check is in good taste and goes well with sport clothes.

Softer silks are better for dress occasions, as they will tie into the small knot that looks so well with round or tab collars. The dark background with light stripe and the small to medium figure is ever popular, though the coloring in general is a bit brighter.

There are two extremes this season. Your cravat is either very somber, a banker's cravat, or it is quite bright and gay, lending an air of dash and vim to the appearance. Green is coming into its own at last, though most merchants and stores do not stock a large variety of that color because it is supposed to be villainous. We always think of green ties at Christmas time, but they really go well with sport clothes and at night they are quite tricky.

Blues and reds are more popular than any other color because they blend quite well with almost anything, regardless of the shade of shirt or shade of suiting material. However, be careful not to wear a striped shirt and a striped tie, it just isn't being done.

Please note that there are no attempts at puns this season simply because yours truly has been informed that he will obtain a kick in the seat of the trousers (slacks in England) if he even makes even one teeny tiny one. I begged and pleaded for permission for just one pun, but to no avail. Such is life.



"That reminds me; I need a pendulum for my clock."

FAN MAIL

Dear Editor:

I am a co-ed at this school and a freshman. I heard a lot about the Buccaneer before I came to the University. I would like to contribute to the Buccaneer. I know lots of dirt on almost all of the girls. I keep a diary, and you may print it if you like. Here's success for the Buccaneer.

Sincerely yours,

(Ed.—O.K.) Fannie Frosh.

Dear Buccaneer:

How do you think of those precious jokes and poems? I think the Buccaneer is simply grand. You must have some very smart people working on the staff. Enclosed find $10 for a five years' subscription to the Buccaneer.

Cordially yours,

(Ed.—O.K.) Jane McGinnis.

(Continued on page 28)

FAN MAIL

(Continued from page 27)

DEAR SIR:

Why don't you print something original in the BUCCANEER? I've heard all of the jokes you print before. Please discontinue my complimentary copy. Respectfully,

(Ed.—O.K.) JOHN DOE.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR OF THE BUCCANEER:

I think your publication is lousy. What do you think of that?

Yours truly,

(Ed.—O.K.) AN ADMIRER.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR:

I like the BUCCANEER. Will you meet me tonight in the moonlight?

Secretly,

(Ed.—O.K.) JUNE BUGGY.

* * *

DEAR BUCCANEER:

Enclosed you will find a joke and a poem. Please remit.

Boy—Who was that football player I seen you with last night?

Girl—That won't no football player; he fell in a sausage grinder.

Poem:

Charlie, my golly
What are you saying?
Sadie, my lady,
I'm just a playing.

If you can't use this material, you needn't return it. Yours,

(Ed.O.K.) HENRY HOZZ.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR:

Howza boy? Yours for success,

(Ed.O.K.) JOE SEAWEED.

* * *

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a student at the Woman's College in Greensboro. I subscribe to the BUCCANEER, but never receive it. All the girls beat up the mail man and take my BUC. away from him when he brings it. I don't know what to do.

Sorrowfully yours,

SUSIE.





Hats off to the Blue Eagle!

Then there's the disappointed traveling salesman who got a route in the big city only.

He'll Swear By It

Lady in pet shop: "Has this parrot ever been around people that swear?"

Clerk: "Hell no, lady, hell no."

—Pelican.

"You can do as you please," said Adam, "but don't forget that I made you."



Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Carolina Buccaneer

SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 YEAR



ADDRESS BOX 831

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

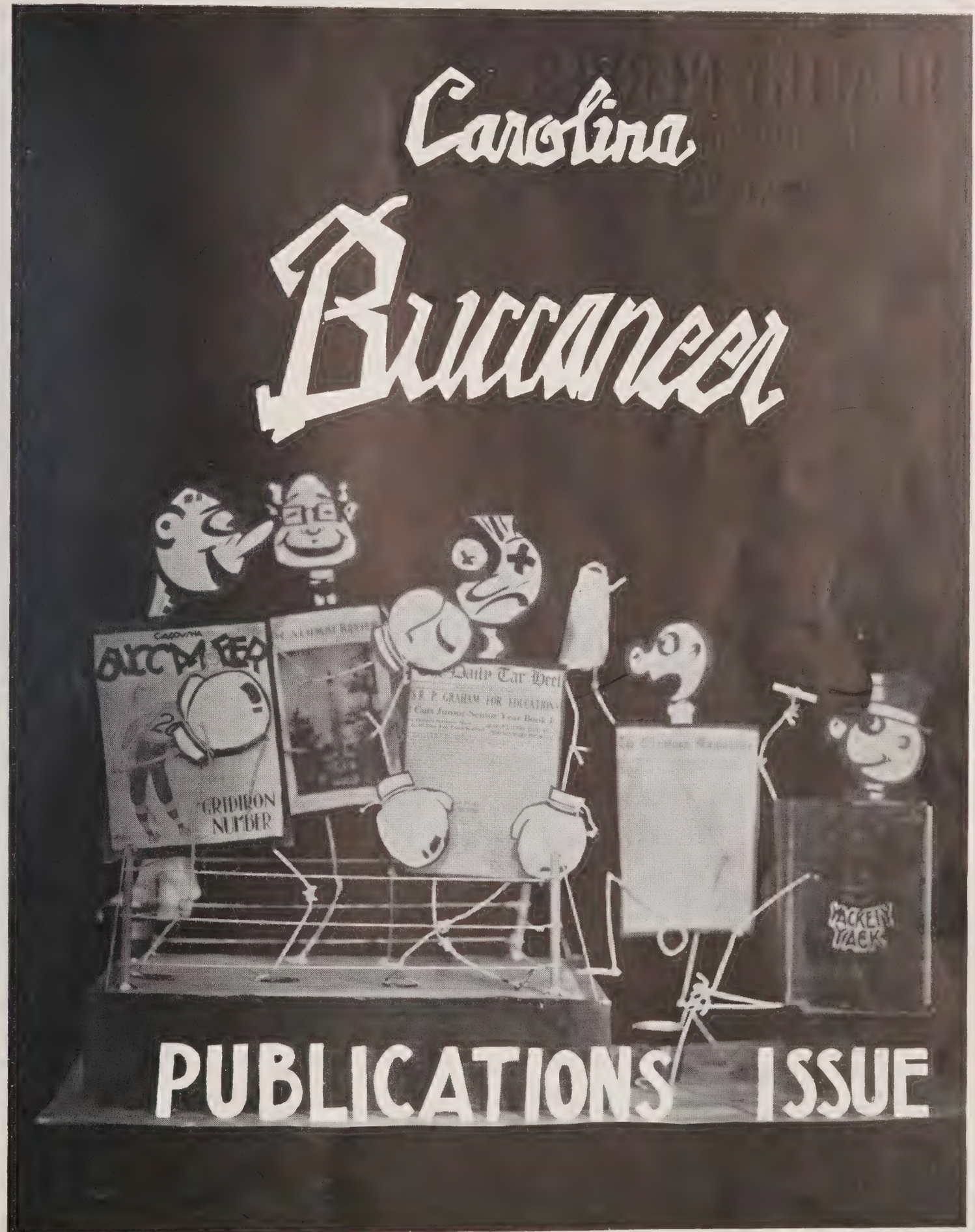
Let's hear you say "They're Milder, Mate"



© 1933, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

—the cigarette that's Milder
—the cigarette that Tastes Better

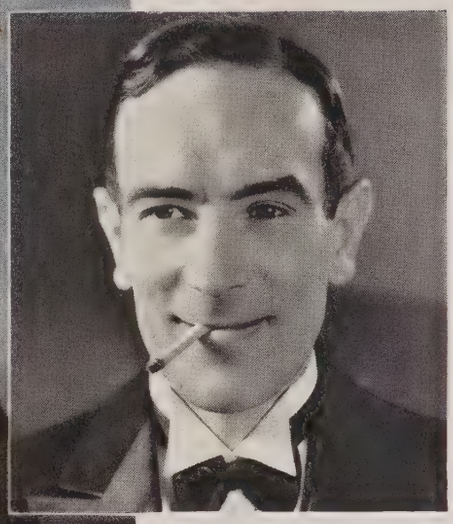
Chesterfield


Carolina
Buccaneer
GRIDIRON NUMBER
Daily Tar Heel
PUBLICATIONS ISSUE

M. P. Hiller

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO RUN 308 AT BILLIARDS!





● MR. HAGENLOCHER says, "If I were giving one simple rule for successful billiard play, I should say, 'Watch your nerves!' That's why I've smoked Camels for years. They never upset my nervous system."

● ERICH HAGENLOCHER, twice 18.2 balk-line billiard champion of the world. Healthy nerves have carried him successfully through the sternest international competition to many titles.

● RIGHT—TALKING IT OVER calls for more Camels. Steady smoking reveals the true quality of a cigarette. Camels keep right on tasting mild, rich and cool . . . no matter how many you smoke.



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"I know of no sport," says Erich Hagenlocher, "that places a greater strain on the nerves than tournament billiards. The slightest inaccuracy can ruin an important run. One simple rule for success is, 'Watch your nerves!' I have smoked Camels for years. I like their taste better and because they're milder, they never upset my nervous system."

There *is* a difference between Camel's costlier tobaccos and the tobaccos used in other popular cigarettes. You'll notice the difference in taste and in mildness—and Camels *never* jangle your nerves. You can prove this yourself. Begin today!



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They give more pleasure. Your own taste will confirm this.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE



"I say, can you tell me where to find ladies' undergarments?" asked Reggie, blushing.

"I could, but I won't," answered the floor-walker primly. —*Octopus*

There once was a Freshman named Clark
Who was lost with his girl in the dark;
He spoke to unearth her,
"What time is it, Bertha?"
She said, "Why, it's just two—O, Clark."
—*Punch Bowl*

"Doctor, I have a tale of woe."
"Stomach ache?"
"No, piles!" —*Voo Doo*

Since Mae West has come to town, Spencer Hall has bust loose.

Then there was the depression-hit girl who said N. R. A. means "Not right anymore."

There was once a man who sold high-test gasoline.

He called his girl Ethel.

He ought to know.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Credit for the special features of this issue should be divided among several members of the BUCCANEER, *Tar Heel*, and *Carolina Magazine* staffs.

M. P. Hiller designed the cover assisted by Photographer Jerry Kisner and Alfred Boyner, electrician of the Carolina Playmakers. We thank Mr. Selden for the use of the Playmakers Theatre.

Carl Thompson is mainly responsible for the *Tar Heel* burlesque, and Kay Thompson has charge of the *Alumni Review*.

Robert Berryman is contributing material from Lexington, Kentucky. He was on the editorial staff last year.

"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl, as she sat on a broken bottle.
—*California Engineer*

Who Said Smut?

It was said at a meeting of the centerville garden club. Mrs. Smithy was giving a lecture on "Raising Garden Vegetables."

"And do you know dear, ladies, Mr. White actually raised one cucumber in his garden that measured about one foot in length and six feet in diameter," said Mrs. Smithy.

"Uh - - What's that," inturrepted Mrs. Poole who was half deaf, "Who's husband did you say?"

PRIMROSE PATH

By W. C. DURFEE

Primrose Path,
Primrose Path,
Young ladies stagger down Primrose Path
Pay her that three dollars you owe her.
Notre Dame beat Minnesota
Lord, there goes my three bucks
My three bucks.
The world is full of arrant asses.
We beat State with forward passes.
There'll be a swell game next Saturday.
There'll be a swell game on Primrose Path.

Prof.—Mr. Jones, Parse the infinitive to drink.
Jones—Drink, drank, drunk, passed out.

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI OCTOBER, 1933 NUMBER 1

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

AS O. O. McINTYRE WOULD SEE THE CAROLINA CAMPUS

I like dogs. All kind of dogs appeal to me. Big, little, medium sized, black, white spotted, green, yellow and red dogs incite my fancy.

Just the other day, I was seated in Freshman Assembly and had just settled down to be bored for half an hour at some speech when a broken-down police dog wandered on the stage. The Freshmens' natural love for dogs immediately manifested itself. They applauded and laughed. The dog remained nonchalont, and he was not in the least perturbed when he was expelled from Memorial Hall. I was highly indignant. There ought to be a society for the prevention of putting dogs out of Chapel.

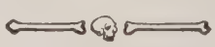
Diary of a Modern Pepys:

Up at eight and brushed my teeth. Had egg for breakfast. Wiped my chin thoroughly. I don't like wisecrackers saying things about having egg for breakfast. To class and took notes on lectures all morning. Translated four pages of Spanish. Lunched at One. Across the table I observed Obie Harmon in deep conversation with Mary Frances Parker, the famous poetess. Observed Hamilton Hobgood going from table to table in his own inimitable manner. Got into conversation with George Barclay who eats at the football training table. George is the only man I ever saw who can eat the peas off his knife without looking like a cow licking the fur on a baby calf.

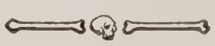
Walking up Franklin Street, I saw Lee Greer in deep conversation with Herb Taylor. Aha! Went by Graham Memorial and had a chat with Benny Carr. He was all excited, but there wasn't much going on. Wandered by the Stadium and watched football practice. Dinner at six. Studied until ten. To bed and the usual dreams.

Short Shavings:

Mayne Albright reads mystery novels. . . .Dr. Archibald Henderson acts like Bernard Shaw. . . Frank Graham's middle name is Porter. . . .Most Pi Phis eat crackers in bed. . . .So do the Chi Omegas. . . .Prof. Koch looks like the head director of the Carolina Playmakers. . . Professor C. C. Crittenden's real name is Pilsudski. . . Mae West has GOT all the boys on the campus. . . J. D. Winslow, the Jim Farley of Carolina, is shaping his plans. . . Jimmy Moore, the sailor from North Carolina's seaport town, is an expert Master of Ceremonies. . . Benny Carr looks like Al Capone. . . Lonnie Dill, D.K.E.'s gift to the campus, has time to make A's on his studies; work on the *Daily Tar Heel*, *The Carolina Magazine*, and the BUCCANEER. . . June Bateman can't hold his likker. . . Bill Eddleman is president of the Publications Union Board. . . J. M. Lear is Treasurer. . . Jane Jolley and George O'Hanlon; Ya, Ya, Ya. . . Francis F. Bradshaw looks like the Dean of Students. . . One word description of Joe Sugerman, Columnist. . . Don Shoemaker and Bob Barnett look alike. . . Something it is hard to believe: Alex Andrews is an ex-prizefighter. . . The greatest ambition of Tom Bost Jr. is to be a sports writer like his Pa.



Then there was the gangster who was so tough that even his shoes wouldn't squeal.



"That's a hell of a note," said the musician as a cat fell into the bass horn.



Now that the movie "Gold Diggers of 1933" has been here, it looks as if the Tar Heel will have to go to the Nudist Colonies to get material.

Thou hast heard practically nothin' yet, O Youth!

BUT NOW! NOW!



IT'S NEW!—by RCA VICTOR

DUO 2-in-1 MUSIC

1 **Plays phonograph records through tone-sensitive radio tubes**

2 ***Plus* RCA Victor radio**

3 **At about the price of a portable phonograph**

DUO is a brand new instrument by RCA Victor... a new combination musical instrument. It plays any records, as you've never heard them played before—through radio tubes. It gives you RCA Victor radio reception, whenever there's a band or a program on the air you want to hear. All in one—and the *portable* DUO will practically play lamb to your Mary, wherever you go. No springs or "winding", either—no time out. Go tell your nearest RCA Victor dealer what you want to hear. (He'll say, "Oh, you like music and dancing, Duo?" But you'll agree; so what?) RCA Victor Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. "Radio Headquarters."

PORTABLE SIZE DUO, MODEL 300

$39.75

Plays phonograph records through radio tubes—single 12" or 10" records. Combined with RCA Victor Radio. Table size . . . good looking.

Other Duo Models from $94.50 to $179.00



THIBAULT



BESTOR



CALLOWAY



ELLINGTON

Dance Records like you've never heard before

No past records ever had the living music that today's improved recording puts into these! Wait till you hear 'em . . . CONRAD THIBAULT'S gorgeous baritone *Only A Paper Moon* . . . DUKE ELLINGTON with *Rude Interlude* . . . CAB CALLOWAY bearing down on *Harlem Hospitality* . . . DON BESTOR *Dancing On A Rainbow* . . . and all the other new red hotcha hits, played by your favorite rhythm masters! And when you tire of dancing (yeah?) there's plenty more to hear and enjoy—with a new DUO, and today's marvelous VICTOR records.

All prices subject to change without notice. Prices slightly higher in the West.

Understand Music Secrets

A new book of explanation, description and information on the world's "101 Greatest Pieces of Music". Send coupon today.

RCA VICTOR Co., Dept. 91 Camden, N. J.

(Check one or both)

☐ Enclosed find 10c for postage on new book, "101 Greatest Pieces of Music"

☐ Send, FREE, monthly bulletin of new RCA VICTOR recordings.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

RCA VICTOR

RADIOS • PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS • VICTOR RECORDS



BUSTED!

HONOR SYSTEM
CONVULSION
MEMORIAL HALL
CHAPEL PERIOD

The Daily Tar Heel

TAR HEEL STAFF
1:15-1:30-1:45
GRAHAM MEMORIAL

VOLUME MCXIII CHAPEL HILL, NOVEMBER 30, 1933 NUMBER 1

Thousands Tremble Under Cheering For Football Team

Frederick H. Koch Praises Professor Frederick H. Koch

Prof. Frederick H. Koch announced yesterday that the Carolina Playmakers, under the direction of Frederick H. Koch, will produce the first set of experimental plays written in Koch's play-writing class under the instruction of Frederick H. Koch.

The idea of folk dramas was started when Frederich H. Koch was in North Dakota. Frederick H. Koch came to the University and aroused in the state an interest in folk drama and Frederick H. Koch.

Frederick H. Koch says that the bill of productions for this year will include a play by Paul Green, who studied under Frederick H. Koch.

Frederick H. Koch will probably play Hamlet in the Forest Theatre production which will be directed by Frederick H. Koch, because his friends and Frederick H. Koch think he should play this part.

Frederick H. Koch stated that the Playmakers and Frederick H. Koch have made great strides in arousing America's interest in folk drama, an idea which was started by Frederick H. Koch when he was in North Dakota and is being furthered by the efforts of Frederick H. Koch.

FACULTY PLANS CHANGE AND SO DO STUDENTS

The students on the campus are in a state of bewilderment, having only recently learned that they were receiving no real education here and that the faculty was investigating the curricula of the College of Liberal Arts to see if they couldn't arrange some way to teach the students something.

That the faculty was actually considering a change was only released recently, after a series of long discussions and conferences at which one editorial writer was chastised for making a personal

(Continued on next page)

Cheer Leaders Keep Up Pep With Corn and Rye and Kay Kyser's Songs

Local Bootleggers Are In Good Condition And Are Set For the Virginia Fracas On Thursday

Warning sky-rockets screaming skyward, 16-inch cannons blasting forth, squadrons of army planes and bombers flying over head, fire engines sirening and careening through the streets, thousands and thousands of people milling and mobbing through the crowded thoroughfares, screaming, yelling and shouting, fiery orators delivering fiery speeches, inspiring courage and enthusiasm for the great moment, bands playing and marching, mobs singing, trying to keep the bravery and spirits at the highest pitch for the crucial moment had come—the moment of the great battle on which the entire future was hanging as if on a straw—the great conflict of Carolina against Virginia.

Last night at the biggest pep-meeting ever held at Carolina (Stop us if you've heard this before) the entire student body turned out *en masse*, lead by the enthused faculty, to cheer the team on to victory today. (we hope.)

Everybody turned out to spur them on. Cheerleader Hunt, Chuck Collins, Bob Fetzer, Bob House, Dean Bradshaw, President Graham, Davie Clark, Governor Ehringhaus, Roarin' Bob Reynolds, Jim Farley, good old F. D. Roosevelt, Barnard Baruch, King George, Kaiser Bill, Headman Hitler, Mussolini, Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Alexander, Moses, and Benny Carr were there to give the boys a great big cheer so they could do better today.

Thus the old Carolina was re-born after lying dormant for almost a year—in fact since the last football season. The greatest accomplishment of the century was achieved right here on the campus

(Continued on page thirteen)

The Daily Tar Heel

Editor—Claiborn Monkey Carr
Managing Editor—Tom Z. Walker
Business Manager—Marcus Feinstink

THE WORLD DOOMED

Slot Machines Corrupting Youth of Nation—Hypocrisy of College Co-eds Increases 10% During Year—Divorce Rate Leaps and Jumps to Peak—Duke May Lick Carolina—Campus Fraternities Deeply in Debt—High Schools Called Sweatshops for Minors—World's Fair Losing Money—

These headlines are just samples of the thousands which line the pages of our daily contemporaries, indicating infallibly that the world is doomed. On all sides, on all hands,—yea, verily, on every lip and on all tongues lies proof of this fearful impending cataclysm! Every intelligent and perceiving person must have noted these ills from which we "fly to others that we know not of."

Imminent stalks the spectre of radical change and evolution—I might even venture to say revolution—so terrible as to be unpredictable. Injustice is rampant: in Alabama, in Mississippi, in South Carolina, in Georgia—in fact, in the whole Southeastern Conference!

But do not too hastily judge that we are prejudiced against the South. Ah, no! We are of a long line of southern ancestry and hence resent considerably the imposition of damn Yankeeism on the old South. Thus, we see, conditions in all sectors of this fair country point to a slow demise from deep-rooted and deep-seated causes self-evident to any impartial American. —J. F. A.

DON'T WALK ON THE GRASS

There is nothing in this world to compare with humanity. By humanity we do not refer to the plain, ordinary everyday humanity which roams the streets of New York. We have in mind that humanity which sources in a pity for all earthly beings an dthings, that humanity which is a part of any Schopenhauer "Weltanschaung." If every Carolina gentleman were imbued with this wholesouled humanity, such editorials as this would be unnecessary. But when deeds so dastardly, so indicative of a lack of good taste and breeding, occur as have during the last few weeks it is only proper that warning be sounded.

Students must not walk on the grass! One of our *Heel* columnists has quoted one of our old-

(Continued on page sixteen)

Faculty Plans Change And So Do Students

(Continued from page five)

issue of the matter with the "One Who Knows." Things leak out on the campus and as soon as the students found that the faculty was investigating the curricula, the students decided to go one step farther.

The faculty was investigating only one school, so the Student Advisory Council appointed committees of six in each school to investigate the courses and recommend changes in the manner of education.

That the University has been making great progress in education, is proved by the fact that the students themselves are going to tell these educators how the schools should be run.

The faculty, however, believing that the students have learned nothing in their twenty-odd years of life, refused to reveal to these children that there was anything being planned in way of a change, fearing that the students might have an opinion which would have to be considered. The faculty likes to have things their own way.

As far as the *Tar Heel* could ascertain, no one is quite sure what is to happen, but it is believed that it is a round-about way of taking our cherished honor system away. Who knows?

PUTS ALL ON HORSE TO SHOW

Yesterday at 1:30 o'clock a lady giving her name as Godiva was arrested on the streets of Chapel Hill for appearing without clothes and being in the nude. In a statement to a *Heel* reporter she said that she was doing it as a protest to the sales tax because it was ruining her business. However, as far as the *Heel* is concerned, she can have all our business from now on.

One Tom Walker went blind at the same time from the effects of drinking wood alcohol and looking at her twice.

It is rumored that she had a horse with her, but the *Heel* has been unable to verify this as yet.

Mr. Lamah Stringbeans and his Sympathy Orchestra will deliver a recital Sunday afternoon in the concert hall. The feature artist of the afternoon will be Mr. Stringbeans himself, who will render fairylike selections on his mute.

After the program has been completed, all will gather in the flower garden, where tea will be served and such games as drop the handkerchief will be played.

GRID BULL-ETINS
by
Verrie Long

Carolina-Southern California

Today is the long awaited date that marks the clash of our own Tar Heels and Southern California. Both squads are reported to be in excellent physical condition and anxious to fly into the fray. The Trojans boast a team that is yet to taste the bitterness of defeat, having won every game by overwhelming scores. They boast of such All-Americans as O'Mally, McTavish, and Flannigan, who have run wild through Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Our own team has had a less colorful season, having won only one hard-fought game from Mars Hill 7-6. After weighing the merits of both clubs, I predict that our boys will win by a nose.

The following games are predicted to pull up my average:

Ohio State-Queens

The Corn-huskers will run wild if it doesn't rain.

Pittsburg-Flora MacDonald

The Scotch lassies have a classy aggregation but the Feline passes will be too strong.

Army-Peace

This may surprise you, but I pick Peace. (I know a girl who goes there.)

Michigan-Meredith

It'll be too much Minnenskivitch. Last Saturday he scored 213 points against Vassar.

He Is Editor of the
CAROLINA MAGAZINE
yet he has pink tooth brush!



THE CAMPUS KEYHOLE
by
Sweet and Wyde

Well, folks, the big show is about to start—gather closer, please. . .

* * *

What young gentleman was seen off the campus after nine-thirty last night? Sissy, sissy. . .

* * *

What young lady, on one morning last week, left the Co-ed shack in such a hurry that she forgot to wear a dress? Gather closer, folks. . .

* * *

What Co-ed has one of our great big football martyrs in a whirl? We won't mention any names or locations, but she is called Lulu and lives at room 1057 Spencer Hall.

* * *

Sissy on our *Carolina Magazine* editor—he wears garters.

* * *

One of our big fraternity men refuses to smoke cigarettes because he says they are too feminine. How about that, Wee Willie?

* * *

A toast to John Smith. He wears silk underwear.

* * *

A roast to Bill Jones. He wears silk underwear.

* * *

A roast to all those who don't like this column.

* * *

A toast to the BUCCANEER. It's so witty.

* * *

A roast to professional college football teams.

* * *

A toast to Education. It's so intellectual.

* * *

Gather closer, folks, we'll bore you again next week.

She—I'm perfect.
He—I'm practice.

"What canal has a stomach?"
"Elementary, my dear Watson."

Lady in drug store: Give me a bottle of castor oil and two copies of the *Tar Heel*.

LOST—Between Los Angeles and Chapel Hill, a bunch of keys. Reward.

Fresh: What did you do over the week-end?
Soph: Huh! What does one usually do over the weak end?

Once there was an absent-minded professor who kicked his teeth out and put the cat in a glass of water.

"Wit and humor" should be vice versaed to "hit and woo-more."

Master of Ceremonies—Ladies and Gentlemen, we are pleased to announce that we have on the stage this evening Mae West in person, who will sing, "I got it, and you can get it."
Voice from audience—Every man for himself.

We hear that one of our football players received a scalp wound in the State game. However, it was next to nothing.

"That's a lie, you——"
"Well, you needn't get horsey about it."

"I'll hitch my wagon to a star," said the cowboy as he harnessed Rex, King of Wild Horses.



Impressions of Campus Publications—*Daily Tar Heel*

It has been reported that the P. U. board has ordered special water(?)proof boots for the editorial board to use when writing its literature. The company from which the boots have been purchased has generously donated a large shovel as a premium.

He: Do you know what causes the most consistent wearing out of shoe leather?
She: No.
He: Correct!

He swung wide the massive portal and strode briskly in. Instantly six uniformed men spring to attention. He fiercely tore upon his shirt collar and jerked off his coat. His glaring eyes became narrow slits as he turned and stood facing them. Not a thing stirred in the tense silence. Each of their anxious faces showed expectancy and suspense. He picked his man and advanced two paces. His look was keen, and his voice was stern—"I want a shave and a haircut," he said.

Beta—What's that girl's address? I want to go to see her.
Other fathead—Roadside O-O-O.

"That man has two wooden legs; how does he walk?"
"Oh, he just lumbers along."

Co-ed—I just love to have date with bridge tourney players.
Ditto—Why?
Co-ed—They have the Culbertson forcing system on the sofa.

"You city fellows don't have no bad luck at all compared with me," said Hiram. "My crops is bad. They need rain, but if it does rain, my rheumatism will bother me. I got sleeping sickness in the daytime and insomnia at night. I plow every third row of cotton, and the boll weevils get the other two. The crows or the Revenuers get my corn, and my cows have gone dry. On top of all that, my best hunting dogs ain't housebroke."

"You may as well get that smile off your face," said Co-ed Kate, "I'M not that kind of girl."

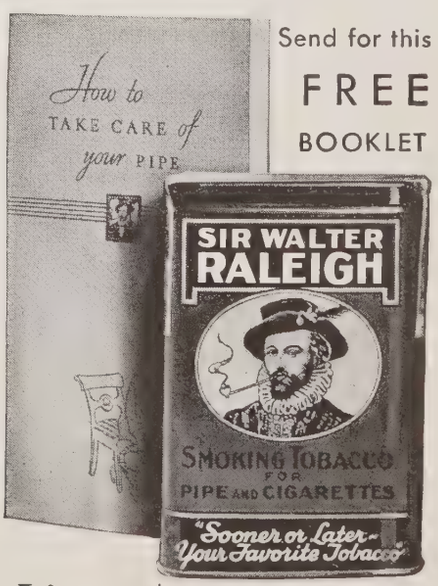
Page the S.P.C.A.!



SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

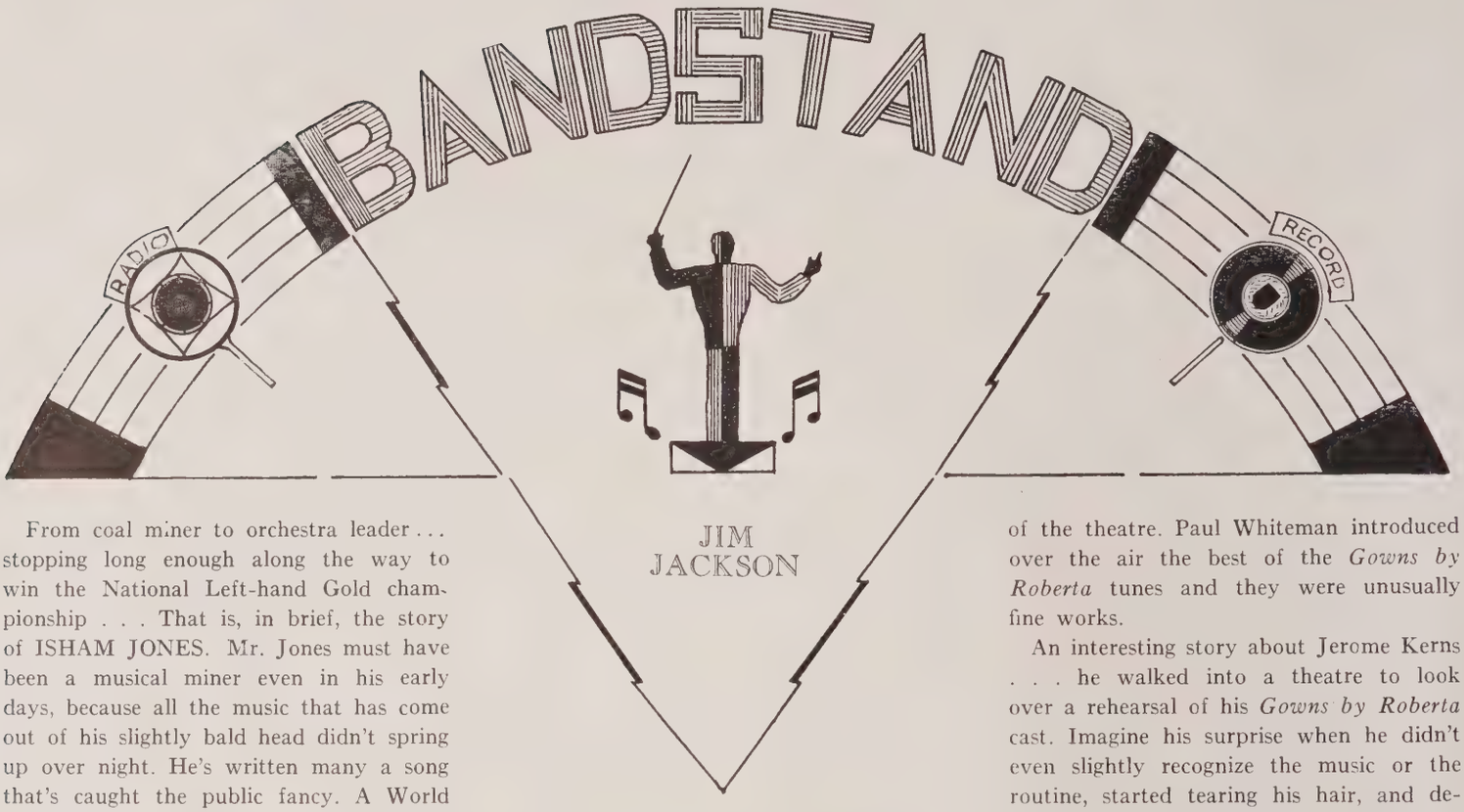
Those rare Kentucky Burleys satisfy the smoker, and delight nearby non-smokers. Try a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh on your next store visit—the tin wrapped in gold foil. You'll see why particular men have adopted this fine tobacco "whole hog."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-312



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



JIM JACKSON

From coal miner to orchestra leader . . . stopping long enough along the way to win the National Left-hand Gold championship . . . That is, in brief, the story of ISHAM JONES. Mr. Jones must have been a musical miner even in his early days, because all the music that has come out of his slightly bald head didn't spring up over night. He's written many a song that's caught the public fancy. A World War veteran, Isham, and it was during his service that he wrote his most universally popular composition—since sung by millions . . . that little ditty, "You're In the Army Now." But he didn't stop there. He was determined not to be a coal miner all his life. Jones, in his forty-odd years, has written over forty melodies, many of which grew to be among the most popular of their period.

His favorite, and certainly an old favorite of many people, is the beautiful "I'll See You In My Dreams." Among the best of his other creations we find such favorites as "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else" . . . "Spain" . . . "It Had To Be You" . . . "On The Alamo" . . . "The Wooden Soldier And The China Doll" . . . "I Can't Believe It's True" . . . "Let's Try Again" . . . "Why Can't This Night Go On Forever" . . . "You've Got Me Cryin' Again." His latest tune, finished in October, is a swell one, "All Mine, Almost." Isn't all this about enough to convince most of us that Isham Jones is more than just a man who stands before a band, waves a stick and looks pretty . . . a dance musician of the old school, he.

This summer's sensation, "Blue Prelude" is also a product of the Jones organization, having been written by Joe Bishop, one of the saxophonists. Joe must have envied his leader's ability as a composer, so he sat himself down and plink-plunked out that great tune. Then Isham had it arranged, introduced it, and started it on its road to great popularity.

Let's look at some more composers . . . they're an interesting lot, you know . . . from the other side of the railroad from Isham Jones comes Johnny Green, Harvard graduate, pianist and composer extraordinary—wrote "Body and Soul" and his contribution to the past summer music, "I Cover the Waterfront." Johnny is now in England doing the tunes for a new show there. Others in the limelight rerently . . . Hoagy Carmichael's "Lazybones" . . . Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady" . . . Johnson and Coslow's "Black Moonlight" . . . Ray Noble's "Love Is the Sweetest Thing" . . . Wrubel's "Emperor Jones" . . . Roy Turk's "I Couldn't Tell Them What To Do" . . . and Billy Hill's "Last Roundup."

The shows, both Broadway and Hollywood, have been most productive of late. "Golddiggers" started it all this summer. Some of the later shows have given us any number of tunes to whistle between classes . . . hits from "Murder at the Vanities," "My Weakness," "Footlight Parade," "Too Much Harmony," the new "Follies," and "Take a Chance."

From two of the most recent musical comedies, *As Thousands Cheer* and Jerome Kerns' *Gowns by Roberta* come a multitude of first class hits. Kerns' show opened just a month after having been anticipated anxiously by theatre-goers. So far it has gracefully lived up to all expectations—its only misfortune so far is having been graced with one of those "Philadelphia, P-U" openings, "loved" so much by folks of the theatre. Paul Whiteman introduced over the air the best of the *Gowns by Roberta* tunes and they were unusually fine works.

An interesting story about Jerome Kerns . . . he walked into a theatre to look over a rehearsal of his *Gowns by Roberta* cast. Imagine his surprise when he didn't even slightly recognize the music or the routine, started tearing his hair, and demanded an explanation . . . and was he embarrassed when politely informed that he was watching a rehearsal of George White's *Scandals* in another theatre—it wasn't *his* theatre, and it wasn't his *Gowns by Roberta* cast!

* * *

More wax discs . . . and the best of the month goes to *Glen Gray and The Casa Loma Orchestra* for their recording of *Not For All The Rice In China,* one of the finest favorites from "As Thousands Cheer." The suggestive "Heat Waves" on the other side is well done also. See what you think of these others.

Paper Moon and *Night Owl* . . . "Take a Chance" tunes, as always well done by the *Whiteman* ensemble. However, we think *Hal Kemp's* disc of the latter is better.

Buckin' The Wind and *Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love* . . . Maybe a little old, but still on the upgrade . . . and they're both right down *Anson Weeks'* alley of precise, clean cut rhythm.

Down A Long, Long Road and *Isn't It Swell to Dream* . . . *Isham Jones'* music will tickle your toes on these two swell fox-trots.

Less Than The Dust . . . another of those typical *Ray Noble* one-steps.

Easter Parade and *How's Chances* . . . Vincent Lopez picked the formed as a sure hit. *Freddie Martin* does the record.

You Excite Me and *Come Up and See Me Sometime* . . . Whiteman presents

(Continued on page thirteen)



"Benny Sent Me"

The Carolina Magazine

Comic Supplement to the Buccaneer

Literary Eyes, Ears, Nose, and Throat of University

Donald Cleavenger Shoemaker *Business Manager*—Marcus Feinstink again

VOLUME 4061—If a man answers, hang up. 1,000 B. C.

FRANKLIN STREET

By Sadford Blight

Franklin Street,
Franklin Street,
Young men stagger down Franklin Street,
Drunker'n hell on fire-water.
A poet hung hisself in South Dakota.
Thank de Lawd, he's done laid down his load,
Laid down his load.
This world is too full of literary people.
A co-ed walking under the steeple. . .
There'll be a big crack in the street if it falls,
There'll be a big crack in Franklin Street.

The looms of these lean years
Have made nudists of S. A. E.'s
This poem that is a madness
Writ in a meter of strange tones,
Where the author wandered in a maze
Of things and grows more woozey.
Call it a mist, a nightmare, this poem
Which comes between us and our clearer selves.
If for tomorrow we crave more than laughter,
take up
The lordly Buc which some come quietly here
Avidly to peruse; Not for a vision of slim legs
Of celestial co-eds, but for an image of man
That we can believe in, like fairies,
Something to put hands on, at last.

Franklin Street,
Franklin Street,
Young men stagger down Franklin Street,
Drunker'n hell on fire-water.
A poet hung hisself in South Dakota,
Thank de Lawd, he's done laid down his load.

East-running street and street to the west,
What answer shall you give me, O
What answer?
Bang! Bang!
BANG!!!

I looked under the door and saw no *Tar Heels* on hand, so I split it for the Buccaneer.

Goldilocks and the Three Publications

By Pat Gaskins

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Goldilocks. One day she was walking through the woods because she liked to hear the call of nature and watch the pretty birds and beasties of the forest.

Suddenly she came to a cunning little one-room cabin set off all by itself with a cute chimney on top and a moon and star handsomely carved over the door. She knocked, but there was no one home; so she opened the door, went in, and sat down on a convenient bench.

Upon glancing around she saw a copy of the Carolina Buccaneer, the *Carolina Magazine*, and the *Daily Tar Heel*. First she tried the Buccaneer, but that was too slick for her; then she tried the *Carolina Magazine*, but that was too irritating, and then she tried the *Daily Tar Heel*, and that was just right; so she read the *Tar Heel*.

WHAT AM I?

By Margaret McCauley

I am a glowing bit of light—
Captured from ethereal night
A bit of starlight, pale and wan
Caught before Aurora's dawn.

I am a quivering tongue of flame
As young as youth, as old as fame!
I am a maiden, slim and dark,
I am a lashing anvil's spark!

I am a kitten soft and purry
I am a scotty, cute and furry
I am a daschund—no I am two daschunds—
three daschunds
Or four or five or six daschunds, I am—
I don't know what I am—
I write for the *Carolina Magazine*.

Thousands Tremble Under Cheering For Football Team

(Continued from page five)

last night when the crowd gave birth to a great big baby spirit.

And all are urged to turn out for the big game today. Everybody should be there just as they were last night. The mere fact that you had to buy your tickets whether you wanted them or not shouldn't keep you from seeing the game. Let's turn out tomorrow and give the boys a great big hand.

Here lies the body of a big bad Beta.
Little Nell, he almost made her,
But along came a Deke
Lit to the peak,
And stewed him like a potato.

Old Well—That was a good looking Babe you caught down in Kenan stadium the other night, Ellis.

Ellis Fysal—That was nothing; you should have seen the one that got away.

She: (Slaming door) Did I catch you unaware?

He: Aw, that's O. K. lady, they only cost me eighty-nine cents.

Bill: I call my girl Pearl.
Joe: Why?
Bill: Because she's neckless, fool.

There was a barber who cut hair in seclusion.
Because he was under the delusion.
That if he guided his shears
Too close to the ears,
He could cash in on a blood transfusion.

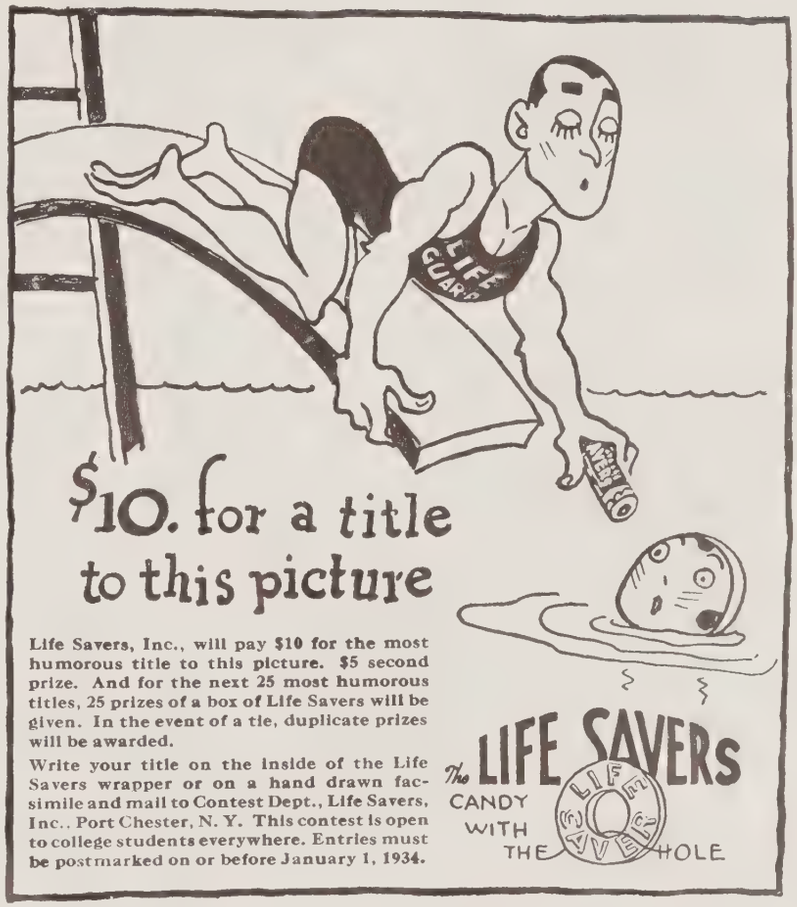
Judge—On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife—Insanity, your Honor. I put crackers in his bed, and he ate them.

Judge—Is that all?

Wife—No, your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.

It would be quite appropriate if Chase and Sanborn would also manufacture salts.



BANDSTAND

(Continued from page ten)

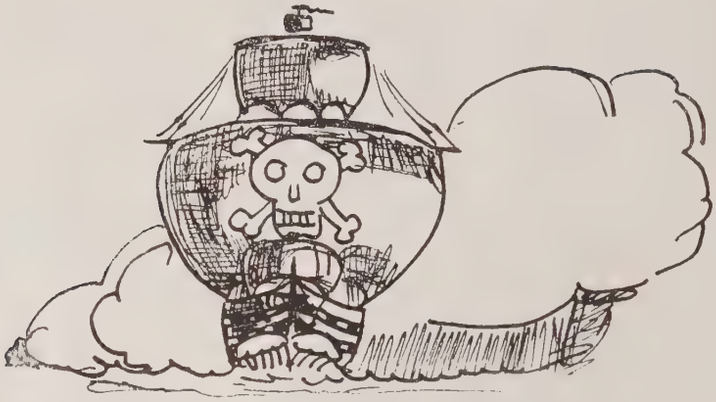
Ramona and her grand piano in these two well known "Take A Chance" tunes . . . if you like vocal records once in a while.

The following tunes are up-and-coming hits. Watch them come along and look for good recordings of them . . . *Rocking In Rhythm* . . . *Till Then* . . . *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* and *It's Oh, It's Ah, It's Wonderful*—both introduced by Hal Kemp . . . *Wherever You Are* . . . new English tune introduced by the Casa Loma band . . . *That Dame Called Mame* . . . one of Phil Harris' favorites . . . *Where The Swanee River Flows Thru Heaven.*



A Paradox

BUCCANEER



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett, Claude Rankin, Jim Jackson, Alex Mark, Geo. Moore, R. C. Ruark, Jack Lowe, Henry Pearson

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson, Francis Breazeale, Elmer Oettinger, J. L. Jackson, Tom Hicks, Richard Hymes, Tom Koonce, W. C. Durfee, James Westbrook, Sherwood Barefoot, DeWitt Carroll, W. R. Fowler, Bob Bolton, Jack Poole, Parker Morris, Sanford Langsam, Margaret Gaines, Howard Easter, Laurence Frank, J. B. Lindeman, H. B. Johnson, R. L. Bedrick, Margaret B. McCauley, Giles Williams, Henry Rancke, Bill Henderson, Charles Daniel, Smith Barrier, Clarence Weinberg, Ray Braswell, Joe Brown, Ben Proctor, Albert Ellis, Alan Waters, Jimmy Overton, Leslie Lane, Louis Skinner, Scott Miles, Harvey Gwyn

ART STAFF

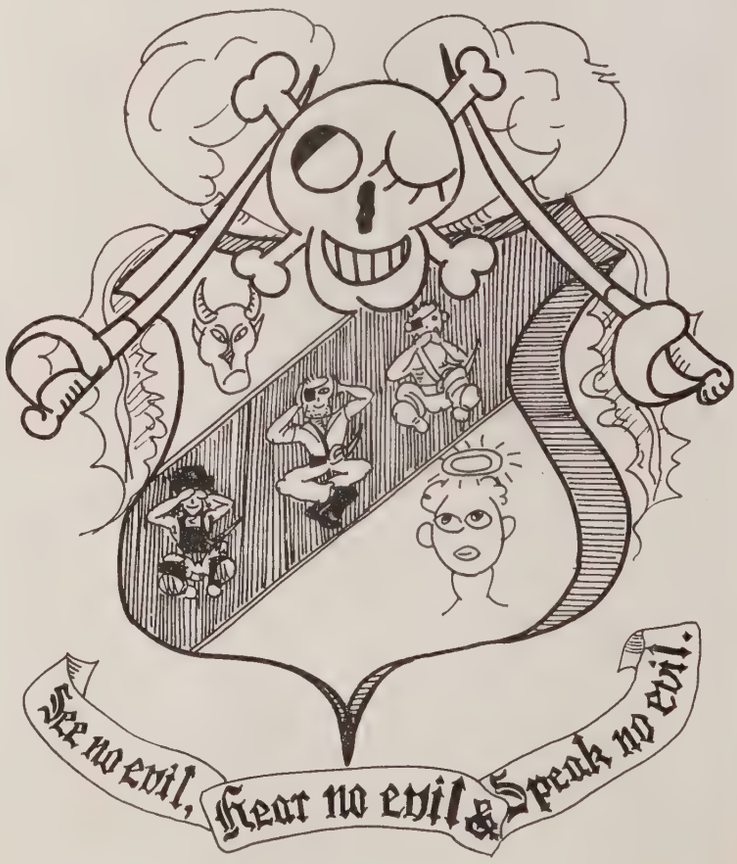
J. Rom Gooding, David Pemberton, Robert Schlesinger, Julian Bobbitt, Ed Skinner, J. D. Carr, Roy Wilder, Opia Shelton, E. D. Bayley, Julian Steinberg, Jerry Kisner

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
R. B. KIMBLE, *Manager*
Coltrane Fuller, Robert Cole, Bill Naff, Ellison McMillan, Vivian Guion



M. P. Hiller

"What does it take to Satisfy?"

"That's easy . . .
and they're MILDER
and they TASTE BETTER."



Chesterfield

They Satisfy

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



"—and waiter, if the *filet mignon* is not just right, I'm going to raise a hell of a stink."

Don't Walk On The Grass

(Continued from page six)

line editorialists with the epigram: "Paths are made by fools like me, but only God should cut a tree." We would venture to amend: "Paths are made by some jack-ass who hasn't the sense to *Keep off the Grass.*" Would only that we all could realize that a little blade of grass, tiny and beautiful, has as much right to exist as we. Perhaps even more!

—J. B. L.

History tells us that Cleopatra made her Mark in Rome as well as in Egypt.

Some magazines are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed whole, and some few to be chewed and digested; but you can gobble up the Buccaneer by holding the nose and using a chaser.

Bring up a child in the way she should go, and when she is a co-ed, she'll have to walk home from automobile rides.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some get in on the right frame-up.

THE ALUMNI REVIEW

Published once too often each month, and entered as the freshest class of material at the Chapel Hill Posyoffice Juvember 94, 1941. A weekly football supplement is published weekly to explain to the disgruntled alumni just why the Carolina football team fails to function.

Editorials by J. Maryon Salamander.

The aim of the Alumni—Rearview.

J. Maryon Salamanders, *Editor* J Maryon Salamanders, *Business Manager*



KEEPING UP WITH THE CLASSES

Jones—John Joshua Jones is in the insurance business. Johnny will be remembered as a devil with the women. He remains single.

Smith—James George Smith is a chiropracter. In his undergraduate days he was known as the campus woman hater. He is the father of twelve lovely children; Alice 12, James Jr., 11, William 10, Carrie 9, Mary 8, John 7, Frank 6, Louise, 5, Charles 4, Dorothy 3, Mildred 2, and Joseph 1.

Skilizowitski—George Washington Skilizowitski is a physician in the Bronx, New York City. He remains single, since he can find no one to take his name.

Hariss—Ernest William Hariss is in the State Prison in Raleigh. While in school he was treasurer of something or other.

Johnson—Herbert Charles Johnson has not left us his address. When last seen he was in a high powered car driving west at a high rate of speed.

Moore—Joseph K. Moore is a scandal reporter on a tabloid newspaper. When at Carolina he was a columnist on the *Tar Heel*.



Prominent Alumnus Caught With His Pants Down

CAROLINA DEFEATS STATE

The Tar Heels of Carolina had the big bad Wolfpack of State college yelping like they had never heard of the soothing effects of Luckies on the throat, and when the last finger was pulled out of a State players eye, the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the big bad Tar Heels.

Captain Bill Croom and Captain Mope Cumiskey met in the middle of the field, and the referee ran over to Coach Collins to borrow a dime to flip. Coach Collins didn't have a dime, but he borrowed a nickel from Cheer Leader Ernest Hunt who had procured same from Charlie Woolen.

Captain Croom glowered at Cumiskey. He said, "What large teeth you have, Grandma."

"All the better to knock down your throat," whispered President Frank Graham.

"What'll you take, Croom," asked the referee, as he tossed the jitnay skyward.

Croom blushed, and the referee said, "You win," as the buffalo's tail turned up.

During the game, George Barclay remarked to State's John Stinko, Oh, What foul breath you have."

"All the more because I never had a friend to tell me," retorted Stinko. Then George Moore went over for a touchdown. Moore waved at Marcus Feinstein in the stands, and Marcus waved back. Thus George got his name in the movie program.

Jim Tatum yelped on the next play as McQuage's teeth sank into his leg, "Hey, Would you like to chew my gum too?"

"Sure," replied McQuage, "which one, upper or lower."

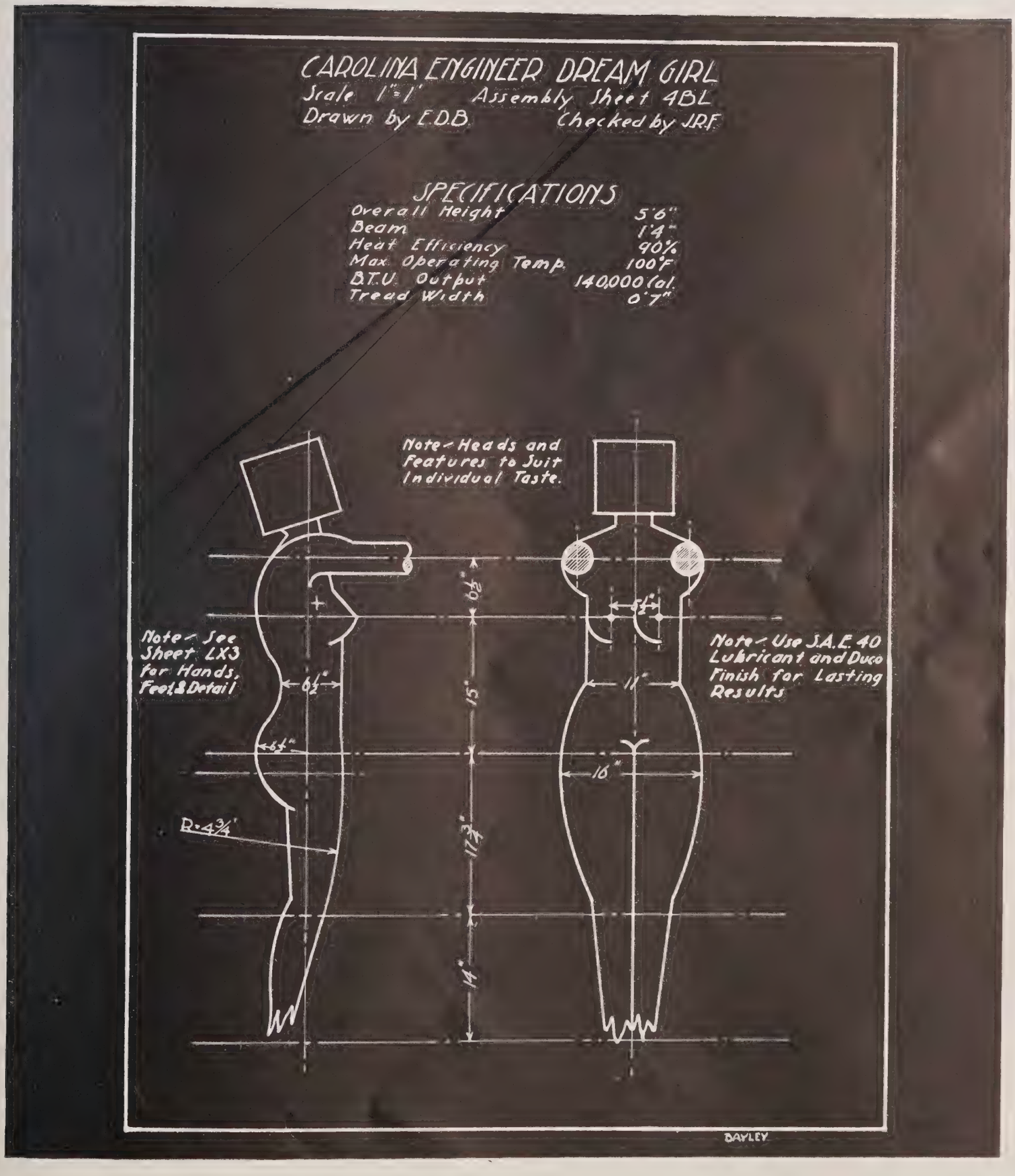
Back in the Huddle, Don Jackson said, "When you gotta go, you just gotta go; so he sould out down the field with the ball, but was called back.

It seems that it wasn't a Wolfpack at all, but just a sheep in wolf's clothing.



Jack Dungan

J. Elwyn Dungan is still working his way through college by selling magazine subscriptions. When he was in school he was editor of the *Tar Heel* and was a politician, cigar and everything. One of the best liked men of his class. Class of 1932.


CAROLINA ENGINEER DREAM GIRL
Scale 1"=1' Assembly Sheet 4BL
Drawn by E.D.B. Checked by J.R.F.
SPECIFICATIONS
Overall Height 5'6"
Beam 1'4"
Heat Efficiency 90%
Max. Operating Temp. 100°F
B.T.U. Output 140,000 Cal.
Tread Width 0'7"
Note - Heads and Features to Suit Individual Taste.
Note - See Sheet LX3 for Hands, Feet & Detail
Note - Use S.A.E. 40 Lubricant and Duco Finish for Lasting Results
6½"
5½"
6½"
15"
5½"
11"
16"
R-4¾"
17½"
14"
BAYLEY



Impressions of Campus Publications—*The Carolina Buccaneer*

Waiter—If it's not too personal, sir, would you mind telling me why you eat frog legs for every meal.

Diner—Not at all; it's simply because the insurance salesman told me I could collect as soon as I croak, and this seems the quickest way.

Simile: As obvious as a *Daily Tar Heel* Feature Story writer.

Worm—I know a fellow who married for love, for money, and for good cooking.

Early Bird—Very interesting, and how did he fare?

Worm—He was put in jail for Bigamy.

"That girl reminds me of General Grant."

"Why, is she so staunch in her purpose and strong of character?"

"No, a bottle of Whiskey and Unconditional Surrender."

Once there was a chorus girl who loved and lost. She didn't have the right lawyer.

And it was Nero who fiddled the first torch song.

And there's the boy who always gets on the bed when reading letters from his girl.

Al Cohen, senior engineering student from Scranton, Pa., listed himself in the student directory as a "Holy Roller." . . . This same young man has before this displayed his whimsical humor. Arrested last summer for speeding in Norfolk, Va., he gave his name as "Kelly" to the Irish officer taking his name at police court. All went well, and Cohen was about to be acquitted, when the examining magistrate, an Irish police captain, noticed that the name on the accused's registration card was Cohen, not Kelly. The police captain grew incensed and fumed, "You a Kelly! Why you don't even look like a Kelly—thirty days!"

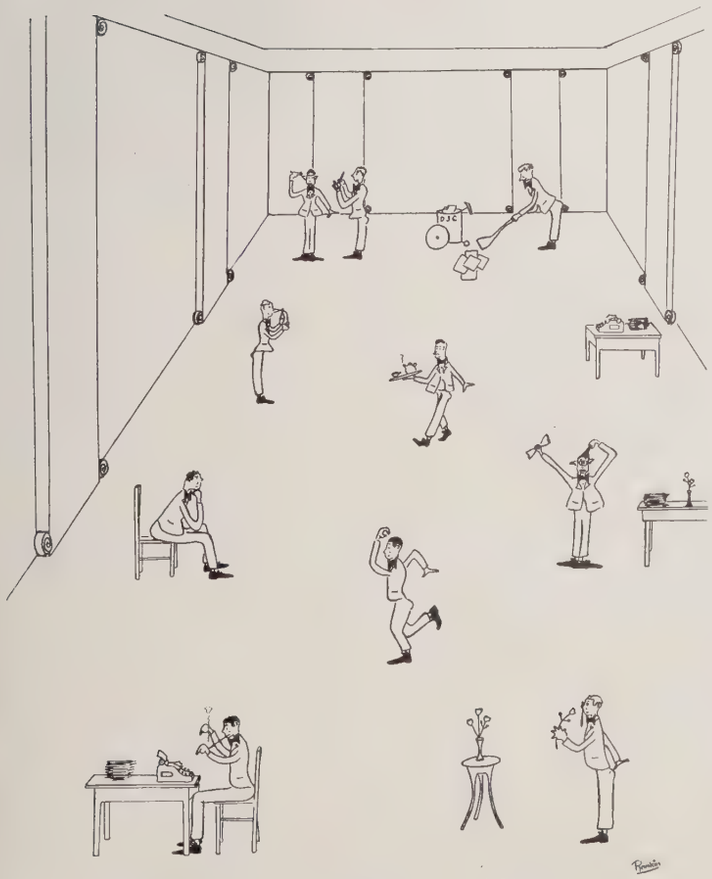
The Way of All Cyn

There was a young virgin named Cyn,
Who yelled she loved pettin' and gin,
She went out with a Beta
Who'd been anxious to date 'er,
And now she's no longer firgin.

(Note: We don't really think the Beta's were any more to blame than the Deke's or the Sigma Nu's. . . Blame it on the rhyme.)

A young fellow gazed into the sky at the drifting clouds and the blue sky. Some sea gulls flew over. He had his mouth wide open, enraptured at the tranquil movements in the heavens. The sea gulls flew all over the spot where he stood. Nothing happened, but there might have.

"I draw the line at kissing,"
She said in accent fine;
But he was a football hero,
So he crossed the line.



Impressions of Campus Publications—
The Carolina Magazine



"Mae West or no Mae West, I can't stand potatoes."

He—I have the dirtiest wife in the world.
Another He—Why So?
He—Every time I get ready to wash the dog in the sink, it's full of dirty dishes.

Ninety-nine bottles sitting on the wall; take one down, pass it all around. Ninety-eight bottles sitting on the wall; take one down, pass it all around. Ninety-seven bottles sitting on the wall; take one down, pass it all around. . . . One bottle sitting on the wall; take it down, pass it all around. And by that time, the party was beginning to get rough.

The fortunate youth gazed delightedly at his stunning date as she gracefully descended the stairway. His heart beat violently as he realized that all this beauty was his. Charmingly, she stood before him and whispered, "How do I look, dearest?"

"Sweetheart," he murmured as he took her in his arms, "you look mighty good to me."

"Don't let your impressions mislead you," she breathed, snuggling closer. —*Reel*



"Come on, bring on your dinosaurs."

CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY

(As the news might appear if Louis Graves found it necessary to put it all in one story.)

By Bob Berryman

The squirrels that have nested in the large oak at the southwest corner of the University library scampered hither and yon in excitement last Saturday when that building suffered damage of $50,000 by fire.

Little Alvin McDoop, who so amused the congregation of the First Baptist Church last Sunday when he laid an egg on the collection plate, tugged at his mother's arm. "Mama," the young laugh-provoker shrieked, pointing, "that squirrel has a toothache!"

Mrs. James Peagin, whose aunt, Miss Mattie Hallox, died two days later, reproved him: "Now, Alvin, how would you feel if someone laughed at you when you were carrying walnuts in *your* mouth?"

Further discussion was made impossible by the addition of Frank Nabley to the merry group watching the blaze. Frank, as everyone in this best of all possible villages knows, is having a hard time with his ducks, which *will* insist on flying over into next-door-neighbor Pete Canby's outdoor aquarium. Frank insisted upon relating a funny story, the main theme being that as one of his ducks alighted in his yard following a gourging meal of fish from Pete's aquarium, Pete leaned over the fence and shot it. The point, as Frank was careful to point out, being that as the fish were in an undigested state, the Nableys were enabled to have a fish supper one night, a duck dinner the next!

This story was no more than completed when the first of the ten bodies to be recovered from the blazing building was borne to the college infirmary, and Jed Haskins made observation to the effect that Chapel Hill winters do not approach the severity that they did when he was an undergraduate. Jed said that in those days, the snow being so deep and tough, it was often necessary for students to use pickaxe and shovel to go from one class to another.

Many of the townspeople at the fire gathered around Professor Snoodle, who for several weeks has had as his guest the distinguished scientist and writer, Dr. James A. Rikaf, the man who "ghost-flew" across the Atlantic for Lindbergh, and who —although he was swindled out of his patent— actually invented the electric light.

Dr. Rikaff laughingly revealed—much to the embarrassment of Professor Snoodle—that the Snoodle family owns a cat which for some strange reason insists upon always walking backwards. Dr. Rikaff hinted that this might be due to the fact that it had once encountered an uncorked bottle of the medicine Professor Snoodle habitually takes for insect and snake bites, and, having turned it over, had indulged in several deep guzzles of the spilling fluid. All the townspeople within earshot joined in the hearty laugh which followed—a laugh cut short by the falling of one of the library walls upon a few of the villagers who had crept too near the work of the brave fire-laddies for safety.

By the time *these* bodies were dragged out and properly assembled night was drawing on apace, and many of the inhabitants of quaint Chapel Hill decided to trudge homeward—to the rich mellow notes of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which was ringing out from the bell tower.

Spectators did not leave, however, before contributing liberally to the fund which Francis Hamburger thought of raising—a fund to provide for the replacement of those nuts the squirrels had lost in the fire.



All captions made for this cartoon were censored. . . Make up your own.

VERSES TO THE BUCCANEER

By Bob Berryman

In Defense

Wherever my foot has trod,
I've left a path of sin;
But I've never built a tourist home
And named it "Tiptoe Inn."

Complaint

Of all the pests I know
I get the biggest pain,
From the guy who eats in a movie show
Candy that's wrapped in cellophane.

Encouragement

If your collar is frayed and dirty,
And your trousers are marred by a patch,
Remember the Flea Circus owner;
He also started from scratch.

Mahatma

Gandhi stays sober
In the midst of strife
But it can't be denied
That he leads a fast life.

Paronomasia

When you hear of some poor fellow
Who's been ten times a dad,
Don't speak of him as foolish—
He's probably stork mad!

Sad Fact

Girls with more than their share
Of avoirdupois,
Have a difficult time
Attracting the boys.

Psychological Note

Pity poor Irene McKress
Her ignorance is upsetting;
She firmly believes
The Associated Press—
Is a hold that's used in petting!

PSALM

Roosevelt is my shepherd: I shall not starve.

He maketh me to sign codes: he leadeth me from gold standards.

He restoreth my real beer: He leadeth me from breadlines with the Blue Eagle.

Yea, though I walk in the shadow of depression, I will fear not bankruptcy: for thou art with me: thy codes and thy eagles they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table for me in civilian forests campus: thou annointest my palm with silver: my cup runneth over.

Surely, happiness and prosperity shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in a land of freed prohibition forever.



"Sorry girls—I got a date."

∴ ∴ Hither and Thither On Ye Campus ∴ ∴

by george moore

I Was Reaching For the Moon

I was reaching for the moon
And touched a star.
It thrilled me so my fingers crept around it
Just as far
As they would go.
And suddenly it crumpled
In my hand.
Stardust!
(Only you will understand.)

—Mary E. Dorris.

The last BUCCANEER, they say, wasn't doity enough for them guys what takes their smut where they find it. De big trouble was dey didn't know where to look. Well, baby, have it your own way —they've dragged this one through every mud-hole in Orange County, including the Illegitimate Book Shop, and give it to you with the hope that it catches you with your pants down.

Silent Loves

Triangles seem to be the vogue this season. The one brought to our attention is quite the obtuse affair, but since the principals are new-comers to ye campus, we might just as well elucidate. First we have a feminine football faddist. She seems to possess a secret fondness for a member of the Goiman dept. The second is a bespectacled jane who has, she says, only a mind interest in Herr prof. Well, she chitter chatters frequently to the effect the first would have to force the issue to make it a match. In fact, she spreads all kinds of tales about her rival and is doing her itsy-bitsy damnedest to belittle the poor girl before feminine friends. Yet, the first continues on her way fearing not the spiteful tongue of jealous old misty-sighted. What we have to say is this: during our freshman year we motored Mason-Dixonward with the professor. The trip, a two-day journey, was completed in the remarkable time of twelve hours. And the reason for such haste was that Herr prof was to visit frau prof who, coincidently enough, is a school marm in a wee Pennsylvania village.

Matters might end here mildly enough, were it not for the fact that old bad optics is having other troubles of the heart too. Being from the Northwestern domain, she pals around with the first of that long line of sigmanu sport scribes. Well, recently she became interested in Bobby Carmichael, a guy you've probably heard of before. She talked and talked about him all the time. Then one day the scribe told her Bobby Carmichael had a wooden leg. Her interest immediately fell. Who wants to go with a guy with a wooden leg? Then she suspected it to be only a ruse on the part of friend sigma nu. For the past week she has, in her meek way, endeavored to ascertain if one of Bobby's legs is of wood.

Perhaps you think this is a lot of crap. Perhaps to you it isn't very funny. But, baby, if you knew the principals you'd sure get a kick out of it.

The football faddist is said to be quite attractive.

Her rumored rival can quite easily be recognized by her pince-nez.

Herr prof is athletically beautiful.

The scribe wears a monogram.

(Note to Bobby Carmichael: Please make contact with this department and either verify or disprove the intimation that you have a wooden leg.)

Tale-bearers Exposed

Again this year the publications seem to be degenerating to pseudonym-named scandal columns reporting the tales of courting-conscious cavaliers and co-eds. At the foist of the year the *Tar Heel* came out with *The Campus Keyhole* by "Seeall Knowall." Its authors, whose week-end activities could fill any man's scandal column, are Ed Broadhurst and Bobby Carmichael. *Here And There* by "Susie Spencer" then appeared in the BUCCANEER. Margaret McCauley pens that one. *The Carolina Magazine* then presented *Our Hard Times* by "Franklin Post," the author of which claims his pen name is the result of a typographical error. Incidentally, there appeared in last year's *Tar Heel* a column *Our Times* by Don Shoemaker. Columning is a bit more renowned this year and Editor Shoemaker, apparently, considers this present literary lingo entitled to a nom-de-plume.

Appearing for the first time on the campus in the present issue of the BUCCANEER is *Fraternity Courts* by "Up A Storm," and it sure gives the boys ye good old fashioned woiks. Perhaps the Greeks will have a word for it—maybe they won't. We had a pretty good one ourselves but the editor wouldn't let us use it. Its best article concerned socially-prominent Katherine Hoge Jamieson but the editor wastepaperbasketed it, fearing that

Dame Jamieson would prosecute (it was really as bad as all that, too.)

Its authors, too, hide behind a pseudonym, but to end your pondering, its concoctor is none other than James Rice Jackson, an A T O. Collaborating with him is Grace Bowes, reporting the happenings of pu(t)rified Pi Phis.

Despite such wranglings, journalism is still the most popular pastime in Orange County. As a result of which subscriptions are remaining the same; subscribers are receiving amusement; scribes are rendering scrappings; spooners are being damn careful.

If all the students who sleep in classes were laid end to end they would be more comfortable.

Most women do odd things to get even.



"What has Mae West got that I haven't."



Here and There

By Susie Spencer

What scientifically minded co-ed spent the night in the zoology building?

That cute little med student better patch up his line before it *entirely* wears out.

"But yes ve haf no more veenies," said George Barclay as he tackled Ohio State.

"You shouldn't kiss me," said the co-ed, "it's unhygienic."

"That's all right," said little Willie, "I gargled well tonight."

We have heard of several varieties of flowers that have been imported into Chapel Hill this year, including two pansied ones from California, a blooming idiot from Colorado, and several other indescribable varieties. If this keeps up, by Spring, the place will be a veritable fairyland.

Overheard in the Arboretum:

"Woman, you're killing me."

"You mean literally?"

"No, I mean figuratively."

Several imaginative persons have been calling up the shack lately giving their names as Santa Claus, the Prince of Abyssinia, etc. But why not really be somebody while you're about it, boys, such as Benny Carr, Foster Fitzsimmons, Red Rankin, and the like.

"Dam," said Sam, "Who ate the ham?" But the prudent little man cracked never a smile.

Rich Richard's Almanac

By Pat Gaskins

As ye snore, so shall ye sleep.

* * *

A bird in the hen is a freak of nature.

* * *

Red in the morning,
Sailors take warning;
Moon at night,
Dates' delight.

* * *

Great oafs from little morons grow.

* * *

He who lefts last is left out first in a fight.

* * *

It's an ill wind that blows from campus politics.

* * *

Orange County Corn has now had its name changed to Mae West Corn because it always comes up sometimes.

Karolina Komment

E. Carrington Smith feints with his left, leads with his right, and crashes through with one of the best assortment of "moving pitchers" in months. *Footlight Parade*, with James Cagney, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Joan Barnes, formerly Joan Blondell, appear in another glamorous musical on Nov. 19 and 20. Ed Wynn is in a movie now so-ooo that people who missed his other one can see what he looks like on Nov. 23. It's called *The Chief* and ought to be good. On Nov. 24 *Jimmy and Sally* with James Dunn is playing. Then four of them, count 'em, Harpo, Groucho, Chico, and Zeppo, all of them Marx brothers come back in another inanity called *Duck Soup*, and "Whatever it is, we ain't aginst it." It will be here on Nov. 26 and 27. On Nov. 29 Clara Bow slings her curves again in *Whoopla. College Coach* appears here on Nov. 30 with Dick Powell and Pat O'Brien to climax the football season. On Dec. 1 comes *The Worst Woman in Paris*, which we hope lives up to the connotation of its name.

It was a lonely country road on a balmy moonlit night. Suddenly without any warning the car came to a dead stop.

She: Now if you're going to pull that one about the gas—

He: Nothing of the kind. We are not out of gas. The motor is not missing. We do not have a flat tire. We—

She: So you have an original excuse.

He: There isn't any excuse. The only reason I stopped is because I want to neck.

She: Oh! That's different. Why didn't you—

Who was that gentleman I seen you with last night?

That was no gentleman; that was a *Tar Heel* city editor.

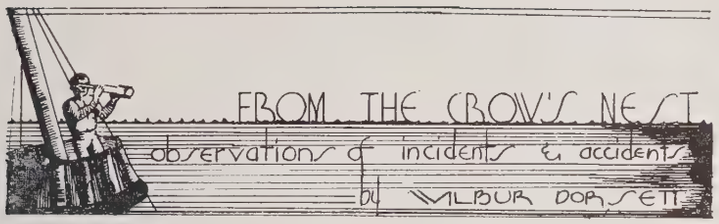
First stenog: How do you spell forty-two?

Second Pi Phi: How come?

First stenog: The boss says this salesman must have plenty of intestinal forty-two.

Suitor—Sir, I came to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Pa—And I am not giving handouts.



Stinguistic

It was during the onslaught after the Vienna Choir Boys' (Wiener Saengerknaben) Concert. The little fellows were smothered under: "How's Hitler . . . autograph my program . . . Nazi . . . Nazi . . . sauerkraut" . . . et cetera. A certain University student (page Herr Professor Metzenthin) paid his compliment to one of the boys in his very best German, "We enjoyed your program very much." And the young singer replied with his very best English and his very best smile, "I no speak English."

Promptly Speaking

Speaking of stage presence, Charlie Lloyd—Will Connelly in *The House of Connelly*—has it. During the course of the play this young landlord calls his tenants into a conclave to discuss lands, crops, duties, and so on. On the third night of this Playmaker production, Charlie was so confident that he was line-perfect that he let his mind wander in this conference scene to the little girl in the fifth row. Then he woke up to the fact that he had gone blank; he know no more what the next line was than he did before the play was written. The prompter dutifully whispered the line and, thinking he had caught it, bothered to interrupt no more, continuing her conversation with the electrician. But he hadn't caught it. He announced deliberately to his tenants, "Well, boys, I'm waiting for old man Killensworth to tell what move I make next in this difficult situation.". . . The play went on unhaltered when Joyce Killensworth, afore mentioned prompter, heard this line that Paul Green never wrote.

Fraternity Courts

By Up A. Storm

Fall is here! Beautiful leaves on the ground . . . and on George Moore's back! George, if you must take 'em out, let's try and leave the Arboretum where it belongs—and he wore a sweater to make it more informal. He's the forest's prime-evil.

One Delta Gamma (Dog-gone), living at the Pi Phi House, has been heard singing Xmas carols lately . . . and D.K.E. freshman Charlie admits owning a Packard—and if you need evidence, look at his subscription blank to "Esquire."

Last year's flame turns into this year's pal . . . Gracie, the good samaritan, applies the Golden Rule to a certain man on his triumphant return to the Hill. Yes, it takes nerve to ask last year's to find a bed for this year's.

How these Sigma Nu's do carry on . . . and how Fuzz-headed John O'Neil's grades have fallen off this year, since he has two lessons to do now instead of one . . . and how the fever blister was explained when Richmond was Leaked on.

Who at the Shack has lost her Carr? Well, she didn't have to hitch-hike very far as Lindy flew by and picked her up . . . she's got 'em—from A to Ezzard. And what was the brilliant green package tied with white satin ribbon Hess Weaver delivered to Henry Anderson a la "Stoop" Jones' laundry truck? Watch out, Betsy, the Voice of Experience tells that he likes 'em dark and petite.

These borrowed dames at the Sophomore Hop . . . Sweetbriar wasn't Active so Phi Gam Jimmy Johnston got the loan of a local lass from one of his brothers for the figure, and he made out very nicely so it was heard. . . A.T.O. Jimmy Jackson did likewise, only his was a nice little Charlotte lass—and all because his back home love couldn't make it. He was supposed to have her back at the Chi Phi House at 2:00 A.M. and didn't show up till 4:00, but he was still true to his home love. . . . And they say that S.A.E. Van Webb had a H— of a time trying to shake some of the boys that wanted to see more of his popular Charlotte "Chick," but his web was strong enough to hold her most of the time.

Choice bits: . . . She may be a farmer's daughter, but she sho' don't know her Barnes (J). . . Tracey Scobie seen hunting for her earrings the morning after in the Arboretum. . . Thelma Powers really "took" Beta Betts to that last Co-ed Ball. . . The spectacle of Claude Rankin chasing after his Cokey Preston, trying to Linker to himself. . . Red Douglas is well qualified to orate on the beauties of a full moon as viewed from Country Club Hill.

It takes a man to make a man
So they used to say.
But if I can only make a woman,
I'll make plenty, hey, hey!

Co-ed Song—Buddy can you spare a dame?

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Back again with more and we hope better style news. Have been very lucky in that one Julian Bobbitt is now drawing for this column which adds greatly to any value that it—the column—may have had in the past. The subject under fire this month is that of being well dressed for the Thanksgiving game. No doubt many of us will have our families, our girls, and our friends up here and we will want to look our sartorial best. Well, to start the ball rolling, I heard a very clever story the other day. It seems that a member of one of the better known frats up here went to Raleigh for the first time. He passed by the insane asylum and not knowing what it was yelled out: "Who lives there?" Some bright(?) young thing poked its head out of the window and yelled: "Nuts."

On the opposite page will be found a picture of one of the very latest top-coats. It is the wrap-around, has no buttons and a belted back, raglan sleeves. Comes in the softer materials of llama and polo cloth or camel's hair, best in a large plaid. This coat is most convenient in that it lacks the buttons that so often come off. The regular polo coat is still quite good and is really the better all around coat. Coats this year are sportier than usual, coming in checks, plaids, and plain colors. Grey is "in" but the original polo color follows on a close second. Another coat, very popular up North, but which will appeal only to those able to afford two or more coats is the Balmacaan in a hound's tooth or Harris tweed. Also, a new idea is the swagger, three button, Raglan split-sleeve, topcoat with center vent. The Chesterfield is also fine if one can afford it, but who can.

Also on the opposite page is found the eye-let collar, detachable, that I mentioned last month. This also comes in collar attached shirts. If the collar is separate a dark shirt, preferably blue, should be worn.

One running wild in the *Tar Heel* office the other day said that it was a most unwise policy to conscious stricken before it hatched (rather poor).

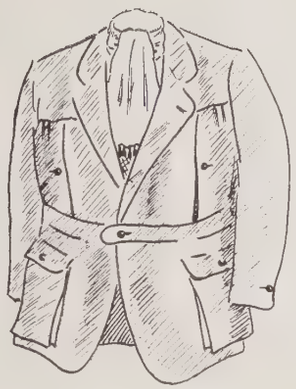
As to the matter of suitings the sport jacket is by all means the one thing to have in a wardrobe. The shepherds plaid is very slick, and in brown and white or black and white. There are club checks, gun checks, wide checks, narrow checks and returned checks (no funds, or, rather no puns). The jacket may vary from a Norfolk jacket which is in the upper left hand corner, of opposite page, to any modification of this. The Norfolk jacket, by the way, should be in a very soft, dark cloth. Some prefer the three button idea but yours truly prefers the two button Norfolk jacket. The pockets on those jackets are quite clever. Modifications of it range on down—depending on the type of material and weight and finish of cloth—to the split vent or knife vent to a regular belted-back coat. The three quarter belt is a bit snappier and gives the close appearance of the drape while maintaining the looseness of the sport jacket. Harris tweeds are here to stay and nothing is better for campus wear. One young man around here is sick of them though. Came in the other day and said that brown Harris tweeds when worn in the day time were "in"; when worn at night, one was considered an artist; when worn to a formal affair one was ludicrous. That rather hits the nail on the head, in that if you will vary your dress from day to day, you will find that your clothes will last much longer and you will even think yourself that you have a larger wardrobe.

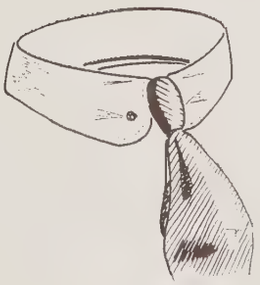
As to drapes and double breasteds, chalk stripes and small silk stripes are best for double breasteds; or, a very much modified plaid or overplaid. Either the drape double or the regular, repending on your particular physique. As to single breasteds, the two button drape is by far the most popular of all and you should use slightly less loud cloths than those used in the sport jackets. Slacks are really slacks in that they are English to the nth degree with double pleats and wide knees, relatively small bottoms (relative to the size shoe you wear) and should just touch the top of your shoes.

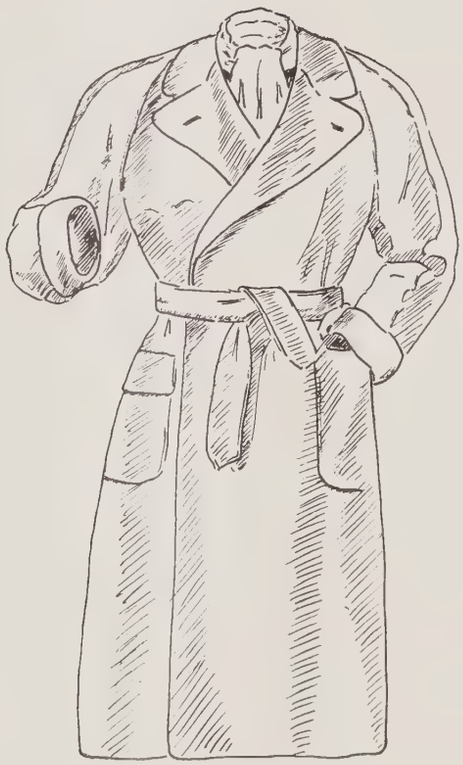
Several suggestions have been sent in for clothes for particular occasions. A dark brown sport jacket, grey flannel plain or plaid or checked slacks, brown tab shirt, bottle green plaid or wide striped tie, and grey buck shoes. Another was for a grey double-breasted drape, with chalk stripe, white eyelet collar and blue shirt or white tab shirt, maroon background tie with lighter red figure or stripe, and grey buck shoes. For campus wear a Shepherd plaid jacket, in grey, grey flannels, grey shoes or dark brown scotch grain shoes, botany wool tie in deep blue and grey mixture, and grey or white or blue shirt. There are cany combinations that may be made up. One thing, green shirts and blue ties just do not go together, nor do blue shirts and green ties.

One small point seems to be worrying quite a lot of people and that is how much to pay for a suit of clothes. I do not intend to discuss price in this column, but I will say that you will ordinarily get out of your clothes just what you put into them in the form of initial price for the clothes, and the care you take of them. The editor says no dirt, we agree by saying no dirt(y) clothes. Puns ravish some people; to those let them if they can, untangle this one: "Don't call me a big cheese, I camembert." (get it?)

Button Down Collar
SHIRTS
The smartest shirt being worn at Eastern universities. The collar is wider than regular. The fabrics are *dark* colored oxfords, flannel finish cloths and white and blue oxfords. This shirt especially adapted to the knit tie.
$1.95
Durham Men's Shop
"Style Quarters"
111 W. Main St. Durham











BOBBITT


The
CREAM OF THE CROP
ITS
Crowning Glory
INSURING FINE TOBACCO FOR
future Lucky Strikes
Not many smokers have seen a fine tobacco plant in full bloom, so we show you this picture. These fine types of plants are permitted to flower and to produce seed—to reproduce the Cream of the Crop—enabling Luckies to maintain the same fine, uniform quality that smokers everywhere appreciate—so round and firm and fully packed—free from loose ends.
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
ALWAYS the finest tobaccos
ALWAYS the finest workmanship
ALWAYS Luckies please!
"it's toasted"
FOR THROAT PROTECTION—FOR BETTER TASTE
Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Company

Buccaneer



Christmas Number

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES—





RIDE 'EM COWBOY! It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are *my* smoke," says Eddie Woods, cowboy champion. "They never jangle my nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

EDDIE WOODS, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede, "top hand" of the cowboy world, says:

"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

☼ ☼ ☼

If *you* are nervous...inclined to "fly off the handle"... change to Camels. Your own nerves and taste will confirm the fact that this milder cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos, is better for steady smoking.



"I'M DEVOTED TO riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need *healthy nerves.* And Camels are the *mildest* cigarette I know!"

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

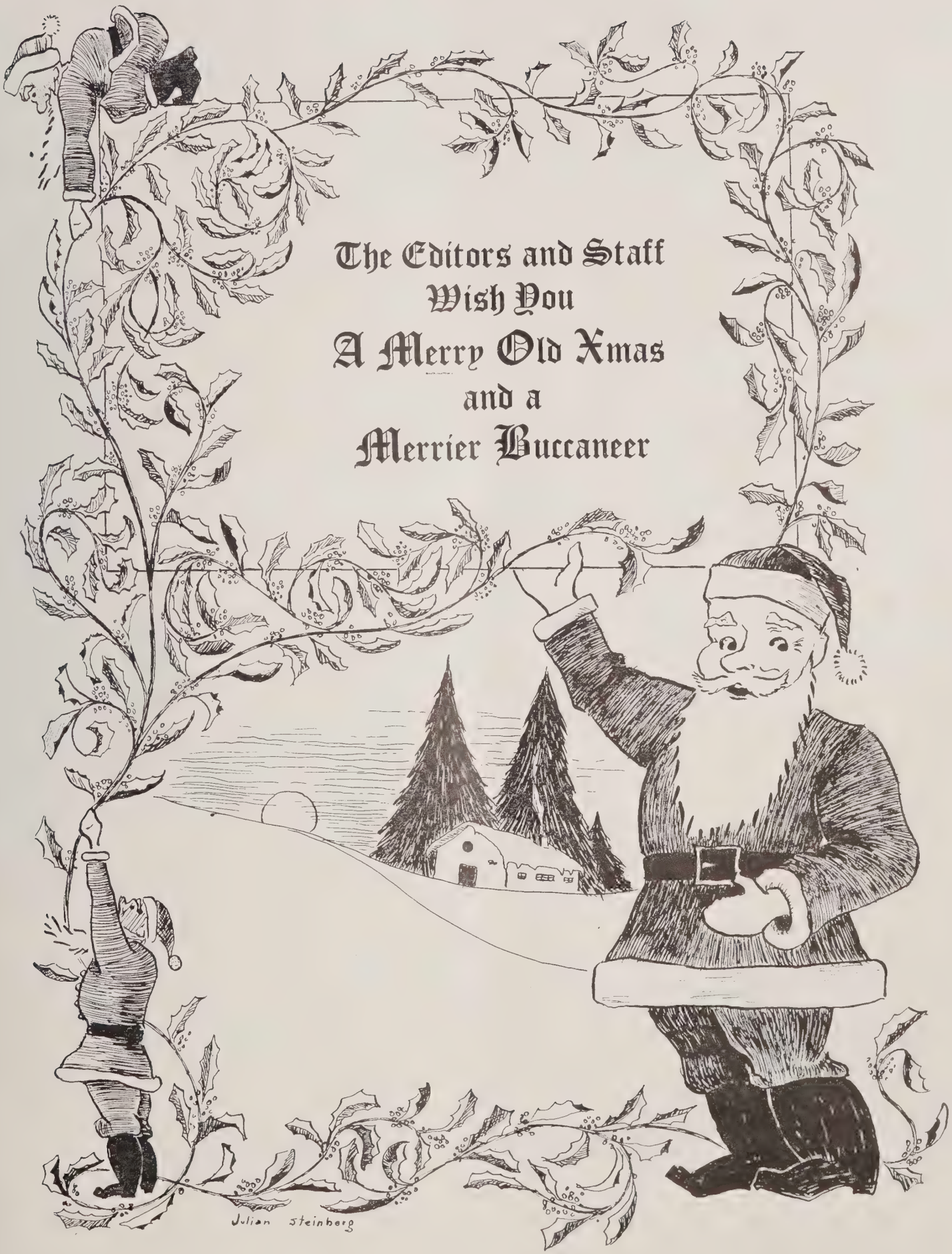


A MATCHLESS BLEND

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES **NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


The Editors and Staff
Wish You
A Merry Old Xmas
and a
Merrier Buccaneer
Julian Steinberg

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI DECEMBER, 1933 NUMBER 3

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

1st Author: "Have you heard about my new book dealing with the sex life of the Indians?"
2nd Author: "No, what's it called?"
1st Author: "The Lust of the Mohicans."
—Lafayette Lyre

Kit: "When I get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?"
Kat: "Nothing, girl, unless he was evil-minded." *—Green Griffin*

"A cute little nose,"
"And a cute little lass." *—Exchange.*

Once a master mindreader met a beautiful young newcomer to his profession. She immediately slapped his face.
Whereupon he drew himself up in a dignified manner.
"Madam, you are mistaken!" he said, "such a thing was farthest from my mind." *—Showme.*

He—"Do you know the secret of popularity?"
She—"Yes, but mother says that I mustn't."
—Colgate Banner

"It looks like I'm a failure," said the Indian's bloodhound. "Here I am in the woods, alone and without a red scent." *—Dirge*

Close Up

Do you know Sally Rand intimately?
Sure; I'm one of her fans. *—Pitt Panther.*

A Drawback

"Where's my fraternity pin, fair one?"
"I left it home, Oswald. The boys complain that it scratches their hands." *—Pelican*

Co-ed—You simply have to hand it to Alfred.
Ditto—Why?
Co-ed—Oh, he's so shy and backward.
—Wampus.

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."
But one night she could stand it no longer, and when he took his hat off, started out the door, and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she responded, quite as cheerily, "Good night, father of one."
Now he stays home. *—Mountain Goat.*



"Well," said the gold digger to the unsuspecting Frosh from Hayseedville, "shall we go to the movies or to my apartment?"

"It's as broad as it is long," said the perplexed Freshman.

"Hmm—we'll go to the movies."

—Punch Bowl

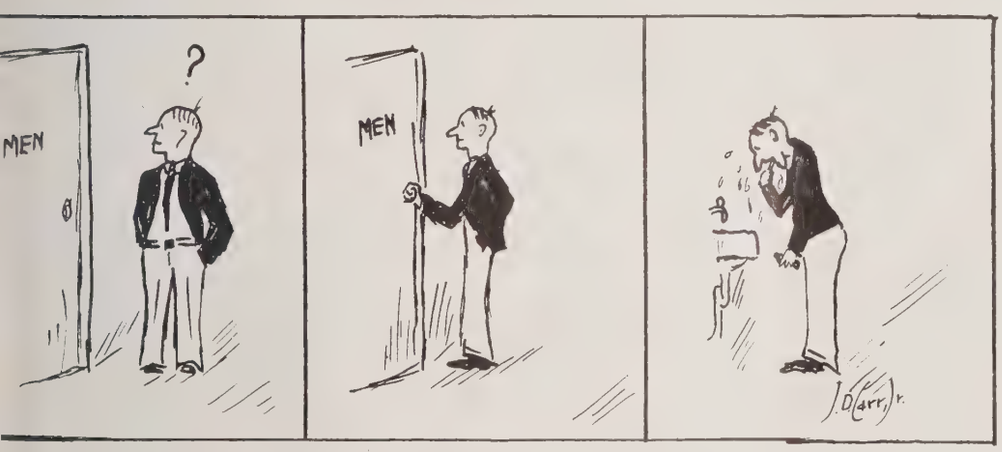
Grace: "Is your husband faithful?"

Gracie: "Is he? I should say—he's had the same little blond secretary for two years."

—Pelican

"Did you hear what that burglar who broke into the fraternity got?"

"Yeah, pledged!"



Here I sit and fuss and fret
While my seat is growing wet.
It's enough to make me fume!
Teacher, can't I leave the room?
Why delay me when you know
That I simply gotta go?
Honest, teacher, I'm not feigning—
My car top's down and it is raining.

—Columns

He (telephoning): "Is my wife home?"

Maid: "No, who shall I say called?"

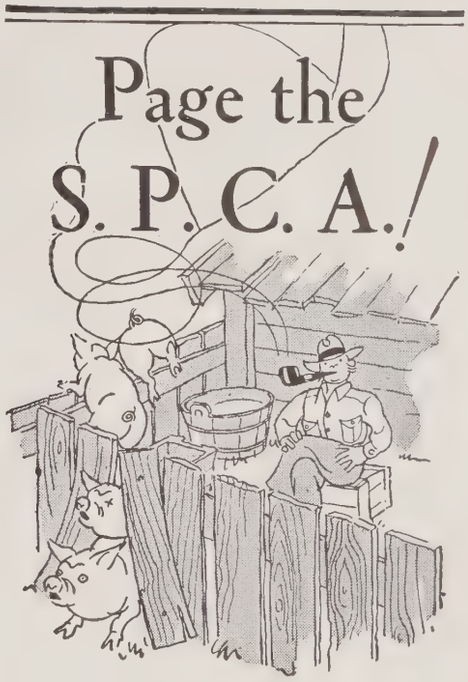
—The Yowl

"So you had a date with a college guy?"

"No, I tore my dress on a nail." *—Puppet*

The old-fashioned girl who stepped out fit as a fiddle now has a co-ed daughter who comes home tight as a drum. *—The Owl*

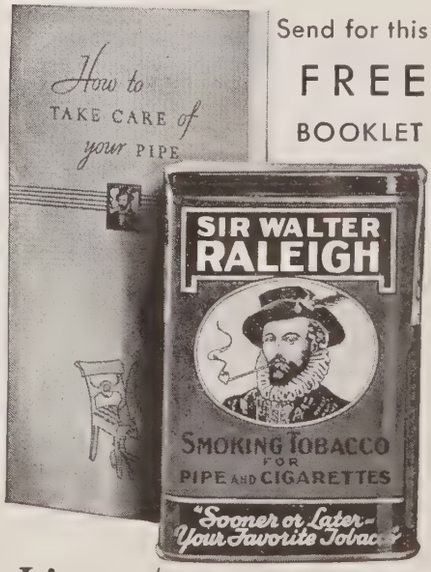
Page the S. P. C. A.!



SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

Those rare Kentucky Burleys satisfy the smoker, and delight nearby non-smokers. Try a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh on your next store visit — the tin wrapped in gold foil. You'll see why particular men have adopted this fine tobacco "whole hog."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-312



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER


HOTEL BONTEMPS
$2 00 UP
ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE
HELL
HELL!
HELL
HELL
HELL!
M.P. Hillen

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI DECEMBER, 1933 NO. 3

BUCCANEERING

The war of the columnists is on! The allies, meaning Susie Spencer, Up A Storm, and George Moore, are lined up against Seeall Knowall and Franklin Post.

George Moore started it when he exposed the keyhole reporters. Susie Spencer answered by refusing to write any more scandal. Seeall Knowall gave Gumshoe George a left to the jaw and a right to the solar plexus in the *Tar Heel* column. Moore, the magnanimous, retaliated with a right to the button in the December BUCCANEER.

Up a Storm is silent this month. All is also quiet on the Franklin Post front. They are quietly biding their time.

* * *

To listen to everyone on the campus sing, you'd think all the girls have gone off and left us. Wandering through the Arboretum, we hear lonely masculine voices singing, "I'm Looking For My Shanghai Lil."

Voices from dormitory windows sing, "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More."

Other voices chime in saying, "I'm Going, Going, Gone" and others humming "After You've Gone."

Which all reminds us of the old hit "I Ain't Got Nobody."

* * *

Twenty-four hundred and fifty students can't be wrong. There are about 2455 students enrolled, and that leaves about five students in favor of the Editor's policy of no dirt in the BUCCANEER.

The illustrious Di and Phi, as they themselves admit, can do no wrong.

To print dirt or not to print dirt; that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to be a publication worthy of a great University in a respectable manner or whether 'tis best to bow to the student's desire for muck and obscenity.

What to do about it; let's put out the lights and go to sleep.

* * *

The co-ed number of the BUCCANEER will be out in January. All co-eds are invited to contribute. Send in your suggestions for a boys' blind date column.

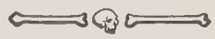
Members of the male sex send in your vote on who is the most beautiful co-ed at Carolina.

* * *

Taking it for granted you are already bored with this column we present a few short jokes:

* * *

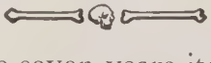
Who'll ride my horse?
I'll ride your horse.
What's your name, Stranger?
Strop's my name.
Not the Jockey Strop?
That's me.
My pal.



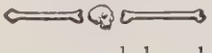
Chaperone—Who is up there in that tree?
Voice from leaves—Nobody but us acorns.



The man who used to go to the movie and shout to the hero, "Lookout behind you!" now waits at the stage door for the chorus girls to come out after the "Follies of 1934" movie.



Love is like the seven years itch. The more you fool with it, the worse it gets.



There was a scandal columnist
Who was always in a mist
Seeallknowall
Toldallboredall
And so from the columns was hissed.



One—"You say that Alfred was sick last Friday? What was wrong with him?"
Two—"It must have been officiate."

Pi—"Why is that volcano erupting?"
Phi—"It must have been something it Aetna."

"Oh, don't stand up, Duchess. I just came in to wash my hands."

"Go west, young man; go west."
"Ah, cut out the baby talk, and besides I ain't tired."

Voice from baldhead row—Do you think the chorus will show us more in the next act?
Another voice—That remains to be seen.

There was a co-ed named Fay
Who went for a ride on a sleigh.
When she returned,
Her lips were burned;
And her morals were slack, Hey, Hey.

Once upon a time, Santa Claus stopped at a farm house. He asked the farmer if he might stay all night.

The farmer replied, "You can stay, but you'll have to sleep with the baby."

"That's all right, that'll be fine," said Santa, because he had heard that one before.

Imagine the surprise of Saint Nick when he found that the baby was only two years old. Santa Claus was a jolly old sport, however, so he stayed all night anyhow.

The next morning he went on his way; a wetter but wiser man.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Shoot, stab, choke, and slay;
I'll kill the next Xmas rhymster
That comes around this way.

"I'm going," said Santa Claus; "never let your chimney darken my beard again."

Don't play around too much. You might be somebody's father.

Santa Claus is different from any other kind of clause: A noun clause or an adjective clause comes almost any place, while Santa Claus comes but once a year.

It has been reported that Santa Claus has laid off his Reindeers and replaced them with huskies. After traveling all Xmas night, we bet they are anxious to get back to the pole.

She swayed towards me. I felt her body against mine. Her breath was hot upon my neck. "Get the Hell away from here," I shouted, "and stop reading over my shoulder."

Christmas is coming,
The geese are getting fat;
Please put a penny,
In the old man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny,
A half-penny will do;
If you haven't got a half-penny,
You're a college man too.

HAPPY DAZE A L'OGDEN GNASH

By Pat Gaskins

New Year's greetings
Need depletings.
* *
Christmas presents
And Xmas wishes
Are neither useful
Or delicious.
* *
Of Xmas presents
We'd like best
A life size bust
Of sweet Mae West.
* *
If you must around
With evil frisk,
You must prepare
Your *

Although other ties
Are sometimes binding,
Christmas ties
Are always binding.
* *
Sentimentality
About old St. Nick
Does only serve
To make one sick.
* *
Xmas spirits give one fits
Especially that for seven bits.
* *
A New Year's Eve
Of non-sobriety
Gain a New Year's peeve
And notoriety.

Boss: "Did you collect that bill?"

Jones: "No, sir. He hit me over the head with a waste basket and kicked me out the front door."

Boss: "You go back and collect that bill. I'll show him he can't scare me." —*Yellow Jacket*

Irate Golfer—You must be the worst caddie in the world.

Caddie—Hardly. That would be too much of a coincidence. —*Answers.*

Then there was the absent-minded professor who ate the roll for breakfast and had names on the tip of his tongue for the rest of the day.

—*Punch Bowl*

A Toast

Here's to women.
The more chaste, the less chased;
The less chaste, the more chased.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "Not tonight, Josephine."

A question one way: Who is the master who has the skeleton key to the "shack"?

The question another way: Who is the skeleton who has the master key to the "shack"?

The Butt Of It All

Oh, me! Oh, my! They are all alike. Men—the low down scheming things. I loathe them, hate them all! My whole life they have pounded, abused, crushed me. Many a night men have picked me up from the curb. They fumble for me in the dark, take off my wraps, and slide their fingers all over me. Sometimes they get me well lit, squeeze me, and crush me to their lips. By that time I am worn to a frazzle. Whey they have had enough of me, they cast me aside to be picked up again my some other guy. I am just a helpless thing in the hands of men. You see, I am just a cigarette.

He: I call my gal the Century of Progress.

Another he: Why?

He: Well, I've worked on her a century, and I haven't made any progress yet.

It's getting hard for a working girl to make a living these days with guys calling up and asking what night she's free. —*Purple Parrot.*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost," said the ex-virgin, "than never to have loved at all."



Mrs. Claus: "Here's a letter from a little boy in New York. He wants the *Interborough Rapid Transit.*"



HIGH YULETIDE

By Claude Rankin

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly silently comes;
While the old man's head on the pillow so white,
Is dreaming of wayward sons.
He staggers through the snow for his balance is gone!
All the houses round him whirl;
I know not how, but he has found his home
From a date with an armful of girl.

RICH RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Pat Gaskins

Brevity is the whole of burlesque.

* * *

Marry in haste; recoup at leisure.

* * *

Where there's a will, there's a way to break it.

* * *

A gall stone gathers no gloss.

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a souse.
(Everybody had gone home for the holidays.)

As the old maid said as the ship was sinking, "O, where is my wandering buoy tonight."

"I don't care if you are an all-American hockey player, you can't do that to me," said Elmer fiercely.

DKE's cheery bicycle-riding Vass Shepherd breezed into the Buccaneer office the other day and gave us some choice gossip for one of the scandal columns. He told us two or three ideas for this Xmas number and showed us a poem he wrote. Vass says he has heard from reliable sources that One-eye Connolly crashed the Paramount lots in Hollywood recently. He stowed away on Mae West without being seen.

Norment Quarles, the blonde lightweight boxer for Carolina is not content with being Southern conference champion boxer. He writes poetry. Yes sir, he can make verses on the spur of the moment—good ones too. In the spring, summer, fall, and winter Norment's thoughts lightly turn to thoughts of his lady love.

Post Song—"Git Along Little Doggie."

We Nominate to Walk the Plank—

Seeall Knowall—Because he sees nothing, and knows less. Because he belittles his enemies, and lets his friends off.

Kay Thompson—Because he eats crackers in bed and dunks his spinach.

Rameses III—Because he associates with Benny Carr.

The faculty—They don't understand the students.

The students—They don't understand the faculty.

Santa Claus—Because he ain't.

William H. Wang—His editorials stink.

Betty Hanson—Because she makes her dates go to the show and right back again.

Grace Bowes—For carrying blankets on dates.
Furman Betts—He sleeps with his socks on.

The fireman's Alma Mater song: "I'm playing with fire."

Two old maids lying in the bed.
One turned over to the other and said,
"Under a blanket of blue,
Just the bed and me and you,
Wrapped in the arms of wrinkled sheets.

Alluring alliteration: Linger along the lingerie.

The Radio Announcer Turns Columnist

Hello mama, hello papa, here I am writing a column. It is by courtesy of the advertisers of the Carolina Buccaneer. When I put the period at the end of this sentence, it will be exactly ten o'clock.

I was asked recently why I didn't get better grades on my studies. I attribute my lack of application to stale coffee. I am also dated too much. Every night I date some Pi Phi or Chi Omega.

Yesterday I felt something in my shoe hurting my foot. I took off my shoe, and what do you think I found? RUBINOFF!

And so-oo-oo-o my friends, in strictly observing the NRA we must remember that we are all brothers in that great lodge, the Ink-a-dinky dink.

This column is about finished. So Lo-o-o-ng.



Waiting In The Arboretum
King Kong Kahn caught in a relaxed moment.

Boss: Get those papers. Look in Miss Smith's drawer.
Clerk (moment later): Hey! Ouch!
Boss: What's the matter?
Clerk: I thought you said plural.

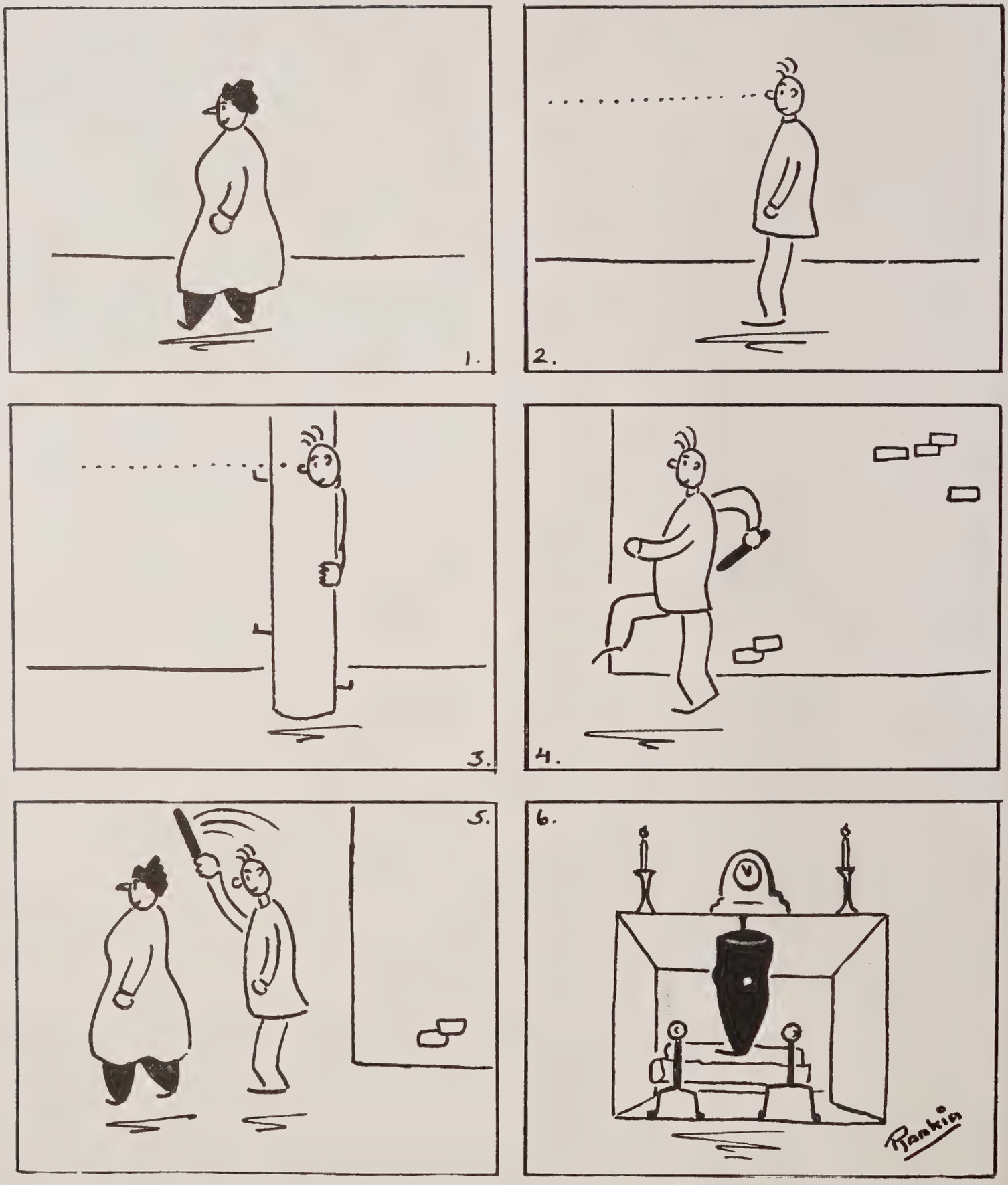
She: Now honey, are you earnest?
He: No, I'm Frank.

To all you people that voted dry: May all your children be born on the desert without a waterhole.

May Santa be good to all you little boys who wear berets.



Mallory Hats
"Cravenette" Processed
Band and body protected against discoloration from either perspiration or showers.
Headquarters for Mallory Hats
The Young Men's Shop
126-128 East Main Street
Durham, N. C.


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
Rankin

Breath in the Afternoon

ALFRED ENGSTROM

It was upon a moonlit night
In spring at Chapel Hill;
The old gray mare was full of sleep,
And the lads were fuller still.

Count Robert came in his undershirt,
A drunk old lord was he,
And he sang of the withered albatross
That flew on the wintry sea.

Oh, many a song he sang that night
As he staggered down the lane;
He had a wampus on his breath
And pink elephants in his brain.

The wind blew high beside the marsh
Where the jittery froglets bray;
Count Robert fell in a six inch pond,
And face in the mud he lay.

Oh, countess, countess Marian,
The wind blows wild tonight,
And good Count Robert blows in the marsh
As high as a March blown kite.

Count Robert lies in the marsh tonight
With the water about his chin,
And never a glass of orange juice
And nary an aspirin.

Oh, never again the early dawn
Will he open his brought blue een,
And never again will he clear his throat
With a spoonful of listerine.

Oh, God be good to his lady fair,
And God be kind to his daughter,
And God preserve the rest of us
From dying of too much WATER.

Two shots rang out! Two-gun Pete pitched forward and lay motionless in his own blood and the dust of the streets of Gulchville. He had been fairly and squarely beaten to the draw by Bloody Mike.

Mike cursed and kicked the still body. He rolled the dead outlaw over, and Pete's wide open eyes stared at him unseeing.

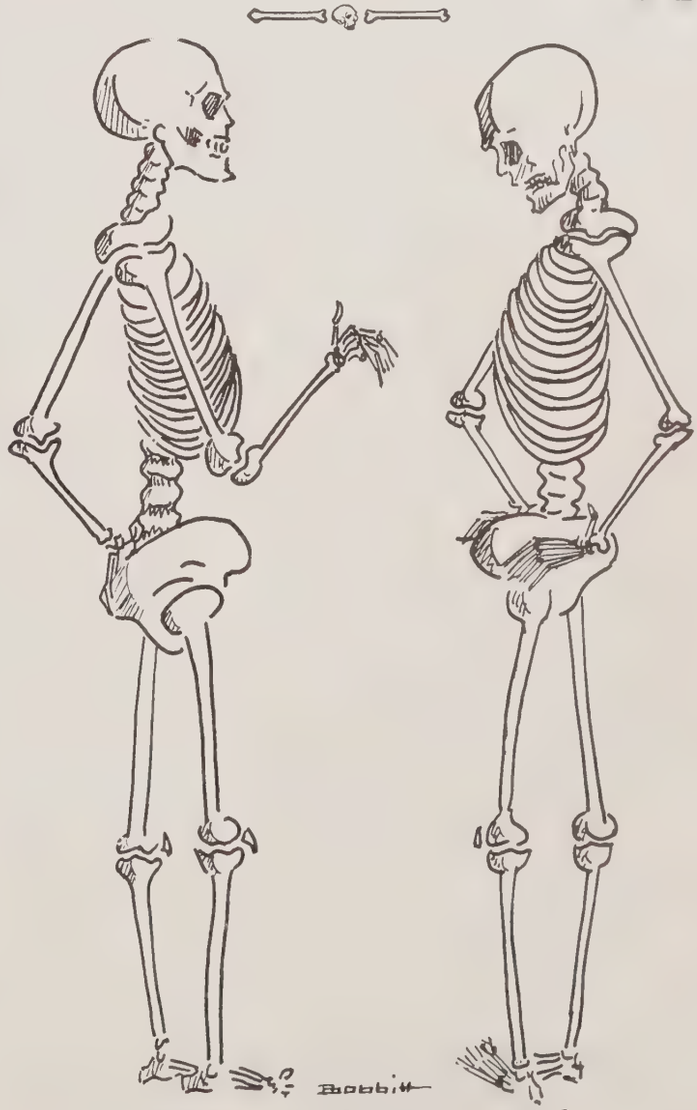
And so my little friends of the radio audience, that will also happen to you little kiddies if you don't eat Kolligs breakfast foods. Eat it every morning, and you will be quick on the draw like Bloody Mike.

It was almost nine o'clock. His date was supposed to start at eight; so he hurried on so that he might not be any later. He took a short cut through the side yard in order that he might reach the house the sooner, and in so doing inadvertently fell in a ditch which was being excavated. Ahah! He couldn't tell his lass from a hole in the ground.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

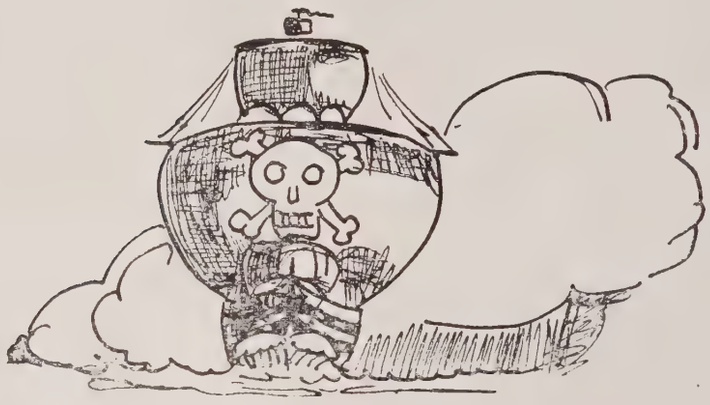
The staff of the BUCCANEER resolves:

1. To do as little work as possible.
2. To scour the Arboretum every night to get all the scandal possible.
3. To lambast the Tar Heel at every opportunity.
4. To make the campus widows be careful.
5. No cracks at the faculty unless we get done wrong on exams.
6. No cracks at other publications except in self defense.



'Smatter, ain'tcha got no guts?

BUCCANEER



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Tom Walker
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pearson

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson	Sherwood Barefoot	J. B. Lindeman	Ray Braswell
Francis Breazeale	DeWitt Carroll	H. B. Johnson	Joe Brown
Elmer Oettinger	W. R. Fowler	R. L. Bedrick	Ben Proctor
J. L. Jackson	Bob Bolton	Margaret B. McCauley	Albert Ellis
Tom Hicks	Jack Poole	Giles Williams	Milton Sherer
Tom Koonce	Parker Morris	Henry Rancke	Tom Spencer
W. C. Durfee	Sanford Langsam	Bill Henderson	Leslie Lane
James Westbrook	Margaret Gaines	Charles Daniel	Louis Skinner
Myers Whitaker	Howard Easter	Smith Barrier	Scott Miles
Peggy Ann Harris	Laurence Frank	Clarence Weinberg	Harvey Gwyn

ART STAFF

J. Rom Gooding	Robert Schlesinger	Roy Wilder	Julian Steinberg
David Pemberton	Julian Bobbitt	Opie Shelton	Jerry Kisner
Ed Skinner	J. D. Carr	E. D. Bayley	Charles Noell
	Willard Hollingsworth		

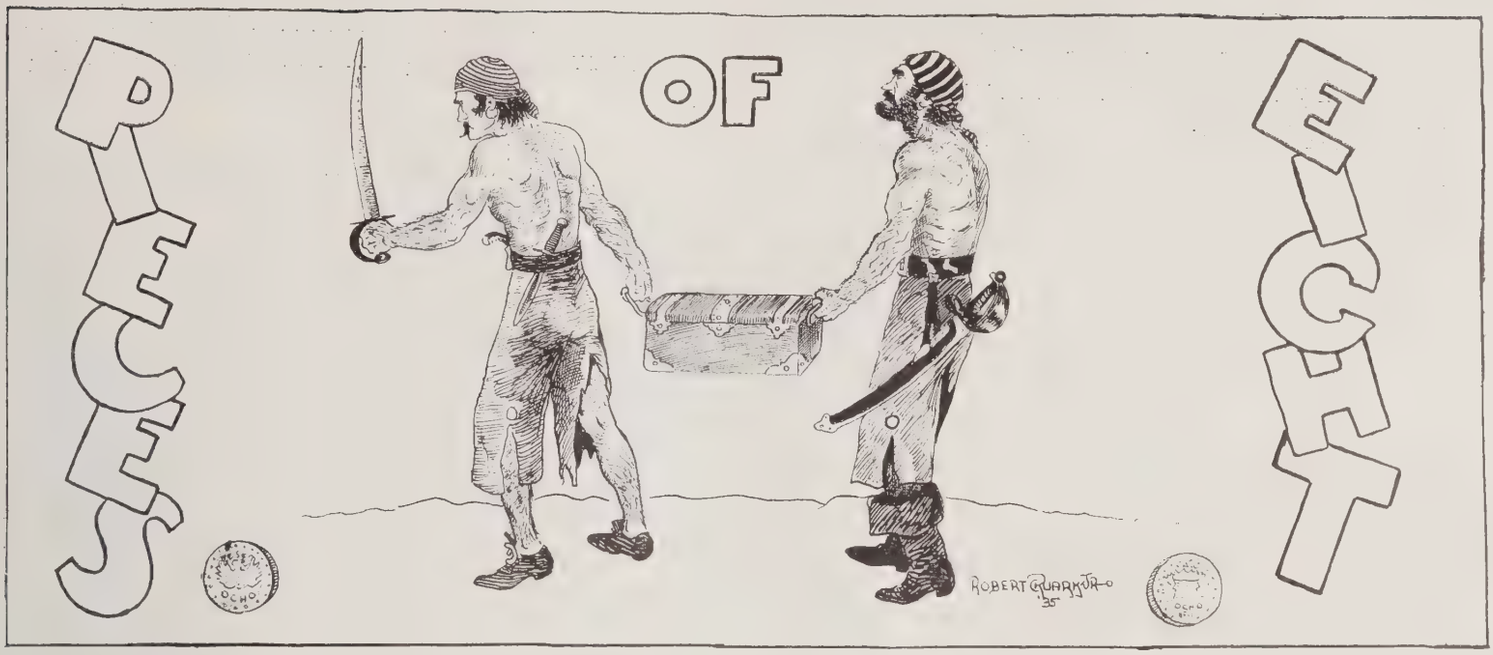
BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
R. B. KIMBLE, *Manager*
Coltrane Fuller, Robert Cole,
Bill Naff, Ellison McMillan
Vivian Guion





NRA

"I'll huff and I'll huff and I'll blow your house in," said Al Smith and a few other bellyachers.

So he huffed and he puffed 'til he was blue in the face, but Franklin Delano's house was too strong.

* * *

We're Agin It

A bunch of colleges in the country are getting rid of their football coaches because their teams have not had as good season as they expected.

The alumni are doing most of the griping.

The man who kicks about the coach is the same kind of fellow that yells for blood at a boxing match. He is the kind of man that likes to see a kill. He is a glutton for the other man's punishment.

* * *

Pay 'Em

Talking about football, it seems to us that if anyone should make the money that the fans pay for a football game, it should be the players themselves.

"The piper is the one who should be paid for the piping" is a saying we have always heard.

A football player, we believe, should have all his college expenses paid. He doesn't have the time to put on his studies that other students have, and playing football is the only way some boys can come to school.

* * *

Consolidate

If we want to beat Duke next year, why not consolidate the Carolina and the State College football teams. Call the team the Wolf Heels of the Greater University of North Carolina. We bet that's what a lot of alumni were thinking about all the time when this consolidation thing came up several years ago.

* * *

Legislature

In the course of human events the Legislature meets next year. We wonder if we will be cut any more. The legislature seems to use about the same judgment as fifteenth century doctors. When a fellow got sick, the Doc would open a blood vessel and let the blood come out. When the State of North Carolina gets in debt, the legislature cuts the University appropriations and the blood just flies.

* * *

Honorable Men

All we know is what we read in the *Daily Tar Heel*. *The Heel* has said a lot about the honor system. We have seen less cheating this year than we have ever seen before. That is probably caused by the refusal of the student council to spare the rod.

There has been some talk about there being less harsh treatment of students caught for cheating. We don't think so. You got to be tough. A warning is all right, but we don't think it will ever take the place of the old fashioned whipping post.

* * *

Cemetery

As we write this we are on the bus going to Durham to get this stuff printed. We pass the Durham cemetery and see three mail boxes by the cemetery wall. What's the big idea? Maybe this is not funny, but it is something to think about.

MUCKSOUP

By Minnie the Moocher

What co-ed thinks she's going to pass German 2 by playing around with Mano Spann?

* * *

What co-ed at the Shack is married, but is keeping it under her hat?

* * *

What ox-road co-eds are losing their popularity?

* * *

Has a certain Carolina first-baseman been up to Frais, Virginia, lately?

* * *

What famous campus character (summer school) entertained fourteen members of the football squad—at a tea-party?

* * *

What Junior from Millisburg is simply crazy about Billy Moore?

* * *

What big-mouthed Buccaneer writer is going to get his if he doesn't watch out?

What co-ed told a supposedly he-man, but mighty funny looking football man, to kindly go to hell?

* * *

Which of our big editors is afraid to go to Durham for fear he'll be recognized?

* * *

What sot just avoided doing thirty days on the road?

* * *

What sot ordered a bar and never got it out of hock?

* * *

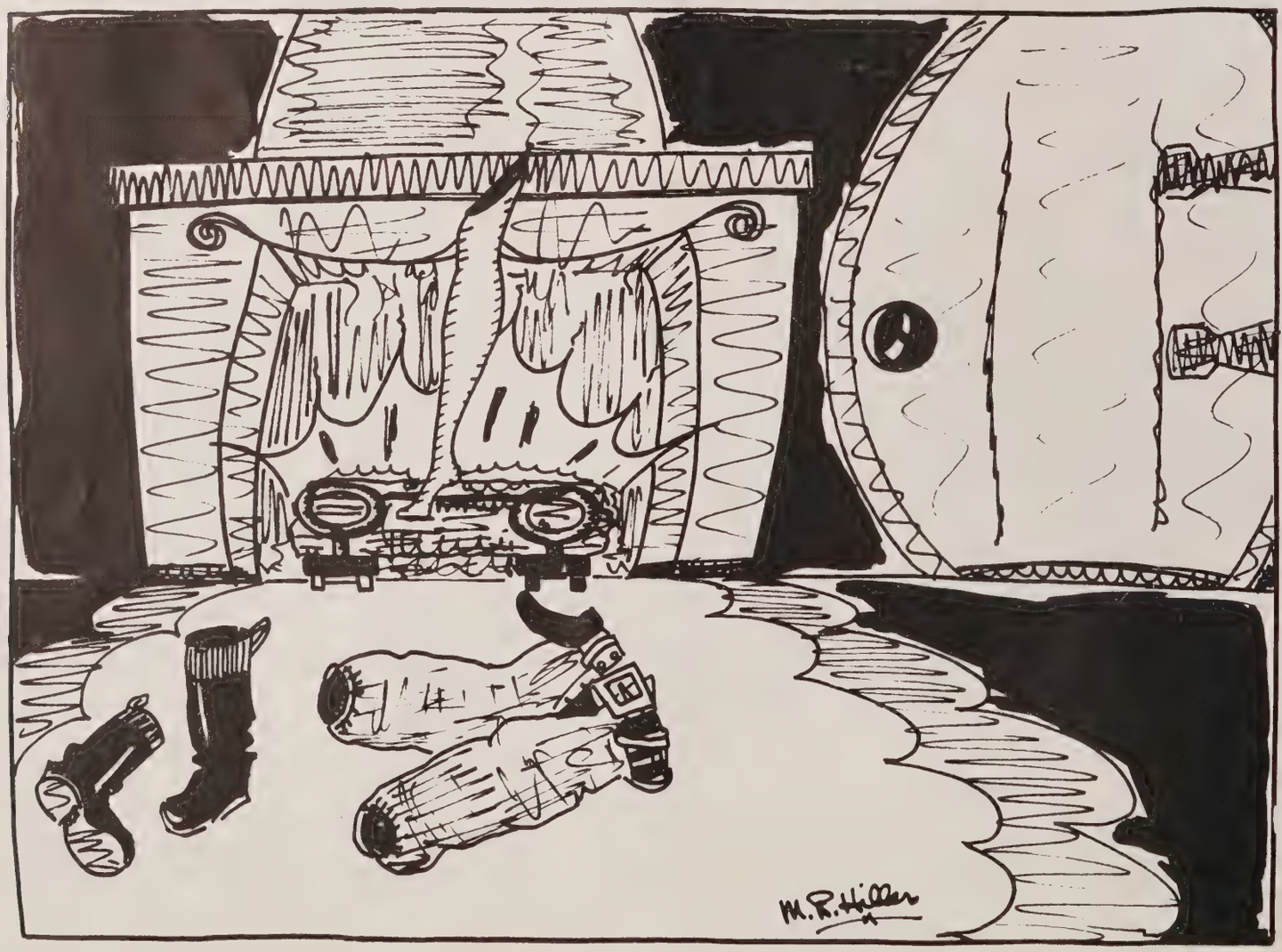
What's this about the president of the University club's numerous squirrel hunts over in Winston-Salem?

* * *

We wonder how a certain cute little co-ed felt when the Spencer hall lights were turned on right in the midst of kissing her date goodnight? And how the date felt!!!

* * *

The same co-ed informs us that necking is like heating the whole house and only using the front room.



—*about* Cigarettes



Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's milder
the cigarette that tastes better

Chesterfield

They Satisfy.. just try them

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Hither and Thither On Ye Campus

Content

Say if you will when I have gone
That I was pagan hearted,
Say if you will ere the old love died
Of a new love I was started.

Say that my pulse raced to life's tune
Shocking the stolid and staid;
Say if you will, sanctimonious one,
That I never knelt and prayed.

Say if you will my each act was a spear
Uncaring of whom it would stab
And I'll be content in the hell that I've earned
Knowing I never was drab. —*B. C.*

Memoirs

The editor said to write something about Christmas and also something about Carolina going dry. The Dry-Christmas number. What an idea! We could get some good ones for ye old yuletide end of it, but as for our humor being dry . . . well, we'd better leave well enough alone.

The last time we penned a column there was clamor galore concerning its contents. It seems we trampled on toes, or something of the sort. Then, dogs that we are, we fleed to the hills, only to be overtaken. Then the fun began. Maybe it was our fault, maybe it wasn't, but the people who read this stuff jumped and wailed for (h)ours.

Writing a column like this is a lot of work. Not that we don't know the doit. We've got that well in hand, but our best stories concern certain somebodys who know a thing or two about us. And we wouldn't want anything like that to happen. Yet, as good ole Alexander Woolcott once said: "Nothing risqué—nothing gained."

Most of our stories concerned that Thanksgiving week-end, and, boy, we know a few who sure gave thanks when it was all over. It seems that most of ye good old ribaldry took place in those popular dens of iniquity over on the west side of town. One young lady remarked that the Z. .P. . had the best floor show on the campus. But the *Daily Tar Heel* gets the cake for describing it as an affair at which the group attending was "comparatively small, with an atmosphere of intimacy and fellowship achieved to the greater enjoyment of all concerned."

We see that the Torrid Tarzianna is still sporting her monogram, and that a popular football manager spent a weekend not so long ago at the Orpheum Dance Hall on 47th and Bawdyway in Carmichael's village. Sorta Heisted his way around the floor, too.

Old Faithful

(For Men Only)

A Merry Christmas to every co-ed who reads this.

Not so long ago one of them thar co-eds approached us with the plea that we paragraph her to the extent that she has been quite a stayathome of late. It seems that there is a guy back home whose suspicions have her running hither, thither and yon with all the local beau brummels, and it was her idea that if he read the paragraph he'd no longer be uncertain of her devotion. Well, there was a little story we had wished to have verified for many moons so we said we'd do it if she'd get the real dope for us. She readily agreed to snoop a bit for us in return, and we, in our rapid fire way, mentally pictured a poor heart-aching damsel nightly yearning for him who waits back yonder. We had a pretty good story in mind, too. "We'll be down and get it sometime this week," we said. "Yeah," she replied, "but make it in the afternoon. I'm dated up every night."

DEBATE

Query: Resolved that there is a Santa Claus.

First Speaker on Affirmative side: "There is a Santa Claus."

First Speaker on Negative side: "There ain't no Santa Claus."

Second Speaker on Affirmative side: "There is a Santa Claus."

Second Speaker on Negative side: "There ain't no Santa Claus."

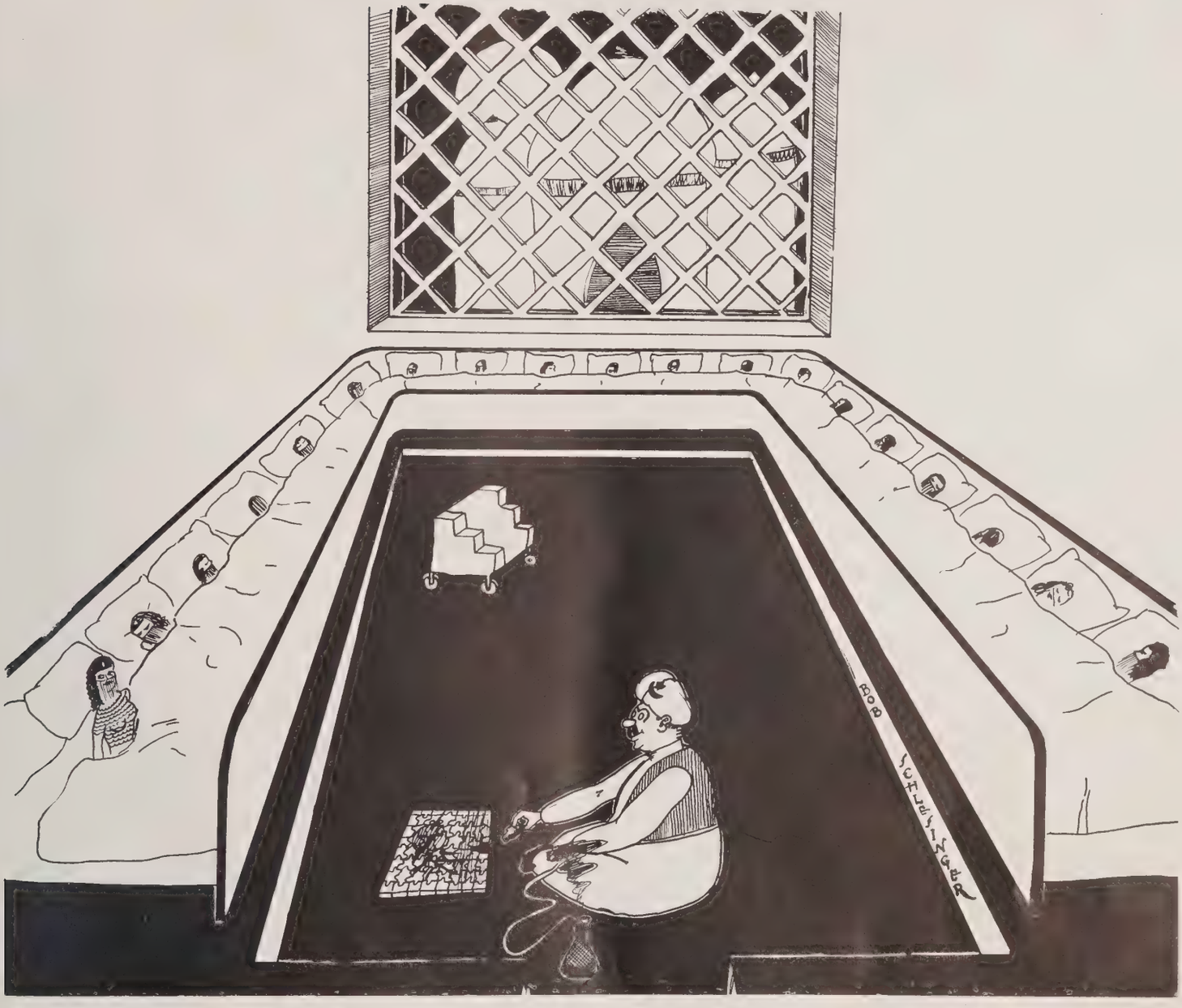
First Judge: "There is a Santa Claus."

Second Judge: "There ain't no Santa Claus."

Third Judge: "Dunno."

Decision: "There ain't no Santa Claus, but there are a lot of Fairies."

Step right this way, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see the sight of a lifetime. He (She) walks, talks, and crawls on his (her) belly like a reptile. For one dime, ten cents, one tenth of a dollar step right this way and look at . . . . . (Fill in any name you like and send it to your girl.)



"One more piece and I'm through."

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a she.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only Gable can make a she.

"But honey, why didn't you tell me that you were already married to another man?"

"It's all right dear, he's a good sport."

—*Pelican*

Se to he (while dancing)—Whatsa big idea, holding me so tight?
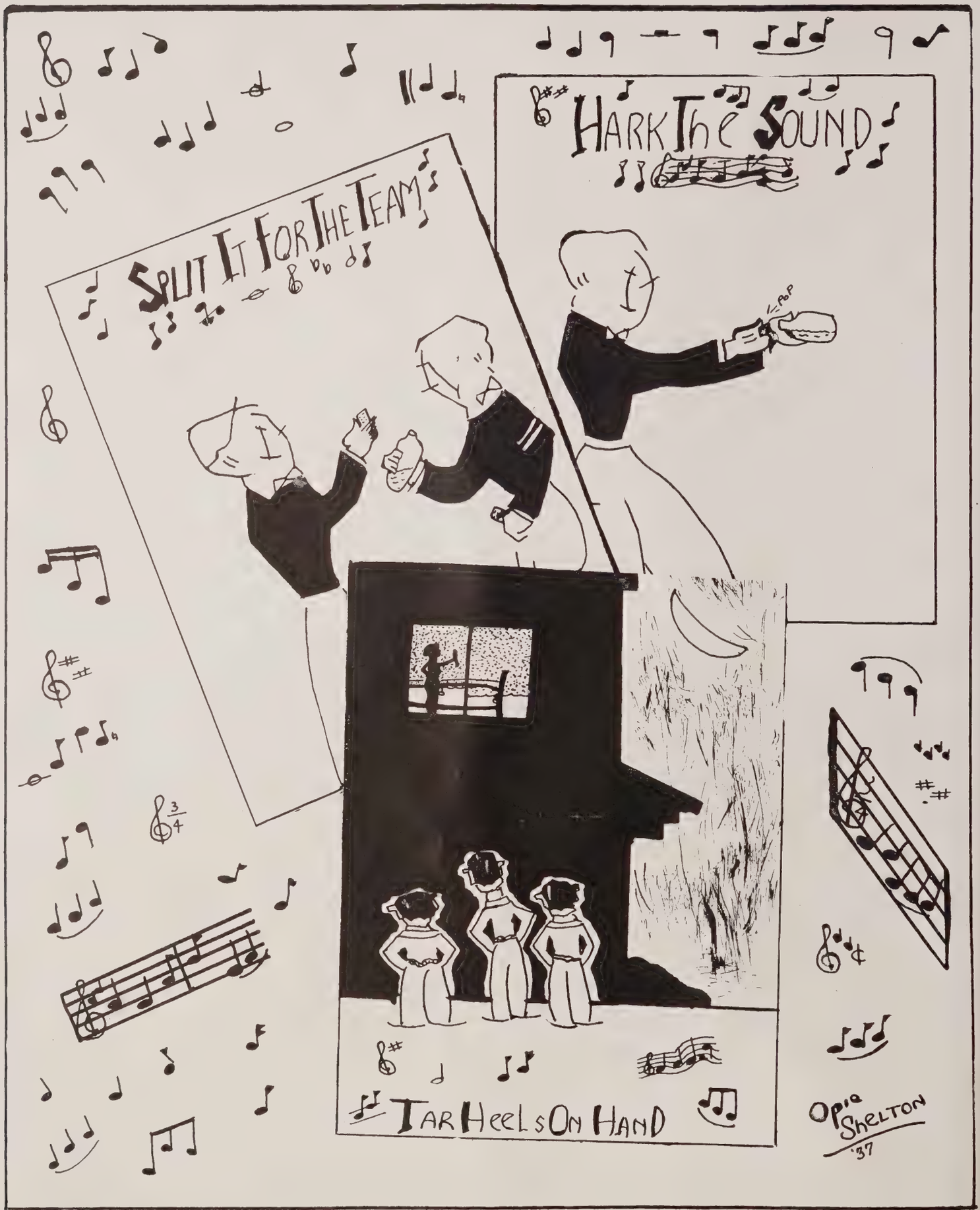
He to she—Smatter, can't you take it?

She to he—Sure, but I can't stand B.O., halitosis, and strangulation at the same time.

A minister one day while visiting one of his flock who had been a sailor heard the parishioner's parrot make a few remarks in the way only a true sailor's parrot can. The man was very much embarrassed and apologized. The minister didn't seem alarmed, but said he had a parrot that prayed all the time. After a while the good reverend made the suggestion that he thought his parrot would have a good influence on the sailor's bird. The sailor agreed, so the next day the minister brought his parrot to spend a few days with the other bird.

When the sailor's parrot saw the addition to his cage he immediately remarked, "How about a little loving, babe?"

Answer: "What the hell do you think I've been praying for all these years?" —*Green Griffin*


HARK The SOUND
SPLIT IT FOR THE TEAM
POP
TAR HEELS ON HAND
Opie Shelton
'37

MOULDER OF MEN

I

Chapel Hill
Sept. 19

Dear Ma,

I got here all right yesterday and have gotten me a room in a dormitory. Gee, Ma, this is some building! You ought to see it. It's steam heated, has big rooms with closets and spring beds, and has got shower rooms and w. c. on every floor. The college itself is real big, too. Lots of impressive halls that are larger than the court house at Centerville. I'm sure I'm going to like it here. Saw a bunch of fellows come in this morning and they all began yelling about where were their trunks. I bet most everybody in this college brings one! Some place.

The fraternity houses are awfully grand and fine. Guess it takes a lot of money to belong to one of them.

I'm going to study hard every day so someday I can join a club a boy was telling me about where all the members wear gold keys.

How is the sick sow getting along?

Sam

Chapel Hill
Sept. 19

Dear Mother,

Well here I am and what a place this turned out to be! Went to a garage here this morning to have a dent in the fender taken out (I got it going thru Philadelphia) and the man says, "Some boat you got, mister," as if he hadn't ever seen a decent car before. And the dormitory room I got—I'll be glad when I can move into a fraternity house. Guess I can stand it for a while, though.

Give my regards to everybody. How's the governor's temper now? He seemed pretty sore when I spilt the pint on the library floor.

Au Revoir,

Reginald

II

Chapel Hill
Nov. 3

Dear Ma,

Had a pretty busy weekend, will have to get to bed early tonight. Some of the fellows in the house took a notion to go to Asheville so we drove over and had a good time. About that slip Papa will get in a day or two—it simply means that my English teacher thinks I should do better work, so he's trying to scare me with an "X." Pay no attention to it.

Got the money you all sent me and bought some clothes. Planning on going to a dance in Raleigh next weekend. Could use ten dollars right easy.

Sam

Chapel Hill
Nov. 3

Dear Mother,

Thought I'd drop you a line and let you know how everything is. Been having a swell time. Haven't forgotten your advice that a person is young only once. Met a swell girl in Raleigh, guess I'll have her over for a houseparty soon. The car is beginning to take lots of gas. Will have to talk to the governor about getting a new one at Christmas. I guess he'll get a note tomorrow with an "X" in math. on it. It's a lot of dry stuff that I'll never need anyhow; hope he'll understand.

Reginald

III

C. H.
Dec. 13

Dear Papa,

Please send me twenty dollars right away, for books. Everything O.K.

Sam

C. H.
Dec. 13

Dear Governor,

Kindly deposit a hundred in my account. Just found out that I'm slightly overdrawn, and I need to buy some books. Everything is O.K.

Reginald

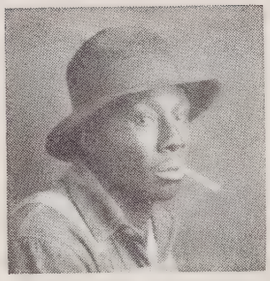


We Nominate the Following to Drink From the Sacred Skull:

1. Professor Olsen—Human, one of the students, and commands respect of students.
2. *Tar Heel*—For printing "Non Campus Mentis" and "Man Bites Dog."
3. Herb Taylor—Gentleman politician.
4. University Club—Hard working, representative campus group.
5. Phi Assembly—They made a real comeback.
6. Lonnie Dill—A gentleman, scholar, and newspaperman (what a combination).
7. Graham McLeod—Shaves one a week whether he needs it or not.
8. Jim Morris—A hardworking, conscientious sports writer.
9. The football squad—A good team and a good bunch of boys.
10. Jack Poole—Popular without being too much that way.



1. Before reading the *Scaley Tar Heel*



2. After reading the *Scaley Tar Heel*





Campus Literati



A couple of Pi Phi's



Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

REWARD $500,000

DEAD OR ALIVE



DEAD OR ALIVE

REWARD $500 for information concerning the where abouts of Jack Lowe, erstwhile BUCCANEER Ass. Editor.

A SAD STORY

By Tom Spencer

This is the story of the two most famous men in history. In fact, they made history . . . in their own quiet way, of course. This is the reason you have never heard of these two individuals. But getting back to our story. . . .

Mr. Snitzelwitz, a horse-shoe salesman in Chicago, met with a fatal accident April 23, 1933. This gentleman forgetfully flipped a cigarette out the window of his office, on the ninth floor of the Harding building, but forgot to turn loose of it. His mangled body was found on the pavement below. Carrying no insurance, his family was left at the mercy of the elements. He had two sons, Ozzie and Isadore Snitzelwitz. Ozzie was the fat brother. He was so fat no one could tell whether he was standing up or lying down, in fact, whenever he fell down, he invariably rocked himself to sleep before he could get on his feet again. The other son Isadore, was very, very thin. Only being able to eat one piece of macaroni (lengthwise) at any one time and was easily capable of taking a bath on a damp sidewalk (when the streets were deserted) . . . you see, he was most exceedingly thin.

These two boys, unable to find work, and realizing the need of financial support for themselves and their mother, decided to go west and raise bushes. Yes, gentle reader, there is money to be had in the bush raising business. The boys bought the bushes for 7½c apiece; planted and cultivated them, then sold each bush for 5c. Doubtless you are wondering how they made any money this way . . . the reason is, they sold so many bushes.

The boys, however, met with a tragedy during their third harvest. Just as the bushes were getting large and sprouting leaves, thousands and thousands of birds flew into the fields. Isadore and Ozzie looked on in amazement. Ozzie said, "Do birds eat leaves?" . . . "I don't think so," said Isadore, . . . "Well, maybe they will leave ours alone then," answered Ozzie. However, the birds had other ideas and began to devour the crop. The boys rushed out into the fields and started gathering large armfuls of bushes, to save them from the birds. When they had finished and had scared the birds away, Isadore turned to Ozzie, and what he said has gone down in history as one of the few proverbs that science has been able to prove. Isadore, unaware of the great contribution he was making to society, merely said, "A bush in the hand is worth two in the bird."

NECKING NOOKS

(By Bedrick and Langsam)

You can strut your stuff in flivvers
Though it's rather tough on livers,
And an airplane with a fair jane ain't so worse;
In a vacant elevator
Any babe will let you date her
And I've even heard of cuddling in a hearse.

You can reach an understanding
On a stairway or a landing,
And a kitchen is a witchin' place to pet;
You can count 'em in a pantry,
Like a sporty Elmer Gantry,
And a lady in a laundry's not so wet!

There are freaks—a bit erratic—
Who for necking seek an attic,
There are devils who will revel on a roof;
There are troops of whoopee-yellers
Who even stoop to cellars,
And there's fellers who can neck 'em on the hoof!

I confess in this connection
I've a certain predilection—
To an ancient seat of pleasure I aspire;
For the peal of peppy petting
It is hard to beat just setting
On that trophy called the "sofy" by the fire!



"All right, boys, let's give 'em hell on this number."

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Hill
Not a creature was stirring but Barnacle Bill.
The Buc sent him forth from the Sanctum with care
In hopes that *Tar Heel* would get a big scare!
The reporters were nestled all smug in their lairs
While scenes of infirmary lists made up their cares;
While Carr in his 'kerchief and Tom in his cap
Had just settled their brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the grass there arose such a clatter
Tom opened his eyes to see what was the matter.
Away to the window he strolled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and said things most rash.
The sound had re-echoed through Graham Memorial
And thrown panic and fear into minds editorial,
When what to his wondering eyes should appear
But the silver-hued form of our old BUCCANEER!
He played on his swords tunes so lively and quick
That they knew in a moment he must be Old Nick!
More rapid than eagles his footsteps they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
Hi Gaskins, hi Idol; hi Vermont and Vergil!
Hi Wilder and Singer; *hey* Proctor and Bizzel!
He ran up the steps to the top of the hall
And clacking his knives, he repeated his call.
Carl Thompson alone kept his nerve and his might
And methodically started to throw out the type!
Straight up to the doorway Bill's footsteps they strode,
But he paused in his tracks as he shifted his load.
And then in a twinkling there spread through the room
The frightening sensation of on-coming doom!
Slowly turning his head, he glanced cooly around
And saw Wang and Bob Page still both glued to the ground.
His huge, toughened lips grinned half diabolically;
And the beard on his chin looked like new-cut broccoli.
The stump of a pipe he gripped tight in his teeth
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was gruesome and gaunt, and very sure of himself;
And they shook when they saw him in spite of themselves!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave them to know they had much still to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And meanwhile he fingered and fooled with his dirk!
He had footballs for each and, by way of variety,
Blue ribbons "To all from the Honor Society!"
He gave a deep bow and a loud piercing whistle
And was wafted away like the down of the thistle;
But they heard him exclaim ere he flew out of sight,



He: What is it, the more you put in it the bigger it gets, and the less you put in it the smaller it gets?

She: I dunno.

He: A hole in your stocking.

She: Why that joke was new and useful fifteen years ago!

He: And so were you!



Who Said So!

While announcing a football game Armistice day, Ted Husing reported, "Army is leading, 21-0, having scored all 14 points in the third quarter of this great battle today. We are just about ready to start the second half!"



Now Annie doesn't live here anymore,
The day you left her heart was tore,
The poor little gal was afraid to stay,
So she took her little Fanny and moved away.



Highlights of the Week on the Air!

Ben Bernie and all the lads,
Increased business on ear pads.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma band,
He conducts with his left hand.

Here's Burns and Allen on the air,
What a gosh durned goofy pair.

Eddie Dooley's set to go,
He's the football dope, you know.

We now present the March of Time,
Because it works in with our rhyme.

And now we're through with this case,
Because there is, no more space.



KAROLINA KOMMENT

During the examination period we have the opportunity of studying our lessons, and then while we are resting from too much "brain" work, we can take in a show at the Carolina, especially prepared for our entertainment by Dr. Smith.

Sunday, the 17th, Irene Dunn plays in "If I Were Free." Irene knows her stuff as she showed in Cimmarron and other pictures.

On Monday, the 18, Buster Crabbe plays in "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Not only the Sigma Chi's but all other persons as well will enjoy this picture.

"Good Companions" with Jesse Mathews, a newcomer to the screen, will be here on the 19th. On the 20th Peggy Shannon stars in "The Deluge."

Irene Bently is the chief character in "Smokey" that comes to the Carolina on the 21st. This is followed by "Flaming Gold" on the 22nd.

Randolph Scott, western star, plays in "To the Last Man" on the 23rd.



"Who the hell do you think I am, Santa Claus?"

Little Ernest of the dirty paws
Set a trap for Santa Claus;
Santa laughed and then he swore,
Said Ernest's sister was a bore.

Mother Goose rode on a broom
Like all the other witches;
Raging wolves did cause her doom,
The dirty sons of gloom.

There was a young fellow named Rantz,
Who took a sweet femme to a dance,
She was well chaperoned,
For which he bemoaned,
That he was bothered by aunts in his pants.

There was a fraternity man,
Who was hunting a lady called Ann,
He looked high and low,
But little did know,
To look for the date on the can.

Charles Dickens should be known for something else besides writing. He was also a chemist because he wrote a famous paper on acids called the "Picric Papers." He also wrote "Great Expectorations."

CO-ED BONERS

By Betty Co-ed

We can't understand why two co-eds went into such perfect fits of laughter when Sam Selden, in his lecture, said, "Well, to come back to the good old cherry orchard."

* * *

How about the co-ed whose roommate overheard her talking in her sleep about her big he-man boy-friend, and swears she distinctly said, "Not me, mister." Well, that sounds good for *her* anyway.

* * *

1st co-ed: Well, did you learn anything?
2nd co-ed: No, I've been to classes.

* * *

A good little co-ed earnestly insisted, "No, necking doesn't affect me—it just leaves me numb."

* * *

The co-ed asked a boy if it were true that the professor had given a talk about her at the banquet the night before.

"Oh no," was the innocent answer, "he just told a joke about a virgin, and I know that couldn't be you."

* * *

It was a glorious night. The moon was bright above, and the air was bitter cold. The little co-ed snuggled up to the literary man beside her in the rumble-seat. Thrillingly she felt his hand around her, and his head resting against hers. Then, in soft caressing tones, he murmured, "Pardon the undue familiarity, but really, my ear is frightfully cold."

He—Be careful, darling, you'll lose your equilibrium.

She—Oh, don't worry; I lost that when I was sixteen years old.

Burglar (after being caught stealing in an old maid's bedroom): Please let me go, lady; I never did anything wrong.

Old Maid (all smiles): Well, it's never too late to learn. —*Ala. Rammer-Jammer*

Fem—What do you think of Johnny's dancing?

Babe—I can't tell whether he's doing a new dance step or whether he ought to get his face slapped.

Red Hot Rules for Kissing in Gay Nineties

The following article was published in the *Emory Phoenix* back in 1895 and shows that the younger generation of that day of courtly gallantry had a technique in the art of kissing.

"Kissing is, or should be made one of the fine arts. While there is no immediate danger of its becoming one of the lost arts****, still it is just as well to do what we can to keep it up as an art standard. For heaven's sake don't make a business of it, and don't jump at it with your hat in one hand and your overshoes in the other.

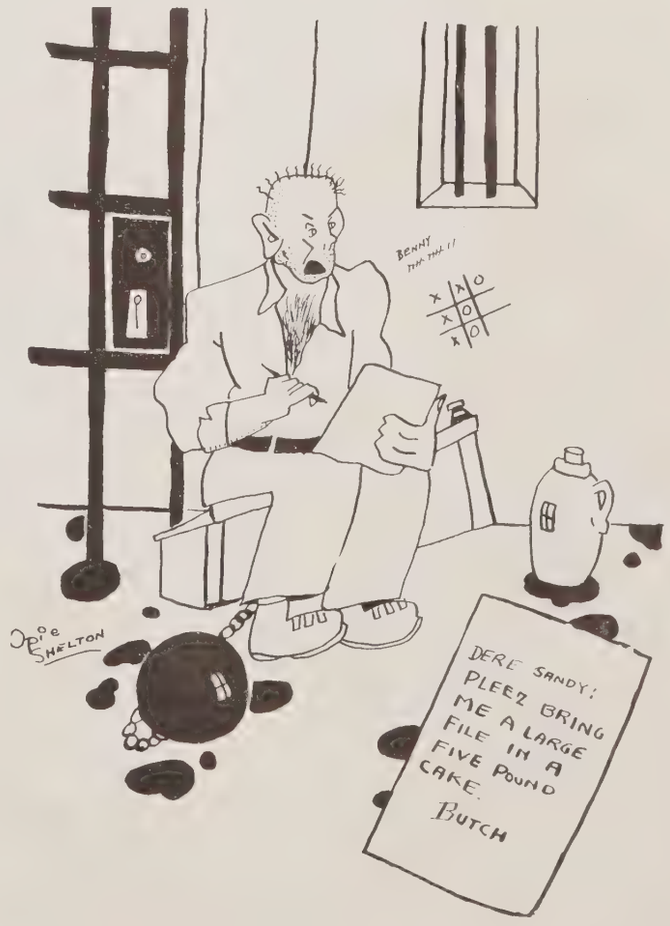
"Don't pounce down on a woman's lips as you would on a piece of watermelon or a ripe tomato and bend the head backward until you hear the bones crack in the back of her neck. Don't glue your face to hers and have a good time all to yourself while you're flattening her nose on one of your cheeks. Don't take her by both ears and look into her eyes and try to grab it quickly; you are sure to bump noses.****

"A few of the general rules will be given now. ***Stand a little bit behind her, on the right. Place your left arm diagonally about her form, extending from the right shoulder down to and partially around her waist until the ends of your fingers touch her belt buckle (suppose she doesn't have a belt buckle?). If she does not wear a belt buckle, the arm will get there just the same (oh yeah!). Take it easy; don't get excited. Take your right hand and gently brush the left side of her alabaster brow, looking meantime into the liquid depths of her azure eyes. Take it easy; don't get excited. Let your hand rest gently for a moment on the warm velvet of her pink and white left cheek. Turn gently, work the left shoulder just over the watch pocket. Take it easy; don't be in a hurry; it'll keep.

"Send a little energy along the line of the left arm. Now stand still as long as you can. Then remove your right hand from the left cheek, letting it drop gently under her chin. Work muscles of your right arm gently. Take it easy; don't hurry. As the chin raises, work neck muscles and let your head fall gently forward. Now a little more action down the left arm and as the lips part like twin rosebuds revealing pearly gates behind, they from whom there steal the warm sweet perfume of a fragrant breath, then—well, you know the rest as well as we do—only take it easy; don't hurry; it can't get away and it wouldn't if it could."

Lines Written From the Depths of Despair

Now that you are gone. . .
Each poison hour
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Drips
Hell!
Won't someone call the plumber?





"Why, Oscar, fawncy seeing you here!"

Sign on Hotel Bulletin

The manager wishes to state that if the bow-legged lady who lost her gloves will be kind enough to call at his office, he would be only too glad to straighten things up for her.

—Pelican

Men may come
And men may go.
But who in the hell wants to go.

Eve (from the bushes)—"Adam, dear, close your eyes so I can come home."

Adam—"What's the matter, my own?"

Eve—"I've been A.W.O.L." *—Dirge*

He—"You've a faculty for making love."

She—"Oh no—just a student body." *—Dirge*

Beta (pointing out mistakes of class-mate): Professor, five can't equal to zero, can it?

Math Prof: Well, five of your grades might average up to make zero.

Frosh (politely): Lady, have you the time?

Co-ed: I have plenty of time—got a date for my room-mate?

"The Cabin" is one of those boarding houses where you can tell the day of the week just by looking at the table cloth.

——America is a free country.

Z.B.T.: Throw in Jean Harlow and I'll take it.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Claude Rankin

Bounce, flivver, whoops, my dear!
Christmas comes but once a year.
Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have gin tied to one side,
And he shall have Scotch tied to the other,
For Johnny shall come from the bootlegger.

Suggested slogan for castor oil manufacturers, "It's your move, Partner."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm not made yet, Sir," she said.

Now is the time for all good men
To come to the aid of the party
Is now embalmed with sentiment
For people fat and forty.

He: "Do you like the Four Mills Brothers?"

She: "Oh, I love them. Especially the red-headed one who plays the harp."

—Ohio Sun Dial

A bun is the lowest form of wheat.



"Material for your column must be scarce, Mr. Seeall Knowall."

Tom Collins' Column



By Bernard S. Solomon

Back again and this time with news concerning dress clothes. Yes, I know you all dress, but what about full dress . . . or fool dress. Incidentally, since the last issue, I have been persuaded(?) to keep up my attempts at punning. This time, I'll punt you a pun or so.

Tails are by all means the leading dress wear for the truly formal occasion. However, we have mess jackets, the single breasted jacket with roll collar (your grandpa wore one) and the double-breasted jacket. All of which adds up to a very pretty high figure.

I might begin by noting that for full dress one wears only a white vest, a white tie, and white studs and nothing but that and with tails no other combination.

Then, for that double-breasted jacket, or single-breasted jacket, a black vest, and black tie and smoked pearl or onyx studs and cuff links. If you would appear informal, use the turn down collar instead of the wing collar, though this department is prejudiced towards the wing on all occasions.

Two very swell combinations have been more or less tentatively announced for showing late in the winter and early in the spring for the spring and summer dances. They are precisely, the white tux jacket and white silk lapel facings, and regular trousers. Then, the white flannel, high cut trousers with the regulation black tux jacket. The mess jacket will hold its own, though it at times, unless it fits perfectly, looks like the costumes of the waiters in the new bars which are opening up.

The kummerbund, in place of the vest, is being accepted as more comfortable and comes in very deep wine red and in black. Other new ideas, are a shorter shirt bosom and also a shirt that has ties from the sides to the back, or buckles and holds the shirt front stiffly in place so that it will not buckle.

The one stud shirt is more or less on the wane, with the two stud front coming in and gaining in popularity constantly. This is merely a matter of personal preference as is the idea of the plain front shirt or the pleated shirt. I hold to the plain front, though others tend to disagree on the subject.

Other new combinations are very long slender flasks for the hours of "high living" that fit into the tail pockets of the full dress. Also, a new cigarette lighter with no flame that bids fair to do away with matches, which would be a gracious gift to any man particularly up here where one's matches give out before the pack of butts with which he received them, and forces all of you smokers to constantly stop in the drug stores and worry the clerks for matches. I am getting an inferiority complex from having to do that.

Incidentally, a novel idea injected into formal wear is the black suede shoe, though this party of the first part seems to prefer the Russian kid shoe or elk which takes a very high polish and is more comfortable than the patent leather which so often cracks under the strain of a strenuous evening.

Among other things, warn grandma and all aunts and uncles that ties can be loud this Christmas, but not red and green combinations unless of the most subdued order and even then, after wearing them a time or two, give them to the cook for her husband or to the janitor.

Coats for evening wear should be dark, the Chesterfield, but who of us can afford an extra coat for evening wear? Not many, I dare say, so the polo coat, dark blue or in the original polo cloth, is most acceptable as is the grey coat. Anyway, wear what you will for we do not enough of the night life—except to get a sandwich occasionally when we feel devilish—to warrant the expense of that extra coat. Is it night life or fight or right life?

Heard here and there on the campus: Some people think I'm pun-drous . . . pun drunk . . . in the time of Louis XIV, no holds Du Barried . . . that young lady at the Thanksgiving dances, from Boston? Did she have a broad A? . . . the prof did not know his class from a hole in the ground . . . the BUCCANEER came near winning the Yackety-Buc Tar-Mag football game . . . In MAN BITES DOG a certain columnist wants to know how to hide a 15-ton jack . . . Any jack-ass would know that . . . even our editor (which editor?) At one of the frats up here pledges on entering say, "Pledge Blank entering"—on leaving say, "Pledge Blank leaving." We suggest they say "Denouncing Pledge Blank" and after the Thanksgiving dance, "Passing out"! . . . What about the guy who said on Tuesday night he was going to Di—Phi on him.

A merry Christmas to you one and all . . . and may you all get loud ties as gifts.

HATS

Curry - Finchley
Stetson

New Styles

The snap-brim Homburg is sweeping the country. High crown, brim curls down in front, up in back. Dark brown, medium gray.

A new one is the 6-inch crown (very high) worn without the "pinch."

$3.50 - $7.50

Durham Men's Shop

"Style Quarters"

111 W. Main St. Durham

* * *

Pi Phi—And all our sons will pledge Beta.
Beta—Naw, we'll send 'em to Duke.

* * *

Prof—"Give me an example of laissez faire."
Frosh—"A Carolina co-ed."

* * *

ODES WRITTEN IN IMITATIONS OF IMMORALITIES

By Alex Mark

I

High
Rye
Sigh
Lie
Sighs
More Ryes
More lies

* * *

II

He. . .
She. . .
Ba—by!

* * *

III

My gal. . .
My pal. . .
Gal meet pal. . .
No gal. . .
No pal. . .

* * *

IV

Co-ed
Bed
Wed

V

Coo. . .
Woo. . .
I do. . .
Goo. . .

Hickory, dickory, dock. Two mice ran up her sock;
One stopped at the garter; the other was smarter.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

A boy may kiss his girl goodbye;
The bee may kiss the butterfly;
The sparkling wine may kiss the glass;
But you my friend . . . . Farewell.

Old Maid (hearing noise under bed)—Quick, Ida, the lights.

Ditto—But they're on.

Old Maid—Don't argue. —*Punch Bowl*

We had pudding for Christmas.
Was it good?
You're plum pudding it was!

Question—Say, I'm giving a party for my relatives. What kind of cake should I serve?

Answer—Sponge cake.

Wardrobe manager—The leading lady refuses to wear a corset.

Director—I see right now there's going to be a slip in this show.

"I guess I've made myself clear," said an occupant of Spencer Hall as she pulled down her shade after putting on her pajamas.

A bedbug I'm glad I'm not.
Sleeping with strangers is not so hot.

Sign on dairy truck: "All that I am I owe to udders."

And how about the country hick who came to Chapel Hill and saw Al Mark's schnozzle? "There ain't no sech thing," was his only remark.

The Indian fakir song—"Get Along Little Yogi."



Are You Wondering What To Buy

HER?

Stop scratching your head, fella—
here's an idea free. Buy Her a year's
subscription to the good ole

BUCCANEER

the magazine your baby cries for.

Don't let her be inhibited—give her
What She Wants
and a year's subscription to the

BUCCANEER



$2.00 a year is kind to your pocket, fella . . .


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
For Christmas
and for Always
MAY THE BEST OF GOOD THINGS BE YOURS

THE LIBRARY UNIV. N.C.

carolina

buccaneer

coed issue



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

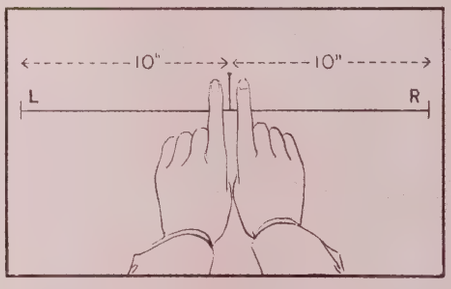
Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

"You'd better hang me," said the man sentenced to die by electrocution.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because I've been janitor in a girl's boarding school," he replied. —*Skipper.*

A certain woman came to confession and told the priest that she had been having an affair with a man.

"But this is the sixth time you have told me about this," remonstrated the priest.

"Yes, I know, Father," said the women. "I like to talk about it." —*White Mule.*

A small boy saw an elephant in his yard and immediately called the police.

"Chief," he said, "there's a queer animal out here in my back yard. He's picking flowers with his tail."

"Yes," said the Chief, "and what does he do them?"

"Never mind," was the answer, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you!" —*Voo Doo.*

There was a young fellow named Sharkey
Who had some fun with a darkey;
The result of his sins
Was quadruplets, not twins:
One dark, one light, and two khaki.
—*Exchange.*

In this mechanical age the age-old phrase has changed to "quick like a robot."

THE BUCCANEER wishes to make a suggestion to the *daily tar heel* that if they would print the paper in rolls, they would be more widely read.

The girl I left behind me
I think of night and day,
For if she ever found me
There'd sure be Hell to pay.
—*Michigan Gargoyle*

Prof.—"Mr. Jones, I hate to tell you this, but your son is a moron."

Jones—"Where is he? I'll teach that young man to join a faternity without first consulting me." —*Arizona Kitty-Kat*



New microphone invented to help crooners get feeling in their songs.

She stood on the bridge at midnight,
Her voice was all a-quiver.
She had to cough, her leg fell off
And it floated down the river.
—*Green Griffin*

Is the editor in?

No.

Well, throw this poem in the waste basket for me. —*Pitt Panther*

And What?

She—"Oh, Hector, I love you so."

"So what?" —*Cajoler.*

Feel the Heat

Then there's the chorus girl who gets a grand and glorious feeling every time the millionaire kisses her. —*Temple Owl*

Night Watchman—"Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

Young man—"No."

Night Watchman—"Here, then, hold this lantern." —*Black and Blue Jay*

"There's no use in trying to sell me that cheap dog for a watch dog."

"Why not?"

"Because a bargain dog never bites."
—*Penn. State Froth*

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI JANUARY, 1934 NUMBER 4

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

The clock struck twelve and one, and still the boy stayed. The girl's father yelled downstairs—

"What's the matter, young man; is your self-starter broken?"

Came the reply: "What's the diff as long as there's a crank in the house?"

—Rammer-Jammer.

She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she knew her shrimps.

Embarrassing Moment No. 1897453:

When you are introduced to that smooth blonde as the champion breast-stroker. *—Voo Doo.*

Mother: "Jane, did you let that young man kiss you last night?"

Jane: "Well, mother, when a young man comes all the way from Yonkers to see me, that's the least I can do for him."

Mom: "But I thought he comes from Albany."

Jane: "Yes, mother."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

"Hello, Sugar, how's your conduct?" . . . Oh, you know who this is. It's old Araby himself, your big sandman! I've got news for you. You are the lucky girl I'm dating tonight! Now don't interrupt me. I'll be there at eight sharp—dust the parlor and get out the album . . . Now, now YOU listen; I'll do the talking! And give the folks some sleeping powders, and your kid sister some prussic acid. I'm not selfish, but I like to keep myself for you alone! . . . What? . . . Ugh! . . . Is this you, Mrs. Thompson? Why I thought it was Helen! Ha, ha! . . . May I talk with Helen, please? . . . Hello! . . . Listen, Mrs. Thompson, I was just kidding you . . . Hello! . . . Hello . . . !

—Cornell Widow.

Prof: "I shall not keep the class any longer this afternoon. You may all leave now."

Frosh: "But I don't want to leave for home. There's a new baby just come to our house."

Prof: "A little baby—you should be happy."

Frosh: "I'm not happy—Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything." *—Malteaser.*

Old Horse to Young Horse: What were you doing in that field?

Y. H. to O. H.: Just foaling around.

—Mercury.

"Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home in this drunken condition?" asked the outraged wife.

"Yes, m'dear," answered the erring husband, "but she was out of town." *—Log*

An engineering student walked up to his professor the other day, and handed in a large bundle of assignments. Noticing a sheepish look on the face of the student, the professor asked somewhat suspiciously, "What's all this?"

"These are my Mae West problems," explained the student.

"Mae West?"

"Yeah, I don'em wrong." *—Log*

Driver of car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled Male Voice from the Back Seat: "Like hell you do!" *—Jack O Lantern.*

DEDICATED TO THE CO-EDS

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; your yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone."

—Richard Herrick




SPENCER HALL
DURHAM
M. P. Hiller

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI JANUARY, 1934 NO. 4

BUCCANEERING

A co-ed is an animal that has two legs, two ears, a nose, and all other bodily features that characterize the normal woman. When it comes to actions and thoughts, however, the co-ed is very different from her sisters. The ordinary woman wears a veil of modesty; the co-ed does not. The average woman will blush and affect an air of modesty when reading the BUCCANEER; the Carolina co-eds fight for their BUCCANEERS when the twentieth of the month rolls around. One co-ed reports that she was severely trampled when she dashed to the door to be the first to get her BUCCANEER.

* * *

A hundred years ago co-eds were an unknown quantity. Therefore let us mark them X. Now allow us to put on our goggles and do a bit of deducing. We have the co-ed equaling X. X marks the spot where the body was found, and X can mean anything. We therefore find that the co-eds mark some sort of spot and they can mean anything. Where does that lead us? Nowhere. We have only run head-on into a hopeless conglomeration of facts—which describes the co-ed exactly.

* * *

Consider the co-ed how she grows. She toils not, neither does she spin; yet we dare say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

* * *

I never saw a homely co-ed.
I doubt if there could be one;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That was but an empty dream;
I dreamed of co-ed all night long,
'Til waked by morning's beam.

Botannically and Psychologically Speaking:

I

Subject—Co-ed.
Habitat—Carolina campus.
Traits—Two-timing, seductive, ornery.

II

Scene: Classroom.
Stimulus: Exposed leg.
Response: A.

* * *

A co-ed is like a fish; if you use the right kind of bait, you can catch most of them. Give 'em the right line, and you got 'em, hook, line and sinker. Of course, you got to fish around patiently for a while, but stick at it long enough and the catch will be well worth the while. Beware of one thing: don't give them too much line or they'll run away with you.

* * *

She laughed when I sat down on the sofa beside her, but when I started to play—

* * *

"Hello, is that the lunatic asylum?"

"Yes."

"Is Napoleon there?"

"Whom do you wish, Louis Napoleon or Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"Either will do."

"I'm sorry but they're both out just now; whom shall I say called?"

"Just tell them Julius Caesar has climbed down the rain spout and would like for them to join him at the Ritz at dinner this evening."

"Where are you now?"

"In a phone booth at the Ritz."

"Julius, you stay just where you are, and we'll come and take you for a ride."

"Et tu Brute."

The hospital patients, bored and unable to secure playing cards, filched the diagnosis cards from a nurse's pockets as she went by. A game of draw poker was started, and on the first hand they bid high and over-raised each other until all their money was on the table.

"Well, I guess I win," said one, reaching out for the money. "I've got three appendices and two gall stones."

"Just a minute," spoke up another. "Not so fast. I got four enemas."

"O. K." said the first, "You win the pot."

When you see a dog leading a man, you know he is blind; but when you see a man leading a dog, you know he is married.

THE GIRLISH TOUCH

Bedrick and Langsam

The girlish touch is quite the vogue;
You see it every day
In quaint old styles of yesteryear,
So coy and yet so gay.

In dreamy eyes that droop or beam,
Expressing, oh, so much,
And in the cash that melts away,
Just from the girlish touch.

Operator: Number please.

Prisoner in cell: Ah, hell—do you have to rub it in?

REVISED VERSION

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Two mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one . . .
The other one got away.

* * *

Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty-dumpty has a great fall.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men,
Laughed like hell.

* * *

Four little co-eds,
Sleepy as could be.
One went to bed,
Then there were three.

Three little co-eds,
Nothing to do.
Another went to bed,
Then there were two.

Two little co-eds,
Without any fun.
One went crazy,
Then there was one.

One little co-ed,
Bored no more.
She found a bottle,
Then there were four.

1st Co-ed: I think Jack is a wonderful talker. Wouldn't you like to have a date with him?

2nd Co-ed: I should say not. He goes too far in detail.



HAPPY DAZE A L'OGDEN GNASH

PAT GASKINS

Co-eds who cross their legs in class
Always hope the course to pass.

* * *

Early to bed and early to rise,
And your girl goes out with other guys.

* * *

Girls with forms
Like *the Mae West*
Of the times
Do keep abreast.

* * *

Rooms at the Shack
That have no shades
Always belong
To popular maids.

* * *

Women wearing loose lip-stick
Seem to lose it very quick.

* * *

Evening dresses
With no backs
Pave the way
For flank attacks.

* * *

Girls with features
Moulded right
Also have lips
That passion the night.

Junkman—Any old bottles today, lady?
She (angrily)—No! This is a sorority house.
Junkman—Any old rags today, lady?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Up above the trolley car.
If the car goes off the track,
I want my little nickel back.

Polo Player—Oh, I say, this horse's harness doesn't fit him.

Stablekeeper—I'm sorry, sir, it must be a horse of another collar.

"Did you ever see a dream walking?"
"Yes, you nightmare."



"Horrors! Two Carolina co-eds just came in."

The chorus girl rides in a limousine;
The stenographer takes a bus.
The co-ed has no car at all,
But you ought to see her dust.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The pretty co-ed lay.
Tell me, Mr. Gentleman,
Have you the time to stay?

As Oscar entered the room he was conscious of the almost overpowering odor of various fragrant flowers. At his entrance a chorus of female voices cried his name. He was aware of a general surge of femininity toward him. Beautiful legs, undulating hips, graceful arms, bewitching lips and inviting eyes suddenly sprang up about him. He was literally swept off his feet. Fondled and caressed, kissed and stroked, he was almost smothered in a storm of amorous frenzy. His body twitched and shook with uncontrollable emotion. After a time he became assailed with an almost infinite weariness; the caresses became unendurable, the odors nauseous. Like a bolt of lightning the thought sprang into his brain—"It's hell to be a lap-dog in a sorority house."

Just to prove that history repeats itself, the following joke was clipped from a 1905 publication, when autos were still in doubt—but it's not so bad now:

She: Why don't you like to drive in winter?

He: Because the roads are too hard to lie on.

Then there was the absent-minded doctor who billed his sweetheart $2.00 a visit.

"Girl babies are hard to satisfy," says a nurse.

Yeah, especially between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

Willie (as the Fuller Frush Man appeared): Ma, here's that old man again.

Ma: Hush, my child, he may be your father.

MEMORIES

Poignant as molten moonlight
Slipping through sighing leaves,
Or the rhythmic chant of summer rain
Dripping from ancient eaves,

Is the memory of that evening
When we sat in the blue room there,
And you bluffed me out of forty bucks
With a dirty, lousy pair!

A Scotchman decided to sell his blood for transfusions. He answered the call of a certain rich man and got $50 for a pint of blood. Later he sold another pint to the same man but received only $25. For the third pint the man would give only $10 and for the fourth the Scotchman could ring out only $5 per pint. . . . As we have always said, blood will tell, blood will tell.

Stude: So you are a nice girl?

Co-ed: Yes, a very nice girl.

Stude: Why don't you corrupt and see me some time?

He: Your room-mate who works in the photographer's is getting stount.

She: Yes, she sure is developing rapidly.

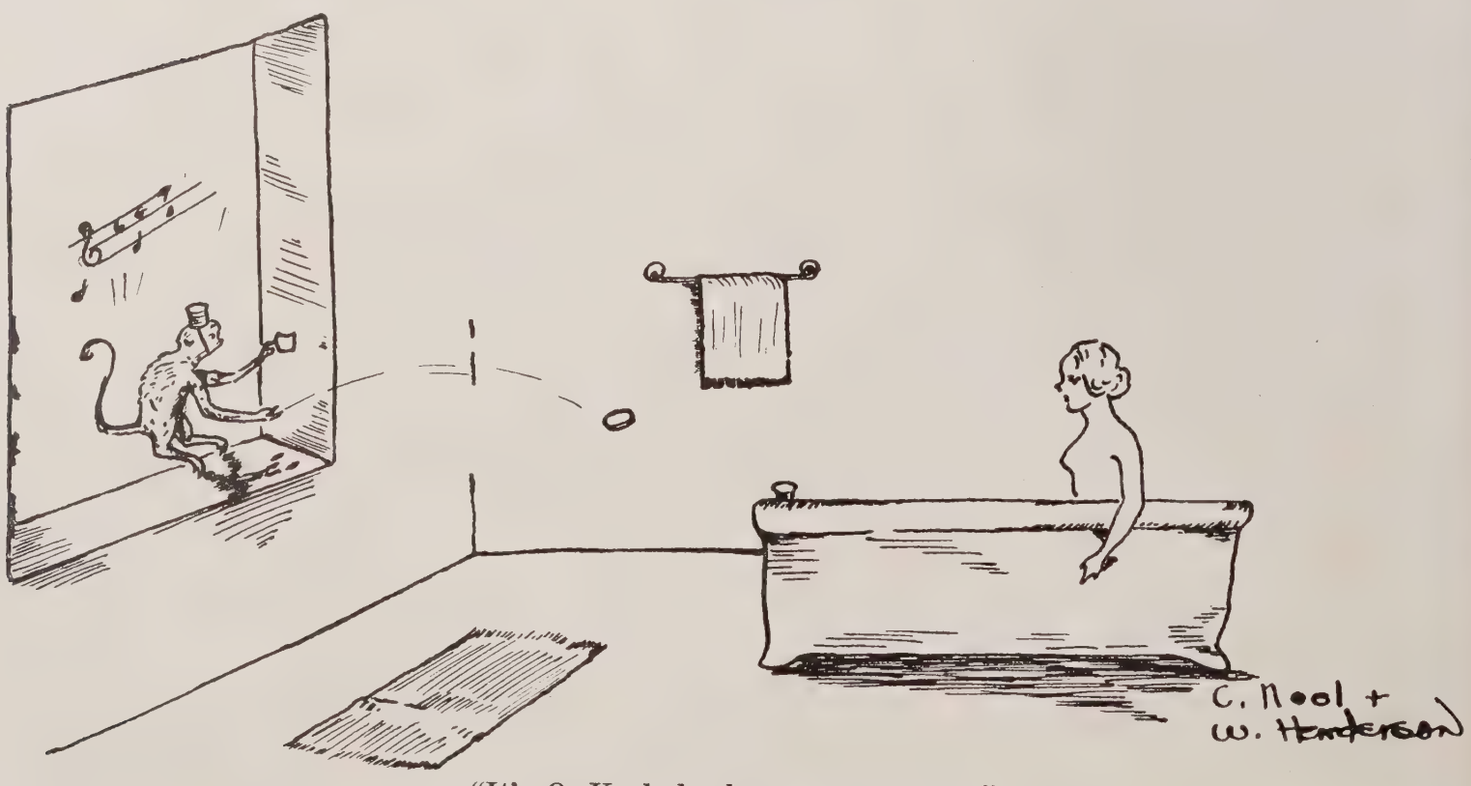
He: Why are girls nowadays like newspapers?

Haw: I'll bite.

He: Because the fellows get new ones daily.

She told me that she was fat, but she was only kidding.

Wanted: A woman to wash, iron, and milk two cows.



"It's O. K., lady, keep your money."

BLIND DATE GUIDE

(A selected list compiled by the coeds)

Name	*Height*	*Complexion*	*Remark*
"No Tooth" Allsbrook	Tall	Brunet	osculatory
"Snookums" Barclay	Medium	Brunet	adolescent
"Mister" Blackwell	Tall	Brunet	garrulous
"Pussy" Broadhurst	Tall	Brunet	insipid
"Bike" Brown	Medium	Brunet	reoteric
"Windy" Cate	Tall	Brunet	splenetic
"Stephen Eh" Douglas	Short	Brunet	mentally puerile
"Don Juan" Jackson	Medium	Brunet	desired
"Bill" Jones	Short	Brunet	efficacious
"Shady" Lane	Tall	Brunet	collegiate
"Dunk" Laeke	Medium	Brunet	obsolete
"Barrel Bottom" Manning	Short	Blond	tedious
"Hal(brook)" Miller	Medium	Blond	nocturnal
"Little Cliff" Montgomery	Medium	Blond	O. K.
Forney "Cate" Rankin	Tall	Blond	obstreperous
"Shyster" Shepperd	Short	Blond	prodigious
"Jello" Teer	Medium	Blond	varnished
"Jack" Tyree	Short	Blond	adorable!
"Hootch-Kootch" Woollen	Medium	Red	dekish

MUCKSOUP

By Minnie the Moocher

What former editor of Buck Jr. had better lay off the landlady's daughter?

* * *

What other guy had better lay off the landlady herself?

* * *

What athletes have been fooling around with what town nurse?

* * *

What heap big editor got left out on a heap big scoop last term?

* * *

What conceited son-of-a-rifle nearly got his neck broke one Sunday night?

* * *

What affair at the Shack that seemed to have blown to the winds is now patched up? (Wanna buy a duck?)

* * *

What law student never sleeps more than three hours a night?

* * *

What member of the German club doesn't remember going to any of the dances?

* * *

What all-state football man hasn't sobered up yet?

* * *

What football star ditched his gal for Marion Mann?

* * *

What guy or guys have a strange interlude now and then?

* * *

What two girlies in the Florodora SEXtet didn't have to pad?

* * *

What tight boarder took his beauty sleep between two unconsciously sleeping beauties?

* * *

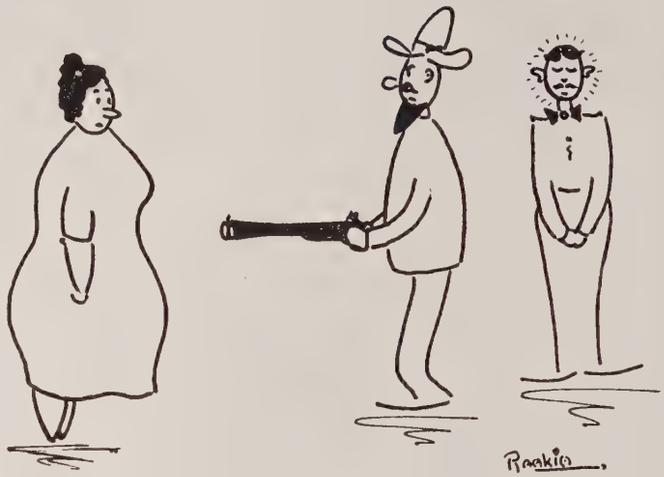
What Chi Psi supposedly tied-up to a girl 100 miles away goes steady with a girl in Durham who is also tied-up to a boy 100 miles away?

* * *

What heap big athlete is simply ga-ga over what transfer?

* * *

What co-ed on the fourth floor Spencer chieves her "sex-appeal" by means of two judiciously-placed wads of cotton?



"Do our Oswald wrong, will you?"

CINDERELLA UP TO DATE

f. p. g.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful young girl called Cinderella who had a wicked stepmother and two very homely and also wicked stepsisters who imposed upon her like everything.

One night there was a magnificent ball given by a visiting prince. Cinderella wanted to go to the ball, but her mean old stepmother and her stepsisters left her at home in the ashes of which there was a super-abundance.

Suddenly a fairy god-mother appeared and immediately changed everything except the kitchen sink into a swell streamline limousine and a keen looking evening dress with no back—so Cinderella went to the dance.

Since she was the best looking girl at the dance, the prince fell so much in love with her that they sat out almost every dance.

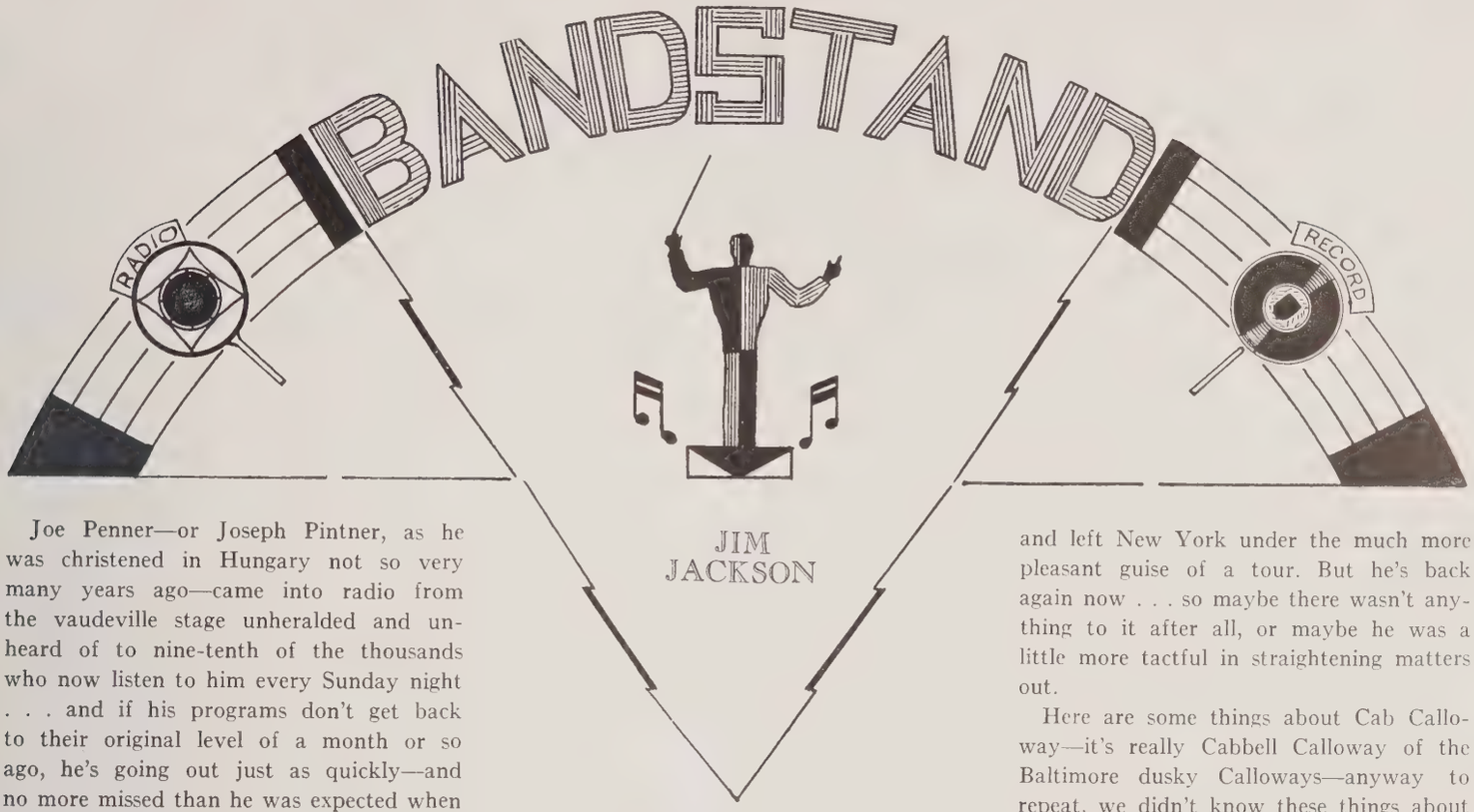
At the stroke of twelve she dashed out of the dance hall and left her slipper with the prince.

The prince at once instituted a search, taking the slipper along, because he had no finger prints. House after house he entered, and again and again he was unsuccessful in finding her. Finally he arrived at the last house in town. He went up and knocked on the door which was opened almost immediately.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"This is the Chi Omega house," said the damsel who opened the door, "won't you come in?"

The prince took the dainty slipper in his hand and hurled it into the street. "To hell with Cinderella!" he said as he rushed inside.



JIM JACKSON

Joe Penner—or Joseph Pintner, as he was christened in Hungary not so very many years ago—came into radio from the vaudeville stage unheralded and unheard of to nine-tenth of the thousands who now listen to him every Sunday night . . . and if his programs don't get back to their original level of a month or so ago, he's going out just as quickly—and no more missed than he was expected when he was first heard.

Penner has a natural appeal and form of humor that most comedians would give their eyes for. He knows what parts of his programs go across to his listeners, and his several copyrighted trade-marks have become integral parts of many of our every day speeches. He discovered which of his sayings clicked with his audiences by rushing from his programs and mingling with the audience as it left the theatre. When he hears people around him repeating such as his "wanna buy a duck," "you nasty man," and the rest that we all know so well, he knew he had something—and he did something about it. Those lines have made him famous.

We can all think of any number of comedians with a good line or so which has become a part of their spiel—but have these lines been just as funny the twentieth time we heard them as they were the first few times? In the large majority of cases they have not been. With Joe Penner it's different. He's a natural comedian. He looks funny, acts funny, says funny things and says these things in a funny way. That's why he's the sensation that he is. His "old standby" lines are still as funny now as they were when we first heard them, but his programs, his between gagas, seem to have fallen off of late. His situations aren't as funny, nor are his gags or his songs. . . Somehow or other we feel that if it weren't for his voice, his manner, and his old faithful line his programs would hardly be worth listening to. Let's all hope he brings them back to their original level.

There a new racket—well it's not so new—just so to those of us who never heard of its doing before—it's the music racket. It was raging in New York in fine style this fall. It seems that it had to do with keeping New York for New York bands and musicians. The musician's unions had a lot to do with it and its tactics played havoc with such prominent maestros as Isham Jones and Ted Weems. Weems, while playing at the Pennsylvania, was repeatedly warned that New York didn't need his music . . . and he just as repeatedly ignored these warnings until a couple of his very best musicians were waylaid and mashed up a bit by unknown parties as they left the hotel one night. So maybe that's the reason that Ted Weems' fine music is now being heard from quite a distance away from the big city.

There's also another story about Isham Jones . . . but it seems that he was just a little wiser and got out before it was too late. The tale runs that he received those same polite warnings, heeded them, and left New York under the much more pleasant guise of a tour. But he's back again now . . . so maybe there wasn't anything to it after all, or maybe he was a little more tactful in straightening matters out.

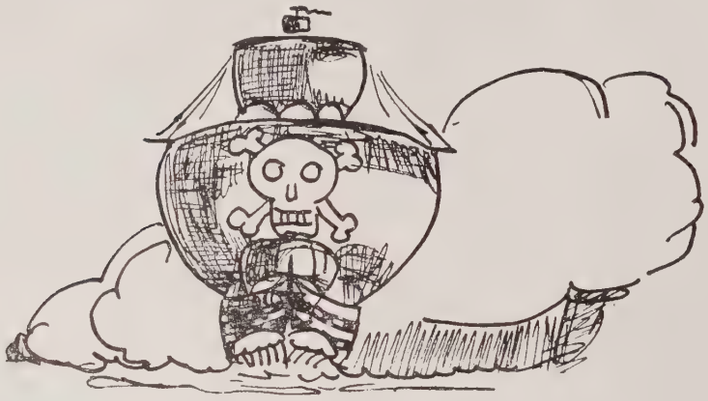
Here are some things about Cab Calloway—it's really Cabbell Calloway of the Baltimore dusky Calloways—anyway to repeat, we didn't know these things about him until we read them in a magazine. He comes from a fairly well-to-do negro family, of which one of his brothers is a practicing physician, and a sister is a high school teacher. He graduated from Douglass High School in Baltimore; has studied law; has been happily married for seven years and is one of Harlem's most genuinely loved and respected citizens, and a leader and contributor to many worthwhile negro charities. All this is stated on the good authority of a prominent interviewer of the famous. Frankly, and maybe at the risk of being misunderstood, we've noticed on having seen Calloway a number of times that he is always quite a gentleman in his proper place, and well behaved. Right now, you know, he and his band are in England where he and Duke Ellington are always tremendous favorites with the Britishers.

By the time we go to press, the newest of the novelty tunes will probably be well in its own. Shortly before Christmas Isham Jones was heard playing a clever tune called *Got the Jitters*. It's a masterpiece of novelty tunes . . . very suggestive of its theme, of the times, and its music and lyric are very clever. It's a sure hit for continuing the popularity of novelty tunes. Isham Jones, Glen Gray, Phil Harris, and Hal Kemp have swell arrangements of it.

"Are you out for boxing?"
"No, the heels to my shoes just wore out."

"Just putting a little light on the subject," said the co-ed as she exposed herself to the sun-lamp.

BUCCANEER



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Jack Lowe
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pe rson

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Margaret B. McCauley	Julian Bobbitt	Francis Breazeale	Jerry Kisner
DeWitt Carroll	R. L. Bedrick	Sanford Langsam	Roy Wilder

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson	W. R. Fowler	J. B. Lindeman	Ray Braswell
Elmer Oettinger	Bob Bolton	H. B. Johnson	Ben Proctor
Tom Hicks	Jack Poole	Giles Williams	Albert Ellis
W. C. Durfee	Parker Morris	Henry Rancke	Milton Sherer
James Westbrook	Margaret Gaines	Charles Daniel	Tom Spencer
Myers Whitaker	Howard Easter	Smith Barrier	Louis Skinner
Peggy Ann Harris	Laurence Frank	Clarence Weinberg	Scott Miles
Sherwood Barefoot	Sam Roberts	Carl Thompson	Harvey Gwyn
Virgil J. Lee	Sol Eichler	Milton Kogan	

ART STAFF

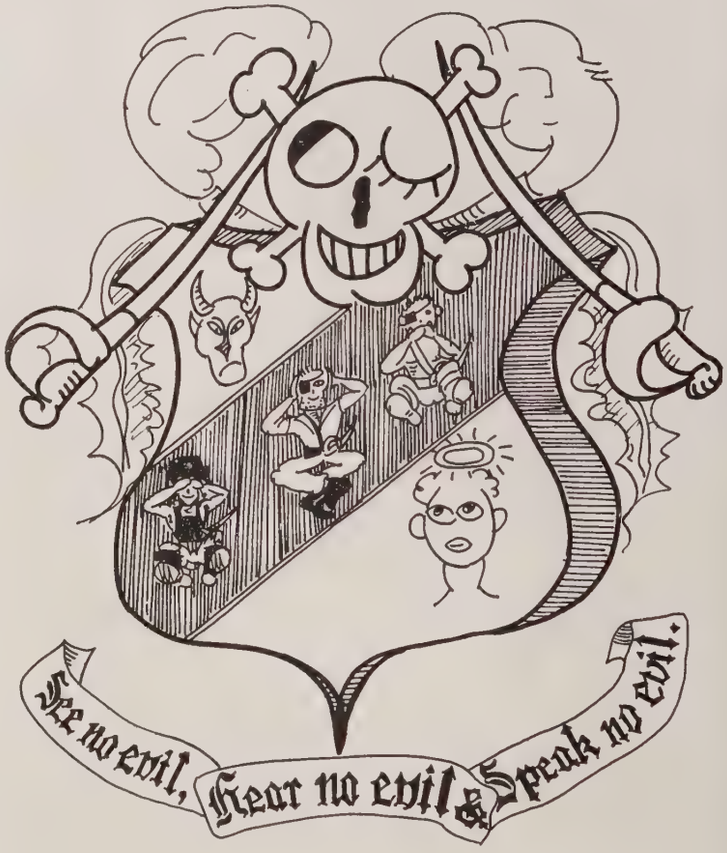
J. Rom Gooding	Robert Schlesinger	Opie Shelton	Julian Steinberg
David Pemberton	J. D. Carr	E. D. Bayley	Charles Noell
Ed Skinner	Willard Hollingsworth	Bill Henderson	

BUSINESS STAFF

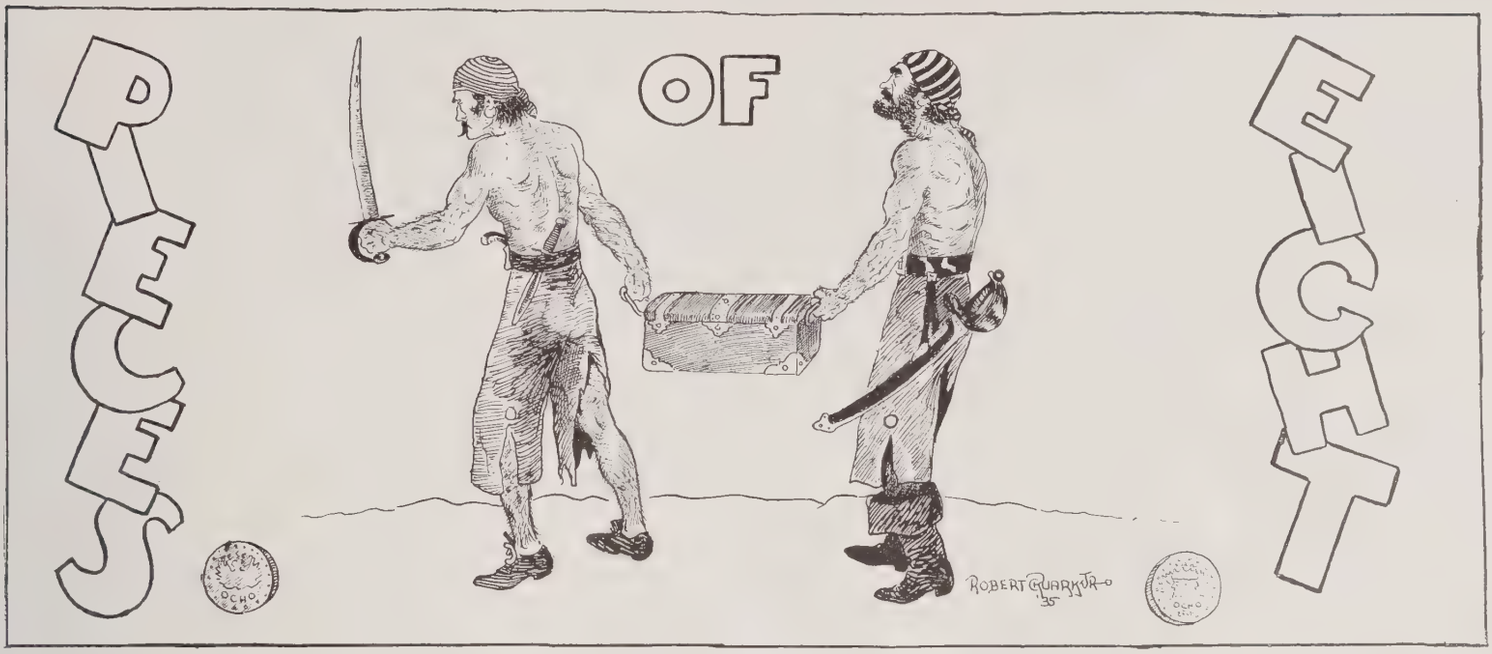
Business Manager
F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
R. B. KIMBLE, *Manager*
Coltrane Fuller, Robert Cole,
Bill Naff, Ellison McMillan,
Vivian Guion



M. P. Hiller



As has already been announced in the *Waily Heel* by this time, although the BUCCANEER does scoop them on the story, because the *Heel* hasn't had time to write it up yet; the four publications on the campus are contemplating putting on a Publications' Frolic, similar, perhaps, to the Playmakers' far famed Revels, but far superior in histrionic talent to any performance of Proff Koch's loyal band.

These Frolics will be written, directed, and acted only by members of the various staffs, since every member has always entertained the secret idea that he writes better than Shakespeare, directs better than Koch, and burps better than Barrymore. Each publication will be limited to one-half hour on the stage in which to do its worse. Each and every performance is to be a farce, and as farce we can see, it will be a scream. Sorry, we just couldn't resist that pun.

Even the songs will be written by the staff members, although you won't swear as to the authenticity of the tunes, because you probably won't be able to recognize them. However, we firmly intend to present only the latest tunes from New York, but the words will be interpolated, and you will be forced to wear your asbestos ear muffs, for asbestos we can do for you all.

The BUCCANEER as the Official Humor Publication of the University of North Carolina (Who threw that tomato?) wishes to brag in advance about the excellence of its forthcoming production. Already there is a movement on foot to secure the first place upon the program so that you all may enjoy yourselves throughout our act and then go home and study. Also because of wholehearted altruism we are going to give you an opportunity to exhaust your supply of antique fruit and vegetables before our dearly beloved contemporaries take the center of the stage. In answer to your question it's not all altruism because we merely want to get out of costume first so that we can get in our share of the cabbage casting on the *Heel*.

In all events be sure and desert your pursuit of knowledge for the evening and forget your worries, forget that fothcoming quiz, forget that hangover, and above all forget to bring anything which may be used as a missile, but don't forget to hiss the villian. If you can't hiss, bring along that leaky radiator in your room, nobody will know the difference. —PAT GASKINS.

FEMALES

As this is the Co-ed number of the BUCCANEER it would probably be a wise idea to write something about co-eds. The problem of co-education raised its ugly head at Carolina in 1897 when four women enrolled as students. There are more co-eds at Carolina this year than ever before. It is no longer a problem; it's an Einstein theory in itself.

There have been quite a number of objections to women enrolling in the University. When the first women came to the campus, they were ignored. The men treated them with silent contempt. Later they treated them with chocolate sodas, and now the co-eds are treated to almost anything they want. It doesn't make the BUCCANEER angry for women to come to Carolina. They afford plenty of material for the scandal columns, and some of them can write jokes. Therefore if it comes to a showdown as to whether we are fer 'em or agin' 'em, the BUCCANEER is fer 'em.



"Sorry, boss, but we done give outa dem Stedson hats fifteen minutes ago."

"A penny for your thoughts," said the Scotchman to the fortune-teller.

Note: I was going to write on woman's dress, but everyone knows that there is nothing to it.

Girl (to her closest boy friend): "I believe that you're just using me as a means to an end."

He: When a boy and girl are alone beneath the stars, enchanted by the moonlight, what could be expected but that they should—"

She: Aw don't go into the psychology of it; let's get busy."

There is the one about the Scotchman who ordered a paralyzing cocktail just before the check came.

It's a shame that a girl can't get married without dragging some innocent man with her.

And there was a co-ed who studied her way through collitch.

CAMPUS BONERS

By Betty Co-ed

One of the girls remarked that a certain little freshman seems to be getting more eddy-cated than educated.

* * *

Here's an idea, girls—

One high-minded co-ed says she uses trees as a parking space and sparking place because "bigger and better necking parties may be had far above the madding crowds, even more madding inquisitive Buc writers and freshmen and noisy fire-engines, dontcha know?

* * *

"For we must get to Spencer on time," hummed the tardy lover at 10:29, as he pushed the gas up to eighty.

* * *

Several gentlemen(?) watching the Floradora girls practice for the revels were overheard arguing over just how much of the ladies' figures were real. "Well," says J. W. in a very convincing tone, "I *know* Blondie is padded!" And that was that, it seems.

She was only a tailor's daughter, but she had her cuts.

At the honeymoon hotel,
Time will tell, time will tell.

There was a co-ed at the shack,
Whose morals were very slack.
She was heavily dated,
And soon she was mated;
But she's a miss in spite of the fact.

"Have you been able to catch the drift of their conversation?"

"Yes. It's something about ships."

"I think it is a shame to send all those marines to China. What will they do there?"

"Kid, ain't you ever been out with a marine?"

—*Exchange.*

She: I lost a bag of cherries.
He: A whole bag of cherries?
She: Yes, a whole bag of cherries.
He: What-a-woman. What-a-woman.

∴ ∴ Hither and Thither On Ye Campus ∴ ∴

by george a. moore

The editor said to write about the co-eds; the co-eds said to write about the boys; the boys said to write about the co-eds wrongs—just old Parson Moore righting all the wrongs. And we know so little about women that right now we seem to be up the proverbial creek without the proverbial paddle.

The very latest tale of devotion concerns she who is twiddling her thumbs because the south's best javelin heaver remained in deah ole merry-land.

And by the way, we want to thank all youse punks for your lovely Xmas cards. They were divine, especially that one signed Sue. Sure wish the editor would let us print 'em. But the faculty sorta got down on him because of the last issue.

The co-eds might not be good for many uses but the other night we found a good reason for having them around. As it so happened we tried and tried to no avail at checking out a book from the library. It seems we didn't know how to go about it. So we wished up and dated one of them gals in the Lib. Sch. school hoping to obtain the text. So we sez to her, sez we, "Say, kiddo, what's the quickest way to get a book out of the library?" Quick as that (zipp) she turns to us and sez, sez she, "Multiply the area of the base by the height and you'll get the volume."

Some friend of ours sent in a poem about this here co-ed situation. At least, we think it was a friend cause it was signed that way. It might have been a friends of the co-eds, we can't be certain. One simply doesn't know what to expect, these days, does one? Anyway, here's the pomme, and we insist upon calling it such:

"I burn my candle at both ends,
Now I have neither foes nor friends.
For all the rosy light begotten
I'm paying now and feeling rotten.
Signed: A Friend.

Just like you we didn't get the point so we proceeded along that well known interrogation path and found the following results:

A Friend: "*Lovely, divine, has true feeling.*"

Don Shoemaker: "*I enjoyed the number immensely. It's true art in its mildest form. It has the hurting poignancy, the pathos of a sob.*"

Ed Broadhurst: "*A roast to 'The Burning Candle." That's just what you get, baby, for playing with fire.*"

Bobby Carmichael: "*It's that Ace poem, that's what it is.*"

Mary Francis Parker: "*It tells every girl's story in every girl's way. It describes that intangible something that we all know and feel. But after that I cannot swear, I cannot swear.*"

Lamar Stringfield: "*The thin tense cry of a violin to the contralto of a cello.*"

Archie Davis: "*In the same class with Lamar Stringfield's flute.*"

Harper Barnes: "*Me and my cousin 'Lewis' aim to clear the campus of such plageristic tripe.*"

Bill Collins: "*It's a true story about true humans, and read by true people. I read it.*"

Susie Spencer: "*You Cad!*"

Gracie Bowes: "*It gets under your skin. You feel it in your blood. Then some change takes place inside. Storm-clouds, like muffled purple thunder, pass. The sun shines on all your world, as glorious womanhood goes marching on to that great goal which someday we all shall see—with dear old Pi Beta Phi leading the way.*"

Joyce Kilmer: "*It's as lovely as a tree.*"

Prof.: Miss Jones, can you multiply?
And she slapped him.

Walter Winchell's motto: The whole thru the hole.

A nut at the steering wheel—
A peach at his right;
Sharp turn in the road—
Fruit salad—good night!

Prof (on aviation class): What is the term used to mean a man jumped from his plane and his parachute failed to open?

Bright star: It's called "jumping to a conclusion."

"Say, miss, what do you think of disarmament?"
"Hey, big boy, are you hinting?"

REVENGE IN RED DOG SALOON

Bilious Buster swore a terrible oath. "*()&æ—," he snarled, "I wonder where that whining scoundrel is tonight."

The scene of the story is in Pie-Face Percy's saloon. Buster is awaiting the arrival of Rough-House Rollo.

Upon the stroke of nine Rollo staggered into the barroom, his guns hanging low.

Seeing Buster he bit his lip till the blood ran and growled, "You dirty dog, you cursed canine, where is my Hong Kong Hannah, you polluted pup?"

"Your Hong Kong Hannah be damned, you S.O.B.," barked Bilious Buster, "I ain't seen hide nor hair of her come three full moons next Tuesday."

"That's a lie, you whelp," snapped Rough-House Rollo doggedly, "And I want you to keep your dirty paws off her."

"Reach for your rod, you cur," howled Buster madly.

Both reached for their guns at the same instant, and the two reports were as one. Rollo clutched at his breast, his eyes rolled, and he staggered a couple of steps before he hit the sawdust.

Buster hit the floor with a thump. He didn't even bounce.

"They got me pals," yipped Rollo.

"Me too," husked Buster.

Which all goes to show, you should never be dogmatic about anything.

A TOAST

Here's to the Carolina co-ed;
Well dressed and well fed,
Early to rise and early to bed,
Very courteous and well bred,
Nice figure and a light head,
Always leads and never led,
Parks and pets,—nuff said.

Chem prof.: The use of neon for red lights is diminishing. But that does not mean that the red-lights are disappearing.

Co-ed: What is your name, Honey?

Student: My name is Cliff. Drop over and see me some time.

LESSONS IN ETIQUETTE

Q. Is it correct to kick one's mother-in-law in the mouth in the presence of guests?

A. It depends on how well you know them.

Q. What is the position of the thumb while dunking?

A. The thumb should be held rigid and at a right angle from the hand.

Q. If one should accidentally overturn his soup on a lady's evening dress, what is the correct thing to say?

A. Be sympathetic, say "Didn't burn you, did it?"; or nonchalant, saying "It never would have happened if you hadn't taken my mind off my dinner with your palavering"; or pass it off as a joke, exclaiming "That's all right, it'll come out in the wash."

Q. When eating celery, should one apologize for the noise?

A. One should talk so loud while eating celery that the chewing is not noticeable.

Q. Which hand should one use in brushing the flies off the sugar bowl?

A. Neither. Use a fly swatter.

There was a young preacher named Snyder,
Who was too fond of drinking hard cider:
For once he got tight,
And sought for the light,
And now his morals are wider.

Some of the students are making plays, believe it or not.

I call my car the Possum Six, because it's always playing dead.

She: Your favorite song must be, "I've got a right to feel low-down."

Kate
Date
Late
Mate

Twin beds don't bother me. I've been shifting for myself for years.



The buxom one: "I was like you too when I was a freshman."

More?
"Naw!"
Door!
Aw . . . .

"Sofa," according to Webster, "a kind of long seat, usually upholstered and having a back and arms."

The number of backs and arms varies, but two backs and four arms seem to be the favorite!

"Darling," he cried in tender tones,
"I never loved but thee"
"Then we must part," the maiden said,
"No amateurs for me." —*Skipper.*

WHAT THEY THINK OF WOMEN

Harper Barnes: Undecided.

Alex Andrews: "No personal knowledge, usually give them a wide berth; many need it."

Claiborne Carr: "Yes, and no! but on the whole, yes."

Don Shoemaker: "To paraphrase Mr. Noel Coward—"A silly witch."

Pat Gaskins: "I don't think, I know."

Ben Proctor: "Pretty good . . . I'm going to marry one of them."

Bill Croom: "They're O. K., but I like the *News and Observer* better."

Ed. Broadhurst: "Dirt . . . just dirt."

George Moore: "Can't commit myself."

Carl Thompson: "As a whole not worth a damn, but on the whole, pretty good."

Joe Sugarman: "Who, me?"

John Lindeman: "Ahhhhh . . . . . nuts!

Julian Frankel: "My taste is lousy; I'd rather date in Durham."

There was a man in our town who was so wondrous wise,
He told the women dirty jokes and stirred up all their fires.
When he saw the fires were lit, he stopped his car quite dead;
"All right girls, give in, or get out and walk," he said.

Hokum

Came to U. N. C.
Flunked Math
Out.
Re-exam
In.
In again, out
Again.

She reached down and took hold of the cloth. She pulled it up. What beautiful legs and oh, those knees! Higher and what a well-shaped, smooth pair! It's well above the knees now and going higher. She straightens up and gives the cloth one big jerk upwards. Everything shows! What a statue the sculptor had made to be unveiled by this girl.

There was a young lady named Creech,
Who while taking sun baths at the beach,
Got so horribly red,
That she went straight to bed,
Because of that sun of the beach.

It has been rumored that Prof. Koch and his playthings are going to stage the well-known production "Back to Nature," portraying life on the Virgin Islands. (Boys, keep your eyes pealed.)

What does little birdie say
In his nest at peep of day?
Birdie says, "I'll wait no longer
'Till my little wings are stronger;
I'll fly away to the co-ed shack,
And look awhile before I come back.
I'll fly to the window of Minnie McMur;
I've heard you can learn about women from her."



WELL I JUST CANT SEE WHERE ALL THAT WEIGHT COMES FROM.

ROSE RED AND THE FAIRY PRINCE

PAT GASKINS

Once upon a time there was a handsome fairy prince who rode forth from his palace in search of adventure. For days and days he rode, but nothing ever seemed to happen. Try as he might he could find no beautiful princess to rescue from a fate worse than death, no fair damsel held in durance vile, or no forces of darkness over which he could prove triumphant. Finally he started homeward, disappointed that nowhere could he show his strength.

Suddenly in the distance he saw six little dwarves carrying an enormous wooden box. Spurring his horse he rapidly rode up to the dwarves. What was his surprise to find that the box was a coffin in which lay a beautiful maiden.

"Whither takest thou this fair damsel?" he asked of the dwarf, who seemed to be the leader of the group.

"We are taking her into the mountains to bury her, sir," was the dwarf's answer.

"Ah, but thou canst not do that," said the prince. "This maiden is not dead, for I just saw her move."

"Even though she has moved, sir, she is dead nevertheless, and has been dead. You see, sir, she went to the University of North Carolina three years and never had a date."

"Was that your girl I seen you with last night?"

"Why hell no, that was a dam co-ed."

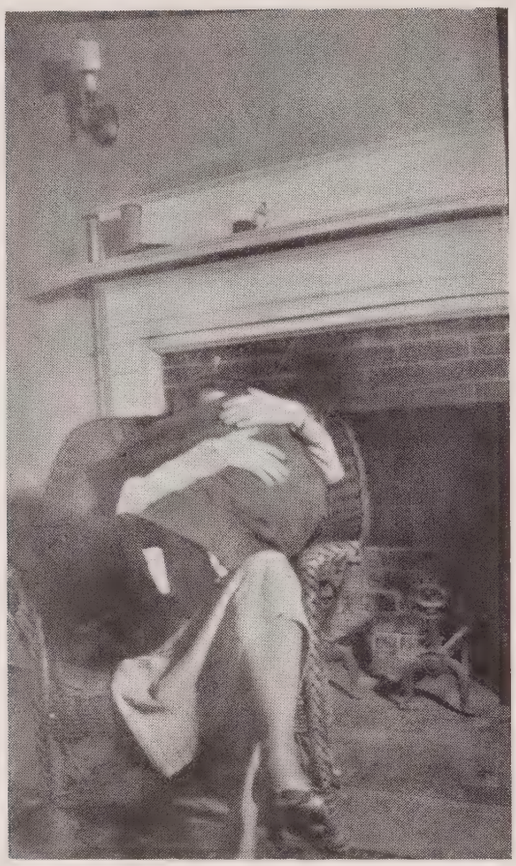
There was a fair maiden at Spencer
Who was a remarkable dancer,
And at her swell little chassis
The boys all made passes.
(The last line was cut by the censor.)

She to he: I don't care if you are on the wrestling team; if you try that scissors hold on me again I'll slap your face.

She: I've been under NRA.
He: Cut the initials, kid. What's his name?


SALEM INVITES GIRLS
1
PEACE
MEREDITH
QUEENS
?
2
ST. MARY'S
FOR THOSE
WHO CARE
3
W.C.U.
FOR THE
INTELLECTUAL
4
BUCCANEER
OUT
THIS
WEEK!
5
6
U.N.C.
Rawlins

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?



? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Caught in the act by our winchelling photographer these two cringe at the thought that their dread act is discovered. Yes, dear readers, both of these immoral specimens of humanity are enrolled in our beloved University. We defy you to find their identities, but if you do, please keep it a secret for the sake of their parents.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Things I hate worse than Spinach with Barley
And girls who talk politics, discussing Jim Farley
Are radio bugs
And other mugs
Who say, "Vas you dere Sharlie?"

I don't mind okra with sand
Or Rubinoff with his coffee band;
But I can't endure
The attempted lure
Of "Oh, you nasty man."

Did you hear of the absent-minded co-ed who, instead of crossing her legs and casting her eyes at the professors's, she crossed her eyes and kicked the professor on the face.

CAMPUS LOVE

(A Red Hot Story of Student Romance)

Francis Brezeale

Ah, how well I remember Liz Haplip, that five and a half feet of flaming passion! Liz was one of the girls living at the Shack and because she made better rat traps than her neighbors the world made a beaten path to her door. And you should have sampled one of those traps! Anyhow, Liz was the toast of the campus and that toast was right off the toaster. Hey hey! But enough of these pleasantries and on with the story.

Until Sam came along Liz liked one boy as well as the next and because her father was an old salt she called each swain "just one of the buoys." Ha ha. In fact one night she got so coy as to whisper "Don't forget your breeches buoy!" Ah, but she was a witch. And Sam was nobody's fool. A more dashing young blade I never saw. He met her at the Co-ed's ball and from that day on he courted her with fervor. She said she preferred raspberry; but, "any fervor would do," the wombat lisped out of the S. W. corner of her trap.

During the Tappa Nu Keg house party Sam waxed particularly amorous. "My ravishing beauty," he wheedled, "let us flee from this bedlam and go count the stars." "Oke," replies the femme, "you can count on me!" Watch the burger fletcherize that one, Groucho.

Sam was a hell raiser if there ever was one. It seems only yesterday that over a couple of mugs of the amber brew he eyed me narrowly and asked, "Have you heard the one about the camel with the lightning fast alimentary canal?" "No," I answered, "do tell." "O.K.," he rasps, "no sooner fed than done."

And so this student romance whirled on at a giddy pace. One moonlit night in May I was coming through the Arboretum and perceived two figures reclining under a tree. Yep, it was Sam and Liz all right, folks, and Sam was holding the vixen's hand. "Was she to be his next vixen?" I asked myself. Presently the moon went behind some clouds and it became quite dark. A few minutes later a low feminine voice said, "Ouch, your ring hurts." Then—"Hell, gal, that's not my ring, that's my wrist watch."

Well, that's the way it was. But what is so beautiful as student romance? You're asking me!

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

With this issue, one of the better dressed men about the campus says, among other things: "Above all . . . dress in clothes that are comfortable. Uncomfortable clothes make you conscious of them; and the man who is conscious of his clothes shows it plainly. He is patently and plainly ill at ease, consequently giving the appearance of being poorly dressed even though he may have been turned out by the best tailor in the country. Personally, I am more comfortable when I am subconsciously sure that I am neat than I am when I feel "slouchy."

On buying clothes with a limited income —buy wisely. This means buy staples, or clothes that can easily be altered to suit new ideas and styles. And . . . buy odd pieces so that you may obtain variety in your ensemble.

Speaking of ensembles, blended colors are good . . . much better than contrasting colors. Try to make the shirt, the tie, the hose, and the shoes match up sufficiently to fit in with the suit as an entire costume. Accessories are all important in dressing.

There is no need to have a thousand and one different outfits to wear. Just dress quietly and neatly, with a decent attempt at conservative originality, and you'll dress well.

Something I'd like to see more of on this campus is evening wear. You men, all of you, look "swell" in your tuxedos, tails, or mess jackets. If you haven't one of your own, you look just as well in a borrowed one, and all of you know where to borrow it. The new shirts are plenty comfortable, too, so there is no longer the excuse that you will feel like you're a stuffed shirt or in armor when you dress for the evening.

Something real would be added to the dignity and enjoyability of the occasion if everyone would put on evening wear for the Memorial Hall concerts, the Playmakers presentations, and the banquets that take place so often in Graham Memorial. You're going to have to dress when you get out of school anyway, so you might as well get used to it now. In the Eeastern colleges it is unpardonable to appear at any slightly formal event in anything less than a dinner jacket.

Back to my own ideas and the like. It has often been tritely said that a man is known by the company he keeps (now don't take that as dirt), and so he is judged often by the clothes he wears. I personally think that one of the main things to bear in mind in choosing clothing is their adaptability with other articles in your wardrobe. Above all, do not buy clothes because they are "stylish," because quite often everyone has not the correct build for extreme clothes. The drape when it originally came out, did not go over because it was extreme, but since it has been modified, and individuals have fashioned it to suit their needs, it has become popular for the man with a fine physique or slender proportions. Try to express personality and individuality in your selection of fabrics and design. Anyone can get what best suits him; be careful in selection of clothes, and be sure to get colors that blend or contrast well with your blondness, bruettishness, or titianness.

Another thing that should be borne in mind, is not to appear "dressed up." There is an art to wearing clothes, and that art is simply the ability to appear at ease in anything from a sweater or leather jacket with shirt collar thrown open at the neck, to full dress or tails. That ability is one that should not become an affectation but a real part of your real self. Few people have it, so few people are what is rigidly called well-dressed. Be at ease, and don't mind an occasional wrinkle, because after all the cleaners have to have a break. Speaking of cleaners, one and all, we should back to the "nth" degree the Student Co-operative Cleaners and Pressers because heretofore, as is well known, prices have been too high for the cleaning and pressing of clothes. This organization is for our benefit and since we all have to have a great deal of cleaning and pressing done up here due to damp and rainy weather, why not support something that is part and parcel of our student community.

The man about campus whom I quoted earlier in this column goes in for blended clothes because he is, as he says, "color blind," so if you do not know colors, avoid contrasts, but if you have any taste in color you can turn a drab affair into a quite neat looking effect by the use of contrasting colors.

Since the spring styles are just beginning to be shown, and since they are not completed lines with any of our merchants, I shall postpone until next month any discussion of the new styles in cloths and clothes. What styles I've seen are very neat and most effective. This is going to be a big suit year and merchants and manufacturers alike are going to be lavish in holding down prices and giving the best for the money. Incidentally, the new magazine, *Esquire,* is showing the newest in men's clothing and it is authentic. It is a fine magazine for men, and written exclusively for them.

Spring Styles

Suits

Tweeds and Gabardines in bi-swing models are the leaders. The coats of these suits go well with flannel slacks. Mixed ensembles will be popular.

Hats

The bound edge snap brim by Finchley in brown and gray will be worn by the best dressers. (Very high crown.)

Shirts

Tab and button-down collars in Oxford and flannel finish cloths are in the lead. Worn with knit ties.

Durham Men's Shop

"Style Quarters"

111 W. Main St. Durham



Future of a Carolina co-ed.

VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE

The other night I had been sleeping as I never slept before.
I awoke and heard a creeping, and then a dripping on my floor,
Just a dripping, constant dripping, on my bedroom floor;
Simply this and nothing more.

Then I got right up and started thinking as I never thought before,
"Is that guy upstairs been drinking, spilling liquor on my floor,
Causing dripping, constant dripping on my floor;
Simply booze and nothing more?"

Then I got to thinking harder, but the guy begins to snore;
And that booze is surely stinking as it drips upon my floor—
Causing dripping, constant dripping on my floor,
Simply that and nothing more.

Then I heard a little panting as a light came in the gloom,
"That guy ain't been drinking, he's got a dog there in his room."
Oh, a splashing, constant splashing on my floor;
Then a splish and nothing more.

A PAGE FROM A CO-ED'S DIARY

7:30—Woke up to the cheerful(?) sound of the alarm clock.

7:35—Was too lazy to reach over to turn it off, so had to listen to it finish its ringing before going back to sleep.

8:15—Woke up with a start to realize I had exactly fifteen minutes to get dressed, eat and get to my first class.

8:25—Forgot lipstick and had to run up four flights of stairs to get it.

8:30-9:20—Finished night's sleep from which I had been so rudely interrupted.

9:30-10:20—Sally Clark gave me all the dope on Maisie and that Krahen fellow—the big blonde basketball man the girls are all ga-ga about. I nearly passed out at what she told me—I simply wouldn't believe it, but she swears it's true. The very idea! To think that he, of all people—should make Phi Beta Kappa!

10:30-11:00—Just prowled around in search of prey—but none of the fish were biting this morning.

11:00-11:50—Suddently remembered I hadn't yet done my German, so tried to study all period, though it was mighty hard to concentrate with that noisy Dr. McCann shouting all over the place about his old ancient Romans. I could hardly hear myself think—you would suppose a body would be more considerate of another person's feelings.

12:00-12:30—Funny thing, when the prof called on me, all I had just learned simply disappeared from my mind for no reason at all. I can't understand it. Fortunately, however, when I started to speak, my voice sounded terribly hoarse, so he let me off on account of such a bad cold.

1:00—Baked potatoes and delicious hot rolls again! But I simply gotta lose weight, so I limited myself to two helpings of potatoes and three rolls. This dieting business is killing me.

1:30—Went to the show. Same old crap. Heroine's feet too big and, what's more, I could have sworn that woman had false teeth.

3:45-5:00—Got vanilla dope at the drug. Cutest little blonde at the next table—but he never gave me a tumble—so-o-o I made the smooth brunette on the other side. Date with him next Saturday for the match and his frat dance.

5:00-6:00—Using up time until dinner.

6:00-7:00—Decided I had done enough dieting for the day at dinner and ate my fill of everything—even to two helpings of chocolate pudding—it really isn't fattening, you know.

7:00-8:00—Got ready for date—Details unnecessary.

8:00-9:00—Walked around Arboretum. Wanted to sit down to rest our feet, but every seat was filled.

9:00—Bob carried a bench from in front of the shack, where it wasn't doing any good anyhow, to a nice shady spot in the Arboretum.

9:00-10:00—Sat and talked—politics, you know—disarmament and all that stuff—

10:00-10:25— — — — — — —

1028—Arrived safely at Spencer and sat on the sofa while watching the other dates come in. Lizzie was with that cross-eyed dope again and Susie, as usual, with another good-looking male.

10:30—Lights blinked.

10:35-12:35—Bull session in Dot's room.

12:35-12:35—Studied.

1:00—In pace reqiescat—er somepin'.

KAROLINA KOMMENT

During the coming week Colonel E. Carrington Smith will dish them out and the boys and girls will continue to take them in. Some extra special doses of colossal stupendousness is slated for the next few days.

On the 22nd we have SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE. Miss Alice Brady, actress extraordinary, and Lionel Barrymore, are starred. Alice Brady can act so funny that at time we almost feel sorry for her. She is a former New York stage actress. Lionel B. needs no introduction to you folks.

With clashing of cymbals and beating of Chinese tom-toms Norman Foster comes on the 24th in ORIENTAL EXPRESS. We haven't seen this picture, but it has all the earmarks of dastardly deeds done in a Shanghai manner. Darn clever these Chinese; it ought to be good.

Co-eds will especially enjoy KING HENRY VIII which arrives in Chapel Hill the twenty-sixth (26) of this month. Charles Laughton is Henry himself, and his harem of wives should be a treat for the eyes. It is one of the best pictures of the year.

CO-ED PANSY

Way out in Gumpus, Kansas, lived a girl named Pansy Peace;
She'd never been arrested by the prairie police;

She went to Sunday School til she was twenty-one,
And at any taffy-pull she was a son-of-a-gun.

The folks back home in Gumpus thought she was a model child:
She never rode a bike and so they knew she wasn't wild.

She never spoke to strangers, her lips spelled chastity,
But she had a roaring time at the old hunkin' bee.

One day her daddy started in a coughin' and coughin'
And in the morning little Pansy was an orphan.

The folks out there in Gumpus notified her Uncle Bill
So he came on to take her home and give her a thrill.

She said, 'I want to go where I can laugh and forget.'
He said, 'Where you are goin' you ain't heard nothin' yet.'

They loaded up their baggage and piled in the diner
And in no time at all they were back in Carolina.

Now Caroline was awful wild and Pansy was scared,
Cause all the little boys and girls who lived there were bad.

They used to have hot toddies and chew spearmint gum,
And sing a vulgar song about a bottle of rum.

But Uncle Bill fixed Pansy up and sent her to see
If she could win laurels at the University.

Now Pansy started in and won two medals running:
Just a fifty-yard dash for a boy who'd been funning.

Pansy Peace was still a saint and acted her age.
But she was so very different that she soon was all the rage.

But Pansy had a method when a fellow wouldn't cease:
She had him arrested for disturbing the peace.

Then one day Pansy met a boy and gave him a tumble,
It wasn't long before he had her out in the rumble.

Then Pansy went and weakened; she lost her chastity,
And she's never been the same as it's easy to see.

She hooked off ten professors and the athletic coach
And fifty-five young students who were far above reproach.

So Uncle Bill stepped in and said he wished she were in China
And he shipped her back to Kansas and that saved Carolina.

ENGLISH QUESTIONAIRE

Shakespeare:

Q. Who wrote Hamlet?
A. Prof. Koch.

Q. Who was King Lear?
A. Treasurer of the P. U. Board.

Q. What is the setting of the "Merchant of Venice."
A. Stratford on the Avon.

Milton:

Q. Define Aeropagitica.
A. A mouthwash.

Q. How was Paradise Regained?
A. I didn't know it was lost.

Q. What great work did Milton do after he was blind?
A. The Bat.

Sir Walter Scott:

Q. Who was "The Lady of the Lake."
A. Helene Madison.

Q. Who was Rob Roy?
A. A pancake manufacturer.

Poe:

Q. Quote from Poe.
A. "OOOooo I'm a nightowl."

Ed—"And when shall I come to your apartment?"

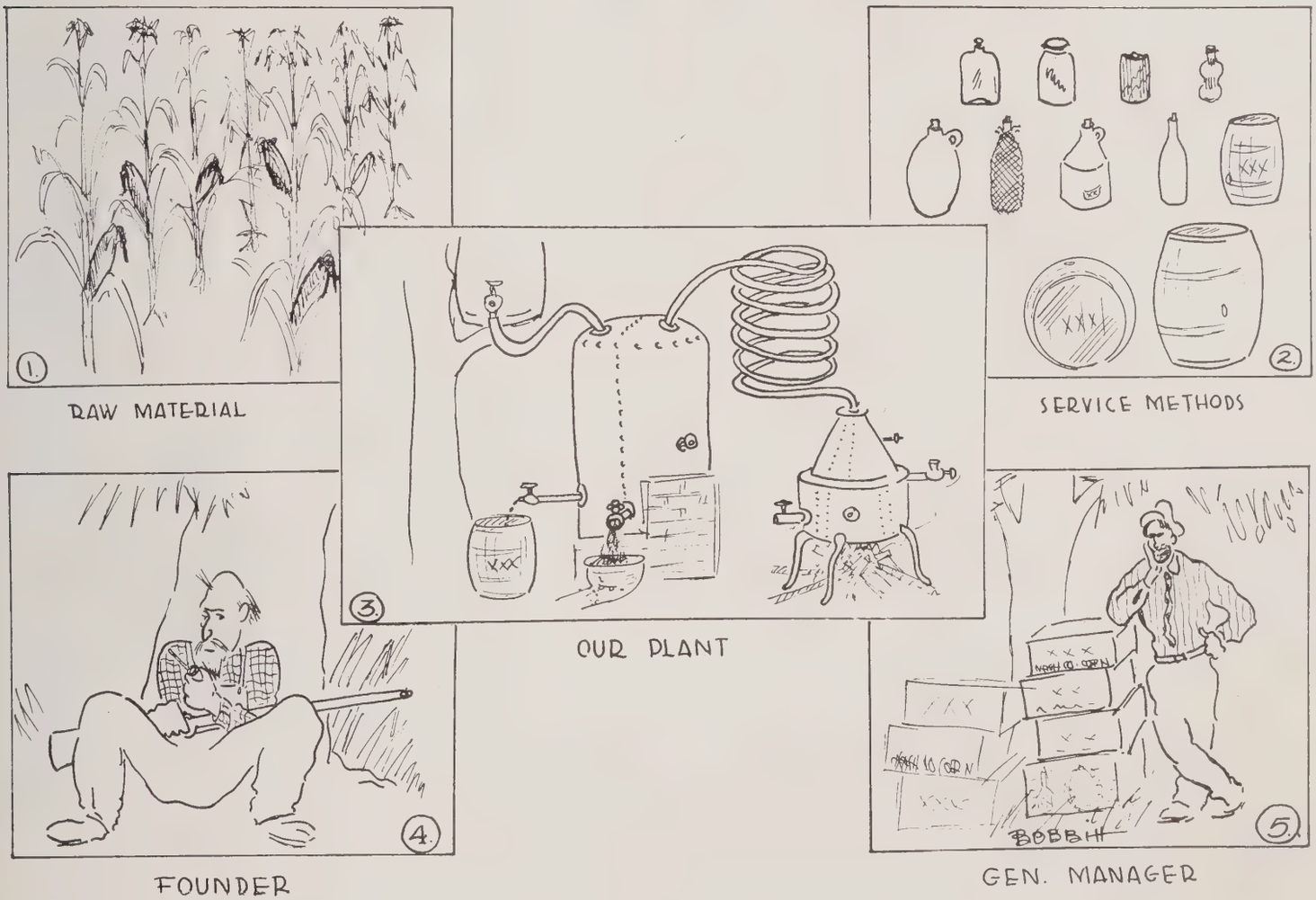
Co-ed—"Get there sometime tonight."

Ed—"All right, then, I'll meet you in the suite by and by."

NORTH CAROLINA'S LEADING INDUSTRY

We Advocate Carolina Corn for Carolinians

BELOW ARE TYPICAL PICTURES OF CAROLINA'S FAVORITE BUSINESS



See Your Congressman For Directions

PRICES
1 slug—10c
1 pt.—50c
1-2 gal.—$1.50
1 gal.—$3.00

1 drink —feeling rosy!
2 drinks—high!
3 drinks—hi-he-hi!
4 drinks—staggering!
5 drinks—blotto!

Phone 4061 for prompt delivery

ORANGE COUNTY CO-OPERATIVE BOOTLEGGERS' UNION

Typical Carolina Co-Eds

The kind that swing along the campus with their noses in the air looking neither to the right nor to the left as a horse that wears blinders. They speak to very few girl friends and patronizingly to men acquaintances.

The excited type that seem to be in a hurry to get somewhere quickly. They never get anywhere.

The co-ed who makes it a point to yelp greetings loudly so that everyone will hear.

The studious type who wears spectacles and looks at the ground.

The self-conscious beauty who walks rigidly and attempts to appear nonchalant, but at the same time appears headed for a nervous breakdown.

The kind that just loves to keep up a rapid-fire conversation and laughs at anything her date says in the hope that it was meant to be funny.

The ambidextrous co-ed who is in love, out for athletics, writes poetry and editorials, and knows all the boys.

The co-ed who monopolizes discussions, especially in English literature courses.

The co-ed who never says anything except in whispers.

Co-eds who wait at the library.

She was only a woodchopper's daughter, but she had nice limbs.

Speaking of the NRA—all the U. S. is a stage, and we are the actors that do our part.

By thumbing his nose with his vicious dexter,
Shaw has become known as a very smart-crexter;
But, while crumbling humanity connives to redress,
He only gives me the Hebbie-G.B.S. —*Puppet.*

"So you're working your way through school. How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother; she thinks I'm selling gin but I'm really editing the humor magazine." —*Ohio Green Goat.*

Parson: "Good-bye, and God bless you—and be careful, now, that the rowdies of this town don't play any tricks on you."

Newly-Wed: "Don't worry, Parson, they won't catch us napping." —*Masquerader*

To the Editor:
Dear Sir:

There is something drastic which has recently happened to me, which I think should be brought to your attention in view of your capacity to organize organizations on the spur of the moment. I am writing to you, therefore, to see if you will organize a club for me.

Just the other night, no later than Tuesday, in fact, I came home from a dance late to find an oyster in my room. I wouldn't have minded the mere presence of the oyster had it not been for the fact that he was very stewed and was singing ribald songs at the top of his voice, which happened to be Galli-Curci's high C, which was very high indeed.

Neither did the fact that he was occupying my bed disturb me, for I knew that since I had joined the S. P. C. A. that I could at least sleep on the couch for the night.

However, the next morning when I arose and went into the bathroom to shave, I found that he had gained possession of my razor blade, a blade to which I attach considerable fondness by reason of its having been in the family for three generations during the last two years of which it has been pulling for me."

I did not reprimand him though, because I still thought of my oath of allegiance to the S. P. C. A., but went on and dressed, finding at the time that he was wearing my favorite necktie.

Any one of these happenings would not have made me irate, but now he insists upon my serving breakfast in bed to him every morning and he gets either fried or boiled every night, in which condition he is a menace to society. It is for this reason that I am appealing to you to organize a club for removing this intruder from my room. A small club of about thirty or forty football players should be sufficient in case force is needed.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,
Hiram G. Throckmorton.

APOLOGIA

In the December Buccaneer the name of the very literate (word by permission of the *Carolina Magazine*) Alfred Engstrom was attached to a corrupt ballad of uncertain origin. We want Mr. Engstrom to know we are very, very sorry. We want everyone to like us.

Oyster song—Everything I Have Is Yours.



"I wish I had gotten one from Archibald!"

Ruf-Nex—"I beg your pardon, Miss Zilch, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon.

—Aggievator

Cop: Hey, get out of that water.

Victim (in pond): Pardon me, but I'm drowning. *—Skipper*

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home.
And it takes a heap o' pratin' on some prose to make a pome.

An Editor Despairing

I think that I shall never see,
The answer to my lifelong plea:
A wit who walks and lives and breathes,
And never writes a parody on "Trees."

—Pitt Panther

Co-Ed Dictionary

Brassiere: Golf club
Pants: Quick breaths
Slip: Brand of beer
Bust: Large vehicle
Hips: Football cheer
Ankle: Geometrical term
Calf: Small size bull
Naval: Anchors away . . .
Lips: To thpeak like thith
Wink: Two fingers
Gown: Not present

"I hear that Smith refuses to speak to Jones any more. What's the trouble?"

"Well, Jones' wife had girl twins and they both look like Smith."

"And Smith is sore!"

"Yeah. He wanted boys." *—Pelican.*

Tsk, Tsk, Tsk

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice time at the city?"

"Reckon so, Elmer. Shucks, it's a great place. Y'know, the first night I spent there was with a naked woman."

"I swan, Hiram. What did y'do then?"

"Nothin' much, Elmer, but reckon if I'd a played me cards right, I could 'a kissed 'er."

—Voo Doo.

A Short Drama

(No Scenery Required)

He: Who's our iceman?

She: We don't have an iceman; we have a Frigidaire.

He: How about the Fuller brush man?

She: They don't have any out here.

He: Are you pestered much by salesmen?

She: I haven't seen any in this community.

He (trembling): My God! Then I'm a father!

Three shots and a curtain.

—Siren.

Hiram J. Turnup was entertaining at his farm for some friends. He came out of the house and found one of the horses tied. Calling to a nearby guest he said, "Say, Jonah, is that horse yours?"

The guest answered in the negative.

"Well," said Hiram, "it must be a horse of a different caller. *—Yellow Jacket.*

A young sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he espied a figure on a neighboring island. Braving the sharks, he swam there to find a sweet young woman awaiting him. Approaching her, he said:

"How long have you been here?"

"Why, I've been here six years," she said.

"Six years! Why I've been on my island for nine long years."

"Why, you poor man, all alone for nine years! Well, I'm going to give you something you've been wanting for a long time."

Said the sailor: "Lady, you don't mean to tell me you've got beer on ice!" *—Lord Jeff.*

He: "Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

She: "Don't fool yourself, he doesn't even suspect anything." *—Exchange.*

New Missionary: "Did you know Mr. Brown?"

Cannibal King: "Oh, yes! He was the pride of our island."

New Missionary: "Why did he leave such a nice island?"

Cannibal King: "He didn't sir. You see, times got so hard, that we had to swallow our pride."

—Orange Peel.

Artist: "Don't you feel well?"

Model: "No, I guess I'm not in the nude for work." *—Purple Parrot.*

That Sad, Sad Tale

Lotsa dough
But no blow.
What ho?
B. O. *—Charmanel*

Him: "I hope you'll dance with me tonight."

Her: "Oh, certainly. I hope you don't think I came down here merely for pleasure." *—Log.*

An old negro preacher was explaining to his congregation the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my bredren," he said, "hit's like dis: Dar's Brudder Johnsing a-sittin' on de front seat wid Sister Johnsing, and de five little Johnsings. She knows dey's her chillen—dat's knowledge. He believes dey's his chillen—dat's faith."

—Batallion.

Co-eds Beware

There is a destiny that shapes your ends.

Undergraduate Dictionary

Coat—Intend to marry.
Book—Vulgar term for a dollar.
Fine—Where grapes are grown.
Pain—Home for convicts.
Beer—A coffin.
Tie—Give up the ghost.
Scar—To frighten.
Wrench—A maidservant.
Pint—To indicate direction with the digits.
Shoe—To masticate.
Trunk—Intoxicated.
Chair—To raise one's voice at a football game.
Dock—a webfooted fowl.
Blank—To wink the eyes.

DRINK CORN WHISKEY

"GOOD? It's got to be good or it wouldn't be drunk in the best of families."

You don't have to smuggle in magazines to find what to drink;
Ask your congressman for the address of a reliable bootlegger.

LIVE AT HOME

Why drink Champagne when you can get white lightning?
Can Scotch Whiskey and Carolina Rot Gut be compared?

Stick By Our Legislators

Do as your congressman does; have a private bootlegger.
Don't let the Federal Government run your business.
Vote dry and name your own price for whiskey as your Senator does.
Enforce the dry law, and protect our home industries.
Let North Carolina politicians get the rake-off; they need the money.

HEED YOUR PREACHER; HE'S A POLITICAL EXPERT

Don't let the Pope at Rome tell you what to do.
Fight Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.
Why roll in the gutter when you can be a holy roller?

KEEP MAGAZINE PAGES BLANK

The law of the Old North State says a national publication can't include liquor ads in copies that are sent to North Carolina.

Spaces where whiskey ads should be are blank.

That is an excellent law because:

a. Editors know there really is such a place as North Carolina.
b. Citizens of the state of the long leaf pine and the long stalk corn will not be tempted by fancy liquors.
c. We like corn whiskey (what was good enough for our grandpas is good enough for us).

Keep N. C. dry and let your wet dreams come true.

The W. C. T. U. did not pay one penny for this testimonial.



Chesterfield—
I enjoy them a lot

...to me they're MILDER
...to me they TASTE BETTER

They Satisfy

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

BOOTLEG



FACULTY ISSUE

M.R. Hiller

The Carolina Buccaneer

WILL BE TEN YEARS OLD NEXT MONTH

Read the Tenth Anniversary Number

It will include choice material from eighty copies of the past ten years together with the best original fun and comedy available.

Learn About Piracy From The Buccaneer

Read the life of the jolly pirate, the illegitimate offspring of a Tar Baby and a Boll Weevil.

Read Twenty-eight Pages of the Funniest Stuff You Ever Saw

Varied assortments of jokes, hilarious well-drawn cartoons, humorous articles, funny poems and limericks, and several photographs and snapshots depicting collegians at their merriest.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE BUCCANEER
$2.00 a Year



If you wish to contribute to this issue of the *Buccaneer*, send your material in before March 1. Mail to Carolina Buccaneer, Box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C. Unacceptable contributions will not be returned.

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI FEBRUARY, 1934 NUMBER 5

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

Shapiro and Levy were partners in a suit and cloak business. Business began to fall off terribly. Bills were coming due; creditors were threatening, and there was no money to be gotten anywhere.

One day Shapiro said to his partner, "Levy, O'm disgosted. I tink wot O'm goink hum. You take care on de store." He left, and the next day he received a phone call from his partner.

"Shapiro, com on don to de store, kvick. I ken't tell you de trobble over de phun. Come on don kvick."

Shapiro jumped into his car, and went tearing down the road at fifty miles per hour. Suddenly, a cop drew up to him and ordered him to pull over to the curb.

"Where do you think you're going, to a fire?" he demanded.

Shapiro leaned over the side of the car, and whispered, "I think so!" *—Lion*

I sat by the duchess at tea;
It was just as I feared it would be;
The rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And, of course, they all thought it was me!
—Yale Record

Then there was the co-ed who broke her will and gave everything for charity.

"It's not how much you can take but how much you will give, that counts," said Betty Co-ed.

What's the difference between Mr. and Mrs. Kelly?
Kelly Tires. *—Exchange*

Then there was the absent-minded prof who gave his wife an A on his course.

Said the cigaret to the match: "Aw, you burn me up!"

The college prof with knowledge blinded
Goes about quite absent-minded,
Keeping all his students vexed;
They don't know what he'll do next.
What he will I cannot guess, sir—
For I don't give a damn for the professor.

Professor Ulch of the English department used to make a nuisance of himself in his class by forgetting to bring his book to class. Finally, one day, by dint of much concentration and will power, he brought his book to class. Triumphantly he stood before the group and chortled, "Well, I've got my book this time."

And a bright young fellow in front said, "Yes, professor, but where are your pants?"

Did you hear about those two girls at . . . . . College?
Yes! The less bein' said about it, the better.

Did you hear about the three Jews who stayed up all night working a jig-saw puzzle, and when they finished they found it was Hitler?

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the street car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes!" *—The Log*

Are soft shoulders on the highways dangerous?
Yeah, but pretty legs are worse.



The absent-minded professor on his way to class the morning after.

Shopkeeper: "Don't buy anything from the store next door today."

His wife: "Why not, dear?"

Shopkeeper: "They've borrowed our scales."

—Exchange

Saving the Bacon

Two men were to take part in a boxing match, and surreptitiously each backed himself heavily to lose the fight. During the progress of the bout one accidentally hit his opponent a light tap on the face, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and the referee proceeded to count him out. The other was in a quandary, but just with the call of "nine" a magnificent idea came to him. He rushed to the prostrate man and kicked him, and was instantly disqualified. *—Pelican*

Minister: "Harold, my boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Harold: "I'm going to be a sailor, but my kid brother's just going to be an ordinary father."

—Punch Bowl.

The time has come, professors say,
To write of many things:
Of ohms and odes and owners' tax
Of calculus and kings:

—Texas Ranger

It's raining cats and dogs outside.
Yes, I know, I just stepped into a poodle.

—Log

An American acquaintance of the Prince of Wales in his usual hearty manner, "How's business?"

The prince replied in kind, "Falling off," he said. *—Lion*

I hear they have started a movement to abolish the high fence around the nudist colony."

"Yes, everyone is behind it." *—Log*

Shakespeare: "How's your drama?"

Wicherley: "Fine, how's your dranpa?"

—Widow

"I've never done anything like this before," she sighed.

"There's always a first time," he responded brutally, as he took off his coat and reached for the tire-wrench. —*Voo-Doo*

"She said she'd be faithful to the end."
"Why, that sounds good."
"Yes, but I'm the quarterback." —*Dodo*

Shorty—"I had a date with my girl last night, and she kissed me."
Stretch—"And what did you do?"
Shorty—"Kissed her back, of course."
Stretch—"How tall is she?" —*Lord Jeff*

"Dear, this is heaven."
"Well, I'm not a harp." —*Kitty Kat*

Hast heard the paradox
Of Burp McFlare?
He married his old flame
'Cause she gave him the heir. *Lion*

1st: "Well, at least there's one thing I can count on!"
2nd: "Yeah, your fingers!"

She: "I'm hungry."
He: "What?"
She: "I said I was hungry."
He: "Sure, I'll take you home. This car makes so much noise that I thought you said that you were hungry." —*Kitty-Kat*

Cop: "Hey, don't you know you're not supposed to park on a highway and make goo-goo eyes?"
Gut: "Aw, don't be silly—when a guy has to goo, he has to goo!" —*Log*

Guess: "Did Tom kiss as if he'd had experience?"
Why: "Yes, he kept one hand on his wallet all the time." —*Log*

First dog: Where are you going? To a fire?
Second dog: Yep, to a fire—hydrant.

"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never *could* see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-42.



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



You haven't seen anything of a Geology class?

LYNCHING
3:30
OLD WELL

D. T. Heel

TONIGHT
JOHN TODD
RECEPTION

VOLUME MCXIII CHAPEL HILL, FEBRUARY 25, 1934 NUMBER 1

BARNES IMPEACHED FOR TREASON

Riot and Bloodshed Rampant on Campus as Faculty Is Abolished and E. Carrington Smith Appointed

Mr. Harper Barnes, President of the Student Body, was late this afternoon found guilty of treason, and then ousted by the Student Council. The case, which has been pending for weeks, started some time ago when President Barnes was accused of selling to the Duke Debating Team the argument planned by Carolina's group for use in the last debate engaged in by the brotherly institutions, on the question, RESOLVED: *The Illumination Equipment of the Lightning-bug is of More Importance Than is the old Spinning Wheel in the Spider.*

In ousting President Barnes, the Council was left with no one to manipulate the student body's affairs. Eduardo Martin, Junior Representative on the Council, then established himself as Dictator, culminating his efforts of years for political control of the government.

Students rejoiced upon hearing reports of the Council's decision. Those gathered in Pritchard-Lloyd Square gave way to wild demonstrations signifying their favorable attitude toward the new Government. A holiday was declared and the members of Martin's Comrade Party paraded for hours through the downtown section, destroying all establishments connected in any way with the former Capitalistic Government. There was no bloodshed.

A necking pary had been planned, but former President Barnes was saved from such a fate when anti-lynchers secretly transported him to the Research Room of the Library (second largest in the South), which, by the Council's action, had been designated as a spot desolate enough for exile.

The first action taken by the New Government was the abolishment of the faculty. The faculty, which incurred the student body's wrath several weeks ago by abolishing mid-term reports, was left with no alternative save an impromptu vacation. President Martin then named E. Carrington Smith as the new faculty. Smith, overwhelmed with joy, readily assumed his new position.

The New President



Eduardo Martin, the new President, has had a checkered career. Entering the University at the beginning of his freshman year as a mere bootblack, President Martin has slowly but surely worked his way up to the highest position obtainable here. Anticipating the present turmoil, friends of Martin last year railroaded him into the Student Council as representative of the Junior Class. Since then he has constantly been opposing the old government, and was the power behind all opposition toward former President Barnes. He is well liked by the majority of students and his organization, called MARTIN'S COMRADE PARTY, has grown rapidly during the past few months. Late tonight, when trying to speak to his subjects from the Graham Memorial balcony, President Martin's voice was drowned out by cries of "Vive Martin" from the vast throng gathered there.

However, despite President Martin's attempts to wipe out opposition to his new government, there is secretly being formed a group of former faculty members who plan to overthrow the dictatorship. E. E. Ericson, who disfavors such types of gov-

(Continued on next page)

FACULTY MEMBER SUSPECTED OF GRAFT, EXTRAVAGANCE, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE

Administration Officials and Prominent Citizens Deny Implication With Prof Who Is In Danger Of Being Lynched.

According to eye-witnesses, a certain member of the University faculty whose name we dare not mention was seen to plank down thirty cents for admission to the Carolina theatre last Wednesday night at eight o'clock.

He was immediately reported to the faculty executive committee, and he was brought up for trial for such needless extravagance in such hard times. He was questioned before a state legislative committee last night as to where he had obtained the thirty cents.

C. T. Woollen, comptroller of the Greater University of North Carolina, denied that he loaned the professor the money.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, who has been living on royalties from his books on G. B. S., said he had suspected the professor of wastefulness when the professor had tried to borrow five cents two weeks ago to purchase a couple of five-cent cigars.

Dave Clark, upholder of the honor of youth and patron-saint of the State College football team, attacked the University administration as soon as he heard of the occurrence.

"I told you so," stated Mr. Clark, "students of the University are being influenced to be greedy aristocrats. Ya, Ya, you just wait until next year when me and Hunk Anderson get through with their football team."

The following students were confined to the University infirmary yesterday: A. B. Bonner, M. O. Blount, E. D. Broadhurst, Thomas Chears, Jim Daniels, Earl Freeman, Elizabeth Johnson, Abe Kretzmer, Homer Lucas, J. V. McCale, J. I. Mizelle, J. L. Manney, and Edith Wladkowsky.

The official newspaper phew board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is printed ever so often. Accepted as seventh class chatter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the last act of Koch's, March of 1879. No subscription, no subscribers, no nothing, NO SEEALL KNOWALL.

GEORGE A. MOORE.....Editor
GILES M. WILLIAMS....Managing Editor
JOHN TODD.....Business Manager

Editorial Staff

EDITORIAL BOARD
Giles M. Williams and John Todd
FEATURE BOARD
John Todd
SPORTS DEPARTMENT
John Todd
EXCHANGES
John Todd
REPORTERS
Pete Ivey, Giles Williams, George Moore, and John Todd.
CITY EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE
John Todd

FEBRUARY 25, 1934

CAROLINA GETS A MAN

Like Washington to the Army of "76"; like Franklin Roosevelt to our United States during the depression, we have found a leader. Eduardo Martin will lead our campus from the clutches of the scheming faculty. He will establish justice in our university. Eduardo Martin goes into office cheered by thousands of down-trodden students. We are behind him and his policy one hundred per cent. No faculty, no quizzes, no exams. Did Socrates, Aristotle or Plato have quizzes every week? Did any of these famous minds, when in training, have to take exams at the end of every quarter? Einstein failed his Trig when he was in college, but when he was free from the tyrranical professor he really did some REAL work. He found out what Trig was all about. He invented relativity, and clearly explained the fourth and fifth dimensions. If such great men as Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and Einstein can build themselves without exams and professors why should we be limited by such obstacles? Eduardo Martin comes to us, comrades, as a gift from heaven, and his name will go down in history as the greatest president our student body has ever known.

—G. M. W.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Both of Them

Editor The D. T. Heel

A Chapel Hill friend of mine has asked me to make known as widely as possible a fact of great importance to a small, but happily, rapidly increasing section of this community. Her earnest importunity has led me to seek the unrivalled publicity afforded by your columns to make a ruling upon a question of great social, economic, perhaps even international importance, upon which as a member of the nationality to which I belong, I may claim to speak with authority, and thereby save many a hostess from a downright mistake or an unnecessary apology. I should like, therefore, to intimate to the small (but happily, rapidly increasing) band of todd-drinkers in Chapel Hill that the proper fluid to serve with the todd is neither cream nor milk, but watah.

Thanking you for your courtesy.

WARTHA FURST

(From Hingland, don't yau know?)

(Don't you think that's cute as hell?)

The following students were confined to the University infirmary yesterday: Edith Wladkowsky, Bobby Carmichael, R. C. Ruark, Jr., Jisaku Fukasuto, Sara Vann, Joe Gant, Seeall Knowall, Vass Shepherd, Alex Haynes, and John Todd.

Love Life of the Old President

(Including All the Sordid Details)

Members of the student body were somewhat surprised yesterday to learn that former President Barnes had been party to an unsuccessful venture upon the matrimonial pond. News of the sad state of affairs leaked out through reliable channels as the Student Council was in its famous session yesterday afternoon.

The reports were confirmed by Barnes' last official act as President of the Student Body. He proceeded from Graham Memorial to the office of Dean O. U. Badlaw where he ordered that his successless marriage be declared unconstitutional. This was the first real evidence that such a situation existed.

However, if it can be proved that Barnes' action was not prior to that of the Council (whereby they took from him his position to assert such authority) he will still be a married man. As yet, no one knows the identity of the lady in question, but it is hoped that she will make it a point to be present this afternoon when former President Barnes is lynched.

Barnes To Be Lynched

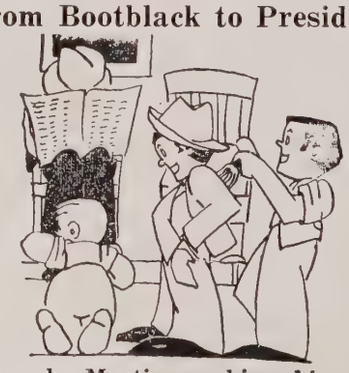
Former President to Be Hanged in Old Well; Refreshments to Be Served at Intermission

This afternoon at 3:30, by the Old Well, (may she trickle again as she did in days of yore), the former President of the Student Body, Mr. Bennett Harper Barnes, will get necked till it hurts. The decision to lynch ousted President Barnes came at four o'clock this morning at a special Council meeting, called by President Martin.

Immediately preceding the execution this afternoon, Professor Koch will, for the entertainment of early arrivals, read Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well." Many notables throughout the county are planning to come to Chapel Hill and make a day of it, staying for the many rounds of social activities during the latter part of the day honoring the entrancing Mr. John Todd. Governor Rolf of California, though exceedingly grateful for the invitation, wired that it would be impossible for him to attend this afternoon's event.

The presence of the entire student body is anticipated this evening at the various functions. However, since inadequate seating space will make it impossible for all to witness this afternoon's lynching, the New Council plans to have another one tomorrow afternoon. Archibald Henderson will be honored on that occasion.

From Bootblack to President



Eduardo Martin working his way through college, his freshman year.

(Continued from front page)

ernment, has already started a movement to put dissension into the ranks of the present ruling factor. He has called a meeting of all former faculty members for tomorrow afternoon at which he plans to start the ball rolling. Declaring the present government unconstitutional, Professor Ericson was heard to say this evening, "We big boys will get together tomorrow and run Martin and his crowd out. We'll show them they can't intimidate us."

DORMITORIES TO GET CO-EDS

Co-eds Demand Rights to Visit Dormitories and Receive Wish

By action of the Administration Board of the Division of Students' Welfare, the University regulation prohibiting women students from visiting dormitories without formal chaperonage has been changed. The Board voted, and President Graham approved, as an EXPERIMENT, that women students may visit dormitories between 6:00 A. M. and the bell signifying ye last roundup.

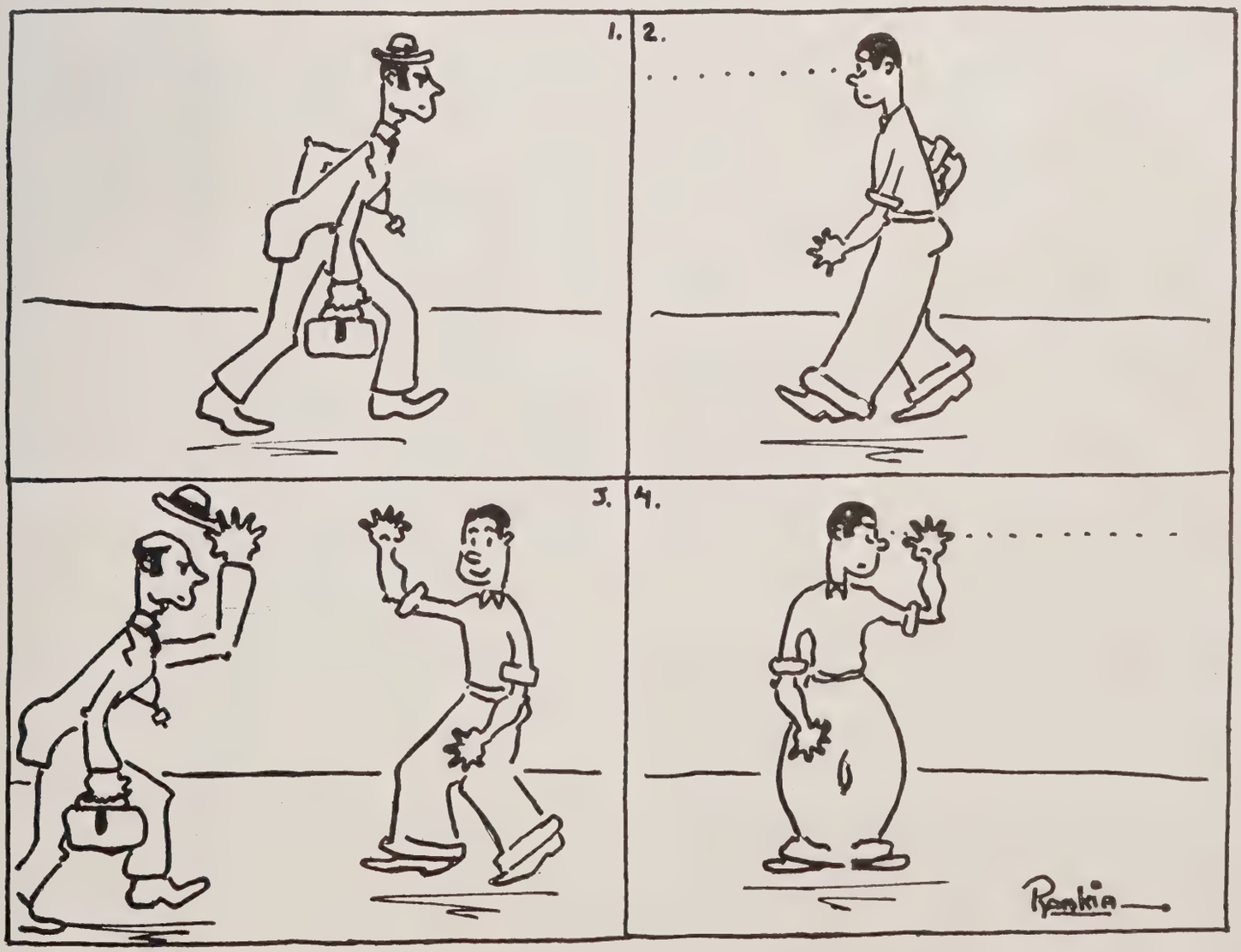
The regulation is not general but becomes applicable only to those dormitories to whom it may be granted upon compliance with certain conditions. It does not apply to the Summer Session. (Get it?)

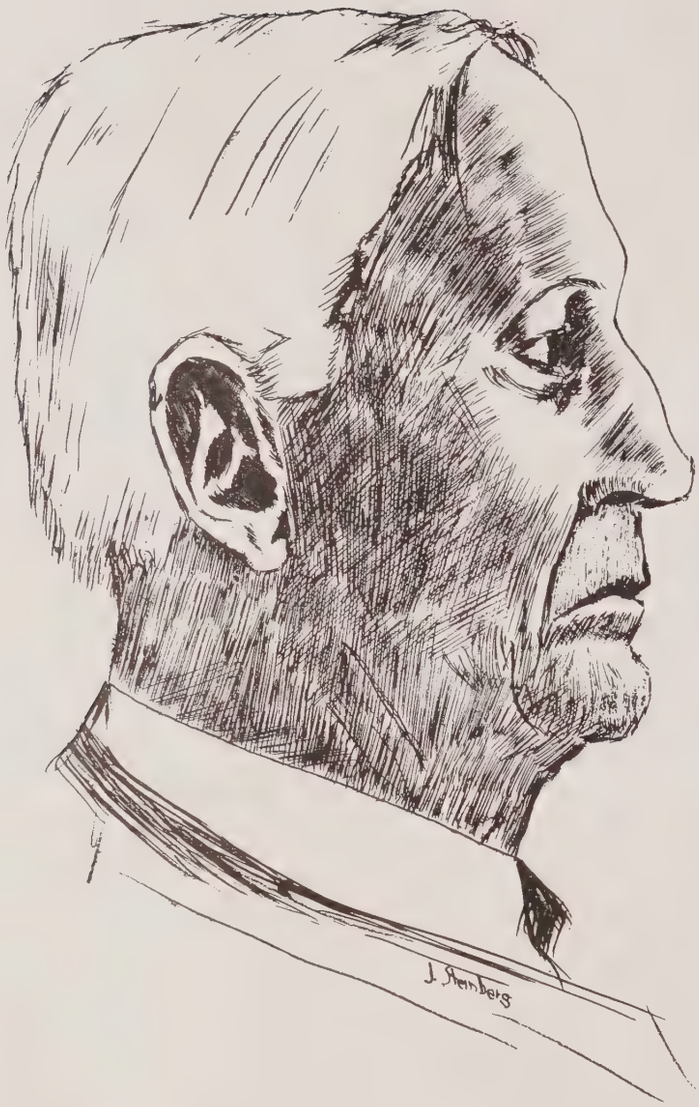
The conditions are embodied in the following application form, which will be signed by the president of the dormitory and submitted in person to Mrs. M. H. Stacy, the Adviser to Women Students, and to Dean O. U. Bradlaw. The privilege unless withdrawn will continue in effect until the completion of the new stadium. To insure that the responsible leadership of the dormitory clearly understands the obligations involved it is planned to require renewal of the application when desired.

The Betta Todd Fraternal-dormitory applies for the privilege of receiving women students of the University as guests between the hours agreed upon by the University. In return for this privilege, the dormitory, represented by me, its president, makes the following agreement:

1. We definitely accept the responsibility for the preservation of the standards of the University for student conduct.
   a. Only the social rooms, halls, porches, and dining room, of the first floor, will be open to the women students; there will be no visiting in other parts of the house. (Except by special invitation.)
   b. There will be no serving of intoxicating drinks. (Toddsters, as such, must purvey their own.)
   c. The atmosphere of the place must be that of any well-regulated house. (Remarks unnecessary.)

New Arrivals For
SPRING
Varsity Town Clothes
Freeman Shoes
Mallory Hats
The Young Men's Shop
126-128 E. Main Street
DURHAM, N. C.





Dr. Metzinthin posed for this profile view while playing chess. He thinks its the greatest game in the world. When the picture was finished, he was so engrossed in his chess that he said to the artist, "I had forgotten you were here."

"PROFF"

It all happened at a recent faculty meeting. They were discussing students being dropped from school, to which practice Proff Koch objected strenuously in words similar to these.

"Gentlemen, such a thing as this is absolutely outrageous. As you all know, in a few days I am going to give the opera, *Princess Ida.* Now, this opera requires not only acting ability, but it also requires a good voice. These two things are hard to find in one person. Now suppose that only two days before the opera was to be given I was notified by the University that two of my principal characters were dropped from school. Why, gentlemen, I'd be caught with my breeches down."

Once there was a Scotchman who didn't give a damn.

Newly-weds, save your money; posterity is just around the corner.

There was a prof from Burr
Who taught a co-ed named Zerr.
Staying after class
She learned to pass;
And he learned about women from her.

There was an absent-minded professor who swallowed the examination papers and threw all the students out the window. The next morning he found that he had graded his old razor blades and marked his cough drops present.

"Are you a professor?"
"No, I won this tie in a raffle."

Once there was a professor who wanted to disguise himself, so he got his suit pressed.

Elmer said, "Math is the hardest subject I ever studied. When I was a freshman, I didn't know math from a hole in the ground.

Wild and wooly and full of fleas
The mangy cur scratched his knees.

The South bell tolls the knell of parting classes.
The students trudge out, and the prof adjusts his glasses.
The lazy herds walk across the grass;
Trusting in Heaven their books to pass.

If all the professors in Chapel Hill were placed in a huge tank of nitro-glycerine, and then the nitro-glycerine were about to be exploded—they sure would be in a hell of a predicament.

Teacher: Can anyone make a sentence using the word vertigo?

Usual bright boy: If I had to go to the hospital, I wouldn't have vertigo.

MOTHER GOOSING THE PROFS

PAT GASKINS

What ho, Crittenden,
Who has any pull?
Quite a lot, quite a lot,
Who go to school.
There's some for the boys,
And some for the dames,
But most for the girl on Rosemary Lane.

* * *

Horace Williams sat on a horse;
Horace Williams had a great fall.
Now all the king's English
And all Nietsche's mien
Couldn't restore equine-imity again.

* * *

A rub-a-dub-dub!
Two men in a tub
There's Bradshaw
And Carroll
Alone in a barrel . . .
Throw 'em out! Deans both of 'em.

* * *

Archibald Henderson
Went to old England
To write a new book on Shaw,
But when he got there,
He was not in his lair;
To which he merely said, "Pshaw."

Old Doc Cameron was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He would stick out his chest and start into bull,
And repeat his stories by three.

* * *

Rock-a-bye, Holmes,
On the third floor of Murphey,
Your collection of tomes
Are turned topsy-turvy;
If they were straight,
It would be just too bad,
Cause finding your things
Would soon drive you mad.

* * *

Instructor Horner
Copied a boner
From one of his English themes;
He said with a grin,
"When it's printed, why then
There'll be more pay in my jeans.

* * *

Paine and Thrall went down to class
To bust a bunch of students;
Paine fell down and gave a pass
As a matter of jurisprudence.



Don't mind the professor, Mrs. Witherspoon; he's absend-minded.



Hooray! It's a boy!

Blessings on thee, baldhead prof
With false teeth and lotsa guff.

What are profs made of?
Profs are made of Ph.D.'s and honorary degrees.

What are wrestlers made of?
Grunits and groans and terrible moans.

What are boxers made of?
Biffs and punches and skulls that crunches.

What are *Carolina Magazine* writers made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice.

What are Buccaneer writers made of?
Snipes and snails and puppy dog tails.

A certain prof on the campus on being asked why he never drank water gave the following reply:

"Anything strong enough to hold up a battleship is too strong to drink."

How do you spell groom on the wedding night?
Dunno, how?
G-r-O-O-ooo-MMMmmmmm.

TAKE A TRIP FROM US

For profs who are a bit pedantic
We recommend the wide Atlantic.

To Profs who make remarks specific
We recommend the great Pacific.

To profs whose classes are cathartic
We recommend the cold Antarctic.

To profs who wear unpressed pants
We recommend the south of France.

To profs who argue at all times
We recommend the Appenines.

To profs who have a funny pan
We recommend the great Sudan.

To profs who say, "who cares"
We recommend the deep Suez.

To profs who say, "a quiz today"
We recommend the Hudson Bay.

To profs whom you can't understand
We recommend Afghanistan.

To profs who make you work and work
We recommend the heath of Kirk.

To profs whose heads are smooth and shiny
We recommend they go to China.

To profs who have a class-room sorrow
We recommend the great Sahara.

To profs whose jokes are vile
We recommend the river Nile.

To profs who pull the cork
We recommend New York.

To profs whose jokes are simply lersey
We recommend New Jersey.

To profs who never hold their peace
We recommend they go to Greece.

To profs from the hilly highlands
We recommend the Virgin Islands.

To profs who always pass the ladies
We recommend they go to Hades.

Any that we've left out, oh well
You know where they can go.

—Ganymede.

1st: Why did you bust that chemistry course?
2nd: I don't know exactly, but I guess that it was because I didn't know my acetone from a phenol.

With Apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes

The professor's eyes gleamed; his mouth twitched; and his breath came in short gasps. He waved the magazine wildly in mid-air. He had just been lecturing on "Depravity of English Literature" (at least we think he had) when he had glanced back suddenly and seen us, two members of the staff, reading a copy of the CAROLINA BUCCANEER. He strode to the back of the room and without form or ceremony grabbed the copy from us.

"This," he said, "is an example of what I mean —the utter depravity of wit. Why even Shakespeare couldn't touch it! Morons and idiots read it because they can't understand it. *I* wouldn't think of reading it!"

And then, his finger poised on high, he uttered the vilest blasphemy of all. "Why," he said, "it isn't funny!"

He dropped it delicately from his hands and it landed on the table with a "dull thud."

We came back for our BUCCANEER surreptitiously, half frightened, and glanced timidly around a crack in the door.

He took the paper and we watched
And saw him peeped within!
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next, the grin grew broad
And shot from ear to ear
He read the third, a chuckling noise
We now began to hear.

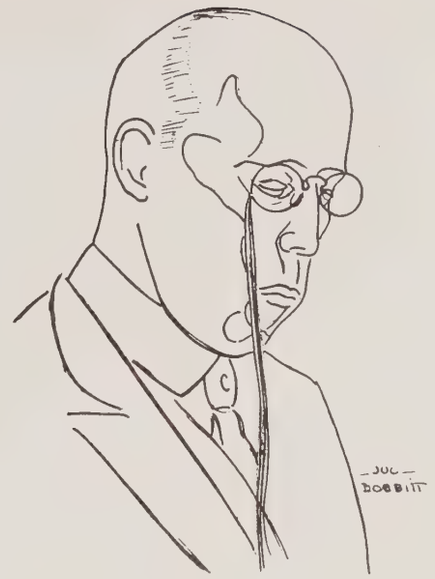
The fourth; he broke into a roar.
The fifth; his waistband split.
The sixth; he burst five buttons off
And tumbled in a fit.

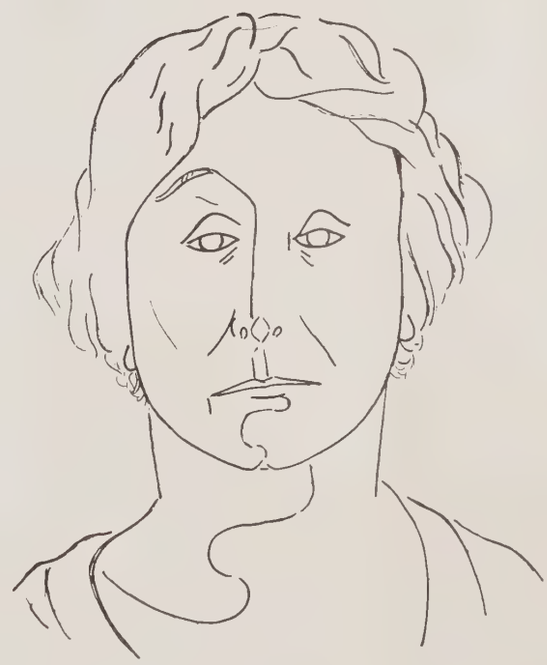
Ten days and nights with sleepless eye
We watched that wretched man,
And since we never dare to write
As funny as we can.

Five Ways of Making Phi Beta Kappa

1. Sit next to a Phi Beta Kappa student.
2. Boot the Profs.
3. Read the BUCCANEER.
4. Eat Alphabet soup.
5. Study.

P. U. Board theme song: We're in the money.







At top is the man who understands Einstein's theory of relativity and who writes about the life of G. B. S., Dr. Archibald Henderson. In the middle is Mrs. Marvin Stacy, liberal protector of co-eds. At the bottom is School of Commerce's Zimmerman. Remarkable resemblance, don't you think.

CC's by B. O.

Well, well, Elizabeth Johnson is back with us this quarter. The *Tar Heel* is being managed worse than ever now.

And so also has Chinese (or is it Japanese) sproutin Emma Ray returned to our midst.

Apparently no column would be complete without some crack about Fuzzy and Johnny. Here's ours.

The A. T. O.'s, Tom, Scott, Barney, Joe, Hal, et al, are continuing to do their bit to enliven their side of the street across from Spencer.

At a recent Deke "tea party" Sarah Vann remarked, "I just can't go on much longer"—without Alfred, we suppose.

The "Snooper" still maintains the same degree of popularity with the co-eds. And though we decry his activities, it still might be a revelation to find out what he said to certain of the girls to make them turn on the tear jets.

In spite of the weather the Arboretum still holdeth charms for some of the more rugged, or is it the more bashful?

Who was the blonde freshman co-ed who said she would kiss a certain prominent campus leader if it took her all year? Incidentally, it didn't take that long. Wonderful thing, co-operation.

Strangest dating pair of the year: Shyster Lynn Wilder and Pill Roller Mary Alice Bennett.

We understand that Mossett "Curly" Butler has ceased his activities at Peace. Why, Mossett?

While his adonisian room-mate, Sandy Dameron, the Blond Viking of Carolina, continues to make time with Nancy Gordon.

With what co-ed did George "Uncouth" Moore break a date for a recent Grail?

What Pi Phi has been dubbed "the Grecian Urn"?

What prominent member of the Buccaneer staff had to get some one else to take his girl home from the Sophomore Hop?

What "Syster" gave up trying to court what Dusky Co-ed of Playmaker fame when John Lindeman put in his oar. We hear that she still has an attachment in Raleigh, though.

After failing to do so well with a certain S. A. E. and a certain Phi Delt, we note that Virginia Ezzard seems to be making progress with a certain prominent Sigma Chi in the law school. The "Lindy Hop," we suppose.

Has Barbara Henderson reversed the family tradition from brains to brawn? She seems to be collecting the football team of last fall—Don Jackson, Bill Moore, George Barclay. Who's next?

Why does a girl as cute as Jane Smoot play bridge in Pritchard-Lloyd's? For that matter why does anybody play bridge there, or anywhere else for that matter?

What co-ed in the school of Library Science was seen parked in a certain lawyer's lap at the shack recently, apparently totally obvious of everything else. That's one way to look at it.

"Crooning" Willie has, apparently, at last succumbed. After several dozen starts it appears that he now has it bad. Before her arrival, Bill Allsbrook may have been a lion with the ladies, but as far as Barbara Holbrook is concerned, he's just a lamb now, and a sweet one at that.

Any one who hasn't tried it should try sitting in front of Mary Byrd Perrow at a boxing match. Of all the enlivening and entertaining remarks!

It is rumored that several Dekes are taking the bar this year. Some of them have already passed (under) it.

The day that "Tabbi" came out in the *Carolina Magazine*, a group was discussing presidential possibilities; some one mentioned Ben Proctor. Without thinking Editor Shoemaker blurted "I left him out." Out of what?



Oh, Professor!



Yes, we are collegiate.

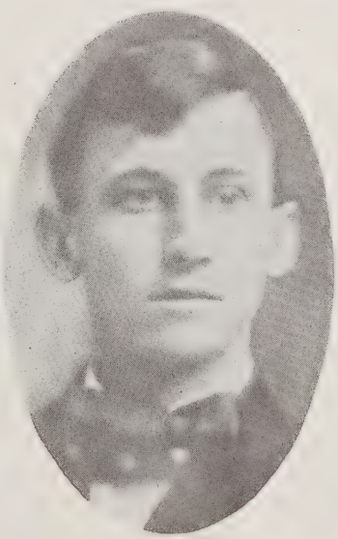


Have you heard that one about the traveling salesman?

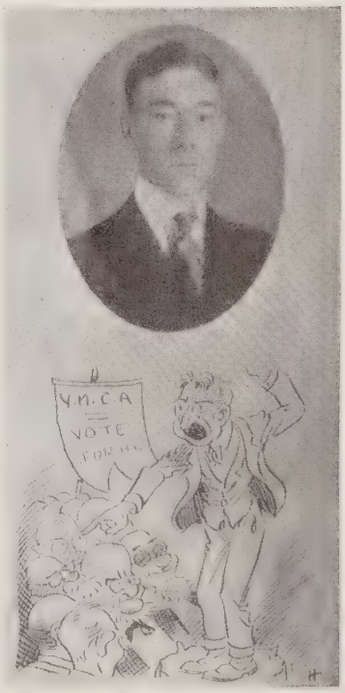
WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG

From Old *Yackety-Yacks*





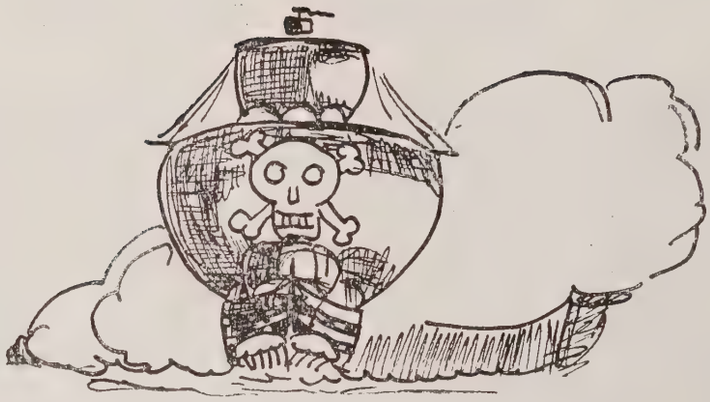






In the days when these mugs were students, life was hard and that accounts for the tough expressions on their faces. Reading left to right at the top is Frankie Graham, O. J. Coffin, Francis Bradshaw, and Ernest Mackie. President Graham looked as young then as he does now. Oscar still has the same bow-tie. Francis Bradshaw still has that innocent expression. Politics and the Y went hand in hand in the days of Ernest Mackie as they do now. At the left is a photograph of the University Dramatic Club of 1898.

DOCCA AZAM



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*

PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*

M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Jack Lowe
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pearson

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Margaret B. McCauley	Julian Bobbitt	Francis Breazeale	Jerry Kisner
DeWitt Carroll	J. Rom Gooding	Sanford Langsam	Roy Wilder
Giles Williams	Leon Bedrick	Jack Poole	Albert Ellis

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson	W. R. Fowler	J. B. Lindeman	Ray Braswell
Elmer Oettinger	Bob Bolton	H. B. Johnson	Ben Proctor
Tom Hicks	Parker Morris	Henry Rancke	Milton Sherer
W. C. Durfee	Margaret Gaines	Charles Daniel	Tom Spencer
James Westbrook	Howard Easter	Smith Barrier	Louis Skinner
Myers Whitaker	Laurence Frank	Clarence Weinberg	Scott Miles
Peggy Ann Harris	Sam Roberts	Carl Thompson	Harvey Gwyn
Sherwood Barefoot	Sol Eichler	Milton Kogan	Virgil J. Lee

ART STAFF

David Pemberton	Robert Schlesinger	Opie Shelton	Julian Steinberg
Ed Skinner	J. D. Carr	E. D. Bayley	Charles Noell
Michael Erlanger	Willard Hollingsworth	Bill Henderson	

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager

F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants

Bernard S. Solomon

R. D. McMillan, Jr.

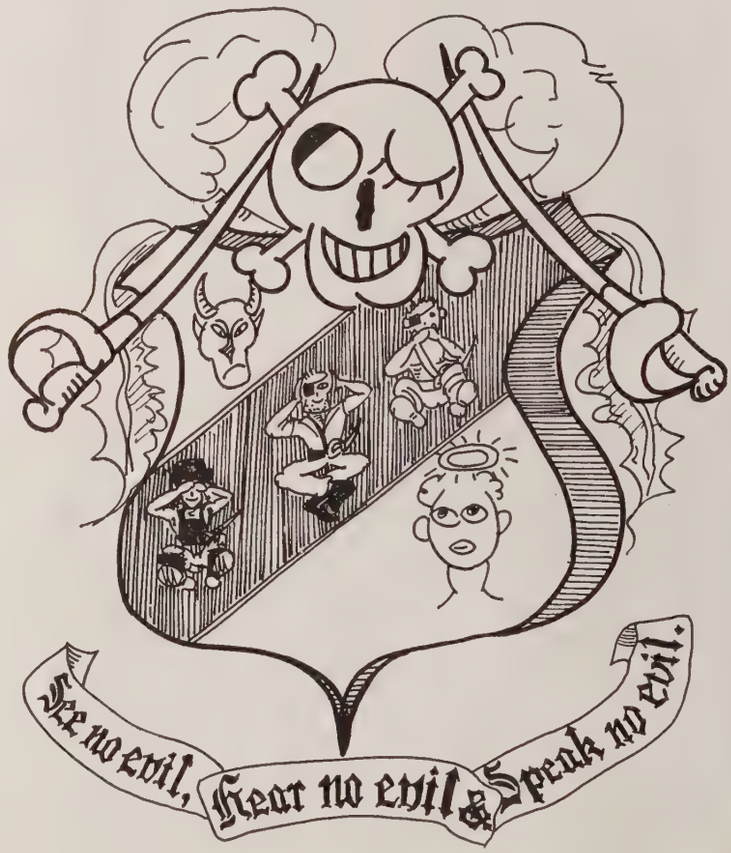
Bartram Robeson

Circulation

F. E. MCMILLAN, *Manager*

Assistants

Robert Cole, Coltrane Fuller



M. P. Hiller

Alass and a lack



No match for her Chesterfield!

THE CIGARETTE THAT'S *Milder*
THE CIGARETTE THAT *Tastes Better*

© 1934
LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.



Ladies and Gentlemen, step right this way for the sight of a lifetime. For one nickel, one twentieth of a dollar, you can see pictures of six of the most individual types in the world. At the top, reading from left to right, is Henry Horace Williams, Philosopher and head man in the Golden Fleece. Next in line is Phillips Russell, creative writer and big eyebrows. Next we present Oscar Jackson Coffin, newspaperman, wisecracker, and bow-tie wearer. On the bottom row is T. Smith McCorkle, music master; Johnny Booker, white collar man and English prof; and Sturgis Leavitt, head man over in the Spanish division.

BLIND DATE GUIDE

Compiled by Students Who Attend Their Classes

Horace Williams	Philosophy	Philosophical
Archibald Henderson	Math	Shawish
H. V. Wilson	Zoology	Froggy
D. D. Carroll	Commerce	Can take it
F. H. Koch	Drama	Kochish
Johnny Booker	English	Smoothie
F. F. Bradshaw	Ethics	Comprehending
R. D. W. Connor	History	Big shot
A. M. Jordan	Ed. Psychology	Jughead
O. J. Coffin	Journalism	Omniscient
Eddie Woodhouse	Government	Politician
Harold D. Meyer	Sociology	Boy Scout
Ernest Mackie	Math	Obliging
Phillips Russell	Writing	Moustachy
Bill Olsen	Speaking	Humorous
S. A. Stoudemire	Spanish	Hardboiled
Sam Selden	Director	Innocent
A. K. Shields	Spanish	Dapper
Meno Spann	German	Tarzan
Richmond P. Bond	English	Me
Millard Breckenridge	Law	Fiendish



Junior, I want you to meet a dear friend of the family's.

MUCKSOUP

By MINNIE THE MOOCHER

What dopey co-ed was too DOPEy to take in the co-ed dance?

* * *

What Freshie co-eds suddenly found themselves stranded in Raleigh after the State-Carolina game?

* * *

What co-ed keeps warm under her boy-friend's blanket?

* * *

What good Samaritan took a couple of co-eds to Greensboro at 6:00 o'clock in the morning, and also picked up a couple bumming their way back from Durham at 10:30 of a Friday night?

* * *

Where did that columnist get his fever-blister?

* * *

How many good little co-eds never visited a fraternity until the prohibition was repealed? How many teeth has a hen?

* * *

What co-ed (in the good old days of prohibition before the repeal of the Fraternity House Amendment) couldn't seem to tell the Phi Kappa Sig house from the Playmaker's theatre, as she was continually found in the former when she said she was in the latter!

* * *

We hear a cute little co-ed who never had a date before in her life is really stepping out.

* * *

It seems the audience weren't the only ones at the last Playmaker performances who passed out after the performance. We hear some of the Playmakers did also.

What's this about a certain jovial "nightwatchman" being mighty popular among the ladies lately?

When this columnist tried to get some dirt on the faculty, he struck a snag—it seem that the doings of Carolina "gentlemen" and co-eds sometimes appear rather shady when printed, but those of the faculty are absolutely unprintable.

(Headline in the *Daily Tar Heel*)

"Faculty Member Found on Roof of Spencer Hall"

(The faculty comments)

Dr. Graham—"I have nothing to say."
Dr. Noble—"I have nothing to say."
Dr. R. B. Linker—"I have nothing to say."
Dr. Meno Spann—"It's a lie."

He sat down in his seat and surveyed the crowded auditorium. There was a buzz of voices for a moment and then almost complete quiet. "Those two boys on the back row should really be quieter." He cleared his throat. "Well, the view from the front row is certainly good. Those legs and —er hmmm on the girl the third from the right are certainly good, and she doesn't mind showing them either. Nice ankles too." He leaned back in his seat and looked up at the stage. "It certainly pays to go to a burlesque show occasionally."

Simile—As obvious as one of Don Shoemaker's pseudonyms.

"Are you going to the mid-winter's?"
"No, do you wanta buy a tux?"

FACULTY DICTIONARY

By Claude Rankin

Carroll: Christmas song.
Hobbs: Pork.
Winslow: Christmas decoration.
Paine: Ditto.
Coker: One who works in a kitchen.
Prouty: Good looking.
Hecke: Inebriated exclamation.
McCorkle: To use mouthwash.
Meyer: Female horse.
Graham: Kind of cracker.
Bagby: Infant.
Bingham: Famous Marmon bigamist.
Spencer: One who distributes booze.
Gymnasium: Flower.
Venable: Flavoring for spinach.
Department: Conduct.
Pharmist: One who grows crops, or State College alumnus.
Professor: One who admits faith.
Crip: Week-end bag.
Grat: Small insect.
Dean: Bad word.
Lab: Place for girl to sit.
Mid-term: Young doctor.
Course: Rough.
Exam: Foot in poetry.
Grade: Maidservant.

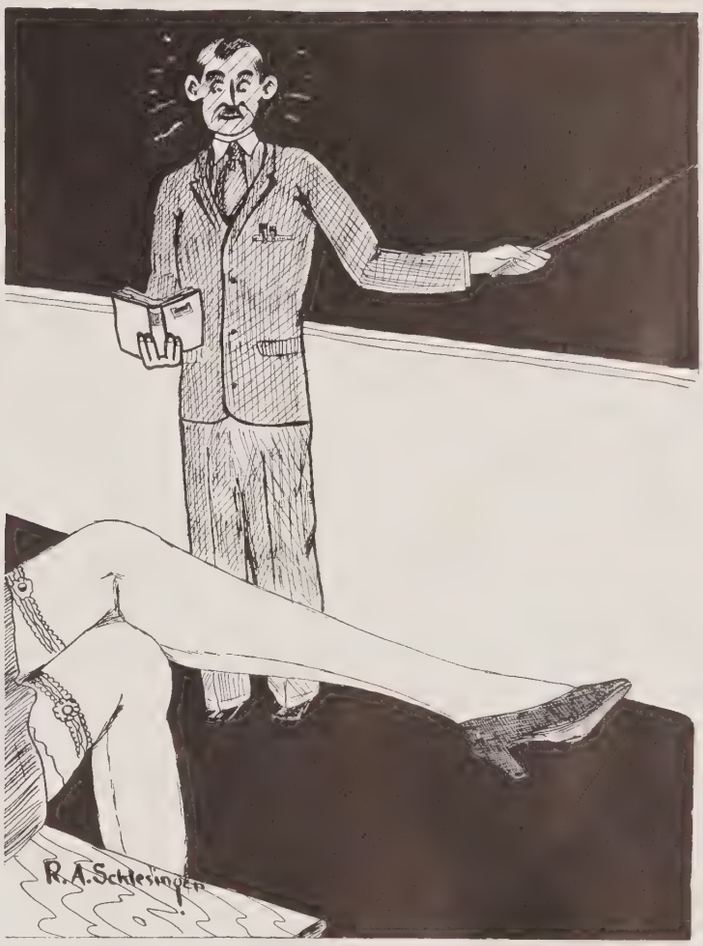
I call my prof ether—he always puts me to sleep.

"To be or not to be," said the boy with the bad cold.

Millions have been spent for food in CC camps; an army travels on its stomach.

Faculty
Wackulty
Stick, stack
Stackulty
Eball
Iball
Poor old
Faculty

'Tis better to boot and get a B
Than not to boot and get an E.



Kneeing the prof.

THE PERFECT PROF

By Betty Co-ed

Tall. Good-looking. Unmarried. Sense of humor. Always late to classes. Doesn't keep roll or bother much about marks. Often away for classes, so members may have a cut. Not a Phi Beta Kappa, and so is sympathetic with the few students who are not. Gives short humorous lectures and never any home-work. Announces quizzes two weeks ahead of time and gives a week off to study for them. Reviews the course thoroughly before the final exam. Doesn't believe in giving any marks below B and is very generous with his A's. Perfectly fair with co-eds—neither favors nor is unfair to them.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who thought he had left his watch at home, so he took it out to see if he had time to go back after it.

CO-ED BONERS

By Betty Co-ed

A co-ed at Spencer recently received a letter from a former N. C. man addressed to Spencer Stall, Chapel Still, N. C.

* * *

One co-ed, meaning to write her father that she expected to see him sun-tanned from a stay in Florida, subconsciously thinking of mid-winters, wrote, "I'll expect to see you drunk when I see you again!"

* * *

A certain co-ed who has an unfortunate habit of screwing up her left eye when she comes across a hard problem on the board hopes her Math teacher does not mistake her intentions!

* * *

Mr. E. O. remarked, after a most successful kissing scene of remarkable technique between him and a young lady, quite talented in that line, that Miss V. D. is certainly easy to work with."

* * *

Miss Law P. is really more polite than people generally give her credit for. When a certain married graduate -student, between whom and Miss P. no love is lost, recently left the table and asked if she might be excused, P. answered with undue emphasis, "With the *utmost* pleasure."

* * *

At which, the also brilliant (at times) director stated, dryly, "Heh, heh, that crack must come from your being such a habituary of the theatre."

* * *

Special! Special!

All the co-eds who got A's last term, hereby take this occasion to thank their dear professors for recognizing true merit.

* * *

What Pi Phi was called to be cussed out by what football player at 3:00 and 4:00 in the morning when he learned that she was having a date with another football player after the recent co-ed shag? Her burn seems to char—even her wind burns.

Professor: What's new in the paper this morning?

Ehringhaus: I see where you can get two cans of pineapple for $.25.

"Let's foil around," said the fencer to his girl friend.

An up and coming Spanish student, approaching a co-ed on the campus the other day, said, "Hi Senorita!" The young lady whirled around with a startled look in her eyes, and asked shakily, "You saw what?"

Mary had a little goat.
(Some folks say B. O.)
And everywhere that Mary went
The boys were sure to know.

KAROLINA KOMMENT

Who causes the co-eds to thrill? Who makes the men students forget their pain? Who comforts the faculty in their idle moments? None other than that old maestro E. Carrington Smith! Yowsah.

Running for two days hence, (the 22nd and 23rd) is DANCING LADY with Joan Crawford. It must be a good picture. Mr. Smith doesn't let shows run for two days for nothing. By the way, Joan reveals the figger constantly in this presentation.

I GOT YOUR NUMBER with our old friend and companion, Joan Blondell, is in town on the 24th. Voluptious Joan kicks 'em around and gets their license as the title insinuates.

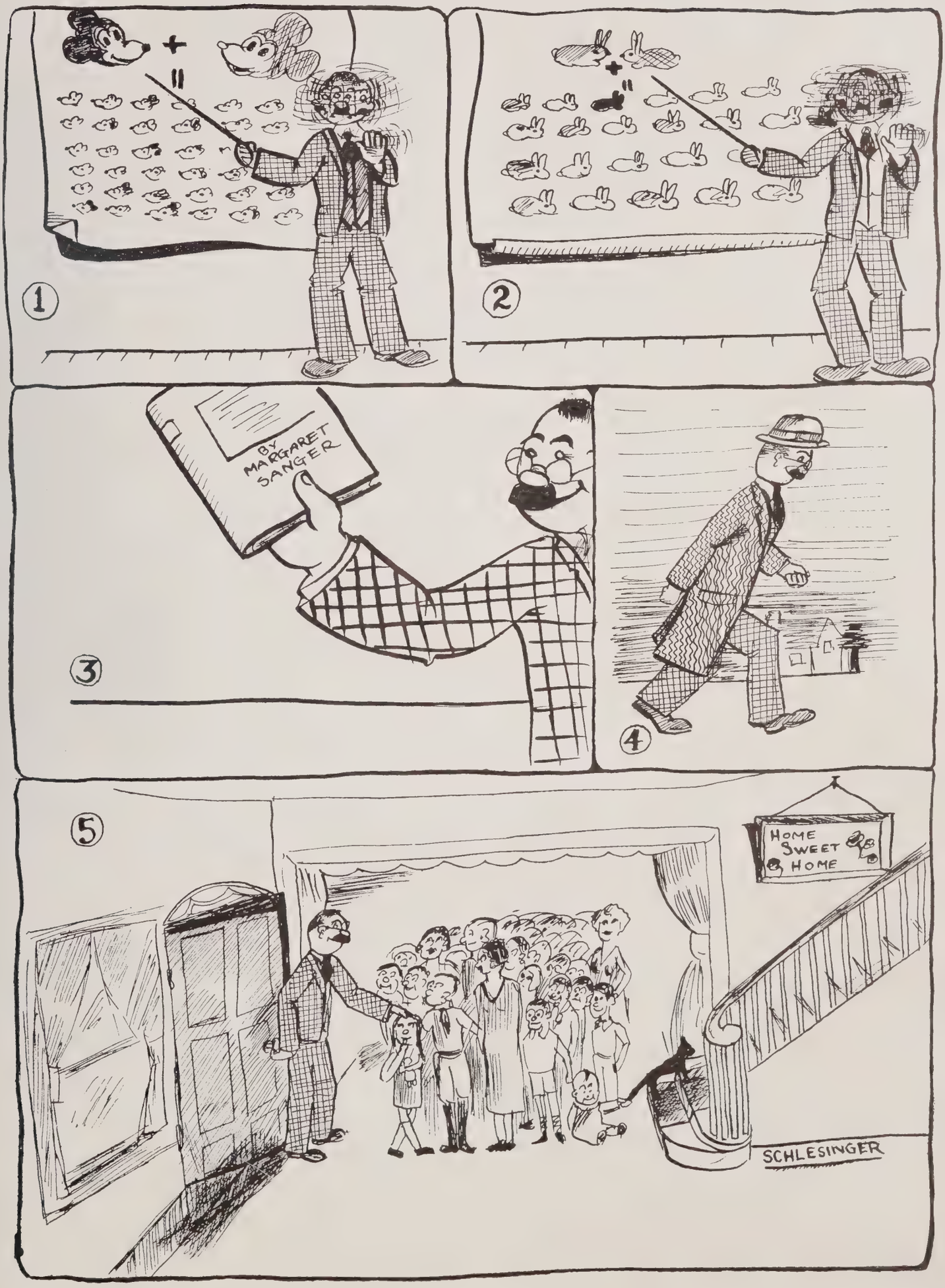
John Boles, the handsome singer that thrills gal's hearts and makes the boys take calesthenics, is here on the 25th in BELOVED. The scene of the story is in Charleston, South Carolina, but don't let that stop you.

On the 26th is the musical extravaganza that has been advertised so much. It features the new tune "Carioca." The name of the picture is FLYING DOWN TO RIO. Good looking women and hundreds of Tarzans are in the cast.

A Spanish picture, BOLERO, is here on the 27th. George Raft, Carole Lombard, and fan-dancer Sally Rand will entertain. How would you like to be one of Sally's fans?

On March 1 is BLOOD MONEY with big-muscled George Bancroft. It sounds like the Wolf of Wall Street. Suppose you go and see.

On the second and third (2nd and 3rd) of March is a big musical comedy. It is called FASHIONS OF 1934 and stars Bette Davis and William Powell. It will probably be given so many stars by a lot of movie magazines, and so that they won't beat the Buccaneer to it we give it twelve stars and a comet.


1
2
BY MARGARET SANGER
3
4
5
HOME SWEET HOME
SCHLESINGER

To J. F. A.--

With no little yawning
We read the other morning
A letter in our daily publication.
If we remember clearly
We read the same lad's letter yearly,
In fact this one is last year's duplication.

My Friend:
May we call to your attention
That you make no mention
Of how the BUCCANEER might be improved?
You merely seek sensation
By your caustic connotation
That the BUCCANEER must completely be
removed.

You would be a wondrous censor
Of our monthly filth dispenser
For you must read the pages through and through.
Otherwise a rage so zealous
Would merely prove you jealous
When coming from a literatti "tel que vous."

It would certainly be a pity
If you were not on the committee
Appointed as our campus filth detective.
So, though you be wise as Moses,
Till then we thumb our noses
At your raging, scorching, sensational invective.

GANYMEDE.—

Prof: Young man, your grades are unduly low, what is the meaning of this?

Prude: I don't know unless it's because you got me mixed with the sap who sat on your derby at the Faculty reception.



If you girls don't quit pestering me, I'm going to report you to the dean.

Prof: The best I can give you is a D.

Co-ed: If that's the way you feel about it, take your hands off my knee.

Who can resist
A Miss's kiss?

Who doesn't let
His baby pet?

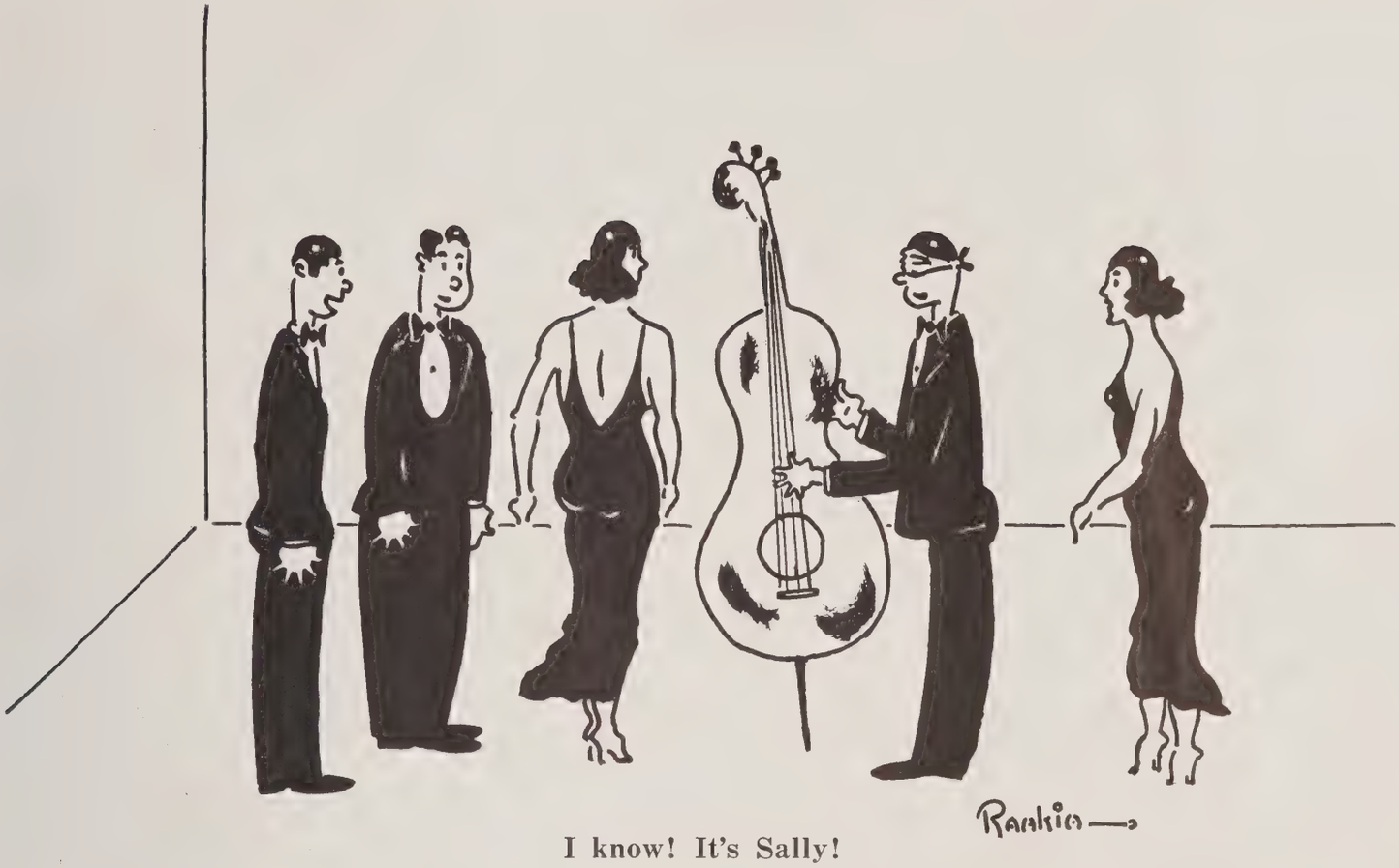
Who is so strong
He won't do wrong?

Who doesn't appreciate
Having a heavy date?

Who hasn't said once or more,
"Baby, 'tis but you I adore."

How to Become An English Professor

First you have to go to some grammar school, it really doesn't matter which one, because you will always tell your pupils that it was only a log cabin schoolhouse. When you manage to get out of there, you can then go to a high school which is another very important part of your education, because it is there that you make up your mind to be a college professor because high school instructors don't get paid so much, and it's too damn much work anyhow. Then you have to pick a college. You must pick one that will have some characteristics that are a direct contradiction to traditions at the University of North Carolina so that you can tell your students how lousy the University is, and how many improvements should be brought about. Your grades really don't matter, because you will always tell your students that you made "A" on any course that happens to come up in class, (c.f. Richmond P. Bond). Then, while at school you have to go to the movies every day so that you can tell your students why they shouldn't go (c.f. Prof. McKie.) And, of course, one must go take a swim in the old brook that runs by the "privvy" so that he can explain poetry's connection with nature. A very good knowledge of English lit is not very necessary, because you will hardly ever speak about it in your English lit. classes anyhow. In short, your only requirement is a true and sincere ability to grab the bull by the horns and toss it better than any of your students.



I know! It's Sally!

Bright Sayings of Professors

Little Archibald Henderson, age 57, said the other day, "This math class is the dumbest I have ever seen. I won't be able to find an examination easy enough for half of them to pass." His remark caused roars of laughter. Cute?

Bobbie House, age 46, said last week as the weather turned a bit warmer, "It certainly doesn't look as if it will snow tomorrow." Two students who overheard him almost choked with laughter.

J. T. Warren of the South building business office, when asked why he wore such a high collar, said, "All the better to keep from washing my neck, my boy."

Robert Coker, age 59, remarked to one of his classes last month while in the middle of a lecture, "Open a window and let's get some of this hot air out."

Little Eddie Woodhouse, age 53, said last month, "At the present time three-fourths of the land in Cuba is spent in raising cane." All his class laughed like hell.

"Are you a co-ed?"
"No, I go that way from sitting in a hammock."

WORDSWORTH: TO HIS SON IN COLLEGE

By Stuart W. Sechriest

My son gets spanked when I behold
A twinkle in his eye:
It plainly shows his biggest sin
Comes from drinking rot gut gin;
My son shall know of sobriety
Or let me die!
The salesman is the father of the child:
And I could wish that my son's fraternity
Consider more sacred the subject of maternity.

Lullaby

(To the tune of Rock-a-bye Baby)

Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top,
Edmister's lect'ring, wakefulness stop,
When he starts talking, pupils fall 'sleep,
Wonderful dreams, come out of the deep.

Who's the wall flower over in the corner?
Why that's my sister.
She is? Well she certainly blends well with the furniture.

When better text books are written, Carolina profs will copy them.



He: I'm not feeling myself tonight.
She: You're telling me?

She (after a quarrel): "Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go this instant."

He: "I have one last request to make before I go."

She (sweetly, oh very sweetly): "Well, what is it?"

He (brutally): "Before I leave forever, would you mind getting off my lap?" *—Dodo*

Once there was a Scotchman who spilled his liquor on the floor and got a splinter in his tongue.

BUCCANEER REVIEWS

(Under their breath)

Mr. Hayes: Dios Mios! Que libre!

Mr. Frazier: As a matter of fact, whether or not the editors are motivated by an intelligent desire for humor, to say the least, is highly questionable. Nevertheless, this very extraordinary and famous literary organ unfortunately has a very decided international influence.

Mr. Paine: One of the literary masterpieces of America. Huh.

Mr. Coffin: Opinion reserved until after it comes out, if it comes out.

Mr. Russell: It's low humor, dirt. Appeals to the common masses, you see?

Prof. Koch: I said to Paul Green, I said, It may not be art, but you'll have to admit that it's got box-office appeal, and he said, Yes, I guess it has.

Harry Davis: Old as the hills, but after all, what's new under the sun?

Dr. Mackie: Now think! I tell you what I think. In mathematics it would be base. In English, it's still base!

Dr. Meyer: The staff presents a widespread opportunity for sociological research; and so, we'll work it out.

(To our representative)

Chorus: Superb! Stupendous! Perfect! And by the way, you won't put me in it, will you?

The Villian: I'll have you know that I have you out here for a fell purpose.

She: Huh, I'll never fall for you.

If all the co-eds were laid end to end
There'd be a scramble amongst the men.

He: "I just saw a man currying a horse."

Slightly spiffed: "Gwan, there ain't no man that strong." *—Froth*

She was only a printer's daughter, but we knew her type.

A Drink

Hip
Lip
Tip
Sip

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

I think it high time, now that repeal is here, to give the recipe for a Tom Collins: lemon, sugar (just a little), ice, g-i-n, and White Rock or charged water of any sort. Fill in a tall glass and then. . . This is included in this column after numerous requests for same. I expect that the last column will have its effect, when I attend a few functions around here to see if any attention is being paid to what was said about wearing tuxedoes to affairs at the Playmakers and at Memorial Hall.

This month again, we have been exceedingly lucky in getting some information from one of the leading stylists in the United States. He is connected with the Goodall Co., makers of one of the best and most practical of all materials, namely, Palm Beach cloth. He very kindly sent me material concerning the spring styles: "With reference to some of the new styles that the men will wear for next summer or spring, there is a great tendency toward light colors and materials. The young men are going in for the masculine type of fabrics, such as rough weaves and tweed effects, principally the Harris tweed in light colors.

There will be a very big demand for belted back models which is most popular now. The demand will also be strong for the pivot sleeve coat with open box pleat in the back.

For formal wear for spring and summer, the mess jacket of last year seems to be on the down, and in all probability will be replaced by the single and double-breasted white shawl-collar tuxedos. This is very much in evidence in all the smart southern wear displays right now. This jacket, made in Palm Beach cloth, is worn with a lightweight black trouser, and with a vest or cummerbund. There is a special shirt with a lay-down collar and soft-pleated bosom which is very smart and practical for hot nights."

We thank this gentleman, and we wish to add that the cummerbund may be had in black or deep wine red. There is also a "scoop" in styles with the new wine-red waistcoat (westcot). From sources that I believe are decently reliable, we received the information that in place of the white mess jacket that also there was being shown a wine-red mess jacket with cummerbund to match. I am more or less at a loss as to what tie one wears with such an outfit though I presume that in all good taste it would be the black tie and not the white.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

All-Wool
GABARDINES
$35
Splendidly Tailored by Schloss Bros.

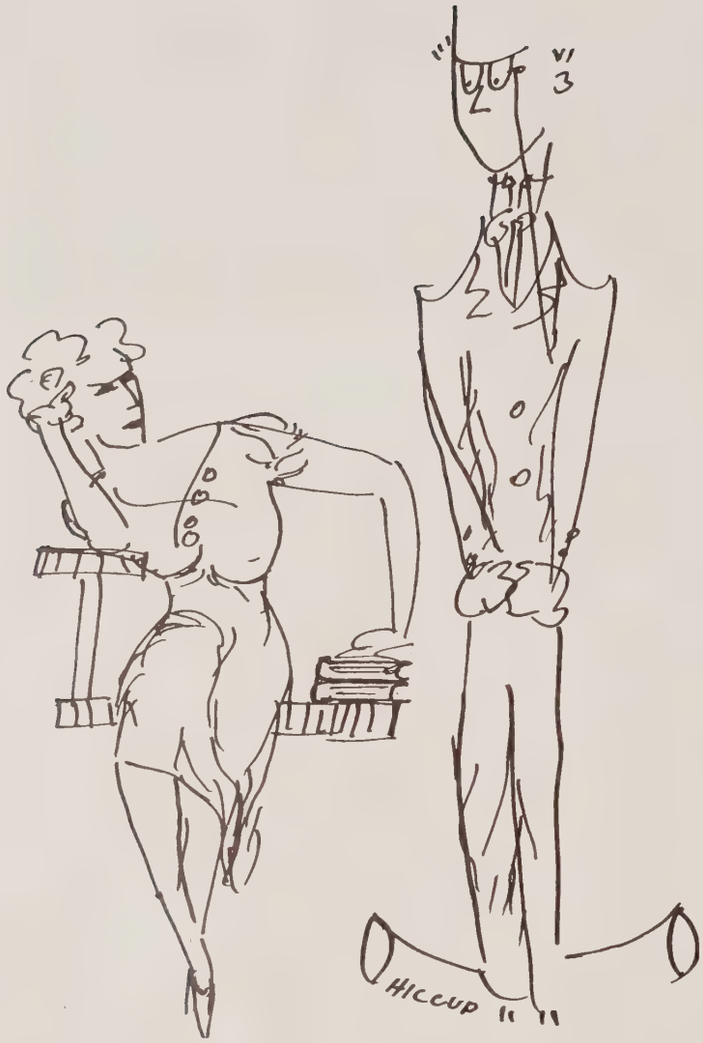
Bellows pleat at sleeves and in center of back . . . shirred at belt and yoke.

Blue, brown, tan, green, and fancy weaves.

Durham Men's Shop
"Style Quarters"
111 W. Main St. Durham

I have been asked to mention clothes that are in good taste for dances. Of course all sorts of formal wear as seen from the above. For tea dances the stiff-bosom shirt is coming to the fore preferably in solid colors—very seldom though in exceptionally good taste, in white. Some of the better dressed collegians (I hate that word for what it connotates) can be seen wearing a colored stiff-bosomed shirt with a plain white collar with rounded ends. The tab-collar shirt is still preferable to a pointed collar. For those morning dances, the sport jacket may be worn, though for tea dances it is out—with capital letters A morning or breakfast dance is quite informal and may be regarded as such and treated in clothes in like taste. For tea dances some of the smart set also wear colored shirts often with small pattern with a white collar (stiff usually) and dignified ties.

I shall not attempt to go into description of goods and materials for spring, as one can see them by visiting any of our better men's stores. However, it is appropriate to mention that the bi-swing back coat is not so popular as the coat with half or three-quarter belt, a yoke across the top near the shoulders and pleats under this. The vent in the back is perfectly optional. One main thing to remember at all times in clothing, that is precisely, that it is up to the individual as long as he keeps within the bounds of propriety and good taste. There have been quite a few variations on the Norfolk jacket, and if you have plenty of other jackets then by all means get one. But, if your wardrobe is sadly lacking in other essentials, beware of this as it can not be worn with good taste at night. The best "bets" for spring for sport clothes are the gabardine and Palm Beach cloths. They are light in weight and cool and the latter comes in a variety of weaves all of which are quite effective for spring and summer. Gabardine comes in solid shades and this department feels that the blue jacket (sport, as you will) with cream slacks will be the biggest thing in years. Other variations come in green jackets and grey slacks; brown jackets in two or three shades, with either contrasting grey or lighter brown slacks; then the blue jacket and grey slacks or white slacks, and if you would be ultra smart, obtain by all means a white jacket in a sport model or in a double-breased, and wear grey slacks or houndstooth slacks or plaid slacks. Of course, variations may be made with all of the above mentioned. Incidentally, white shoes, plain toes and black soles lead the parade with the buck material predominating; also the regular buck wing tip with perforated toes; best of all, however, is a white buck moccasin. Also, we will find many greys, all shades, and brown buck shoes.



Miss Jones, I beg to inform you that you are taking unfair advantage of my attempts to further your education, Hmm!

Then he said: You're a ($&) of a '(&?*-"!!!
Ah, but we fooled you—he was only learning how to type.

Economic Prof—Can anyone give me the latest quotations on the price of corn?
Joe College—Three bucks a gallon.

Hot Date—Say that you love me and will care for me always.
Careful Charlie—I'll have to see my lawyer first.

There was a co-ed from Venice
Who went by the name of McGinnis.
She had dates galone
And then some more,
Because she was *non compos mentis*.

NEW BANKING RULES

By Bob Berryman

The Bank of Chapel Hill, heeding numerous pleas of University student depositors, has consented to reduce a few of its traditional fees. With the aid of the Buccaneer, it has formulated the new table of extra charges presented below. This new system, which any student who has transacted business with the bank will recognize at a glance as being much more reasonable than the one now in effect, may be declared official at almost any time now:

Looking through front doors: 25c.
Entering lobby: villager, 50c; student, $1.
Depositing money: $3 for first offense; $5 for each subsequent crime. (Villagers, no charge.)
Using bank pens and ink: 50c.
Asking for change: $1.
Speaking to cashier: 25c.
Asking cashier amount of balance: $2.
Arguing about amount of balance: quietly, 50c; boisterously, $5 (for each offense).
Cashing check: $1. (If presented by a student, must be endorsed by President Graham.)
Smiling in lobby: 50c.
Telling a joke funny enough to cause any bank official to smile: $100.

"Isn't this jolly?" said one council member to another as she slipped in the window.

The Buccaneer wonders if Grace Bowes has come in under the blanket code yet.

Sara Vann says, "A pun is the lowest form of humor." Humor think so, but I don't.

The world is so full of a number of girls
I'm sure we should all be as happy as squirrels.

Welfare workers have warned us against free love, but they haven't told us where to find it.

Professor: Are you cheating on this examination?
Student: No sir, I was just telling Miss Jones that her brassiere strap was loose.

A friend spent the night with a farmer. The next morning he appeared downstairs with a black eye.

"How did you get that?" asked the farmer in surprise.

"Oh, I just happened to fall in the guest chamber, that's all, answered the visitor.

"Gee! you didn't break it, did you?" anxiously inquired the farmer.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

"How are you this evening, honey?"
"All right, but lonely."
"Good and lonely?"
"No, just lonely."
"I'll be right over." *—Filched.*

Father (telling bed-time story): ". . . . and then the viper hit the bearded old man in the face."

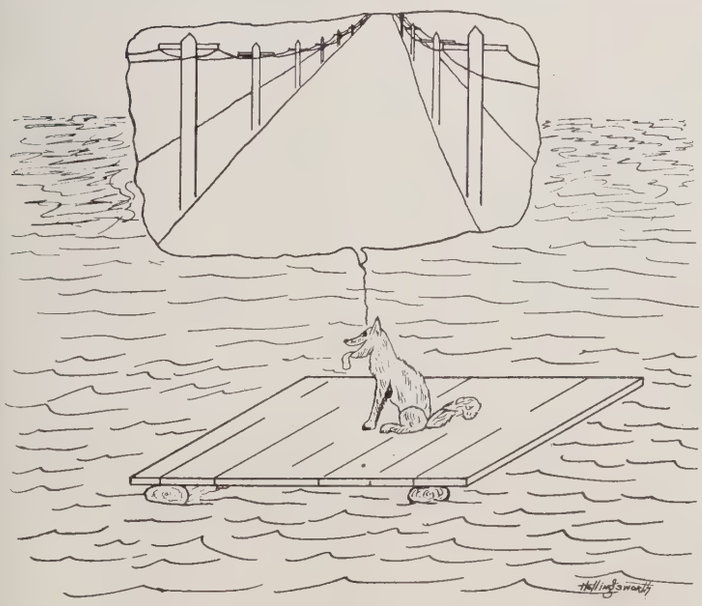
Progeny (20th century type): "Ah, ha. Beating about the bush, eh?" *—Froth*

With just a slight pang we foist the Poultryman's Song: "Buy a Waterfowl." *—Froth*

He: "Lovely corsage you're wearing."

She (perturbed): "I'll have you know my figure is natural." *—Froth*

The softest job
In this whole land:
Wardrobe mistress
To Sally Rand. *—Froth*



LOBSTER . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Life Savers!

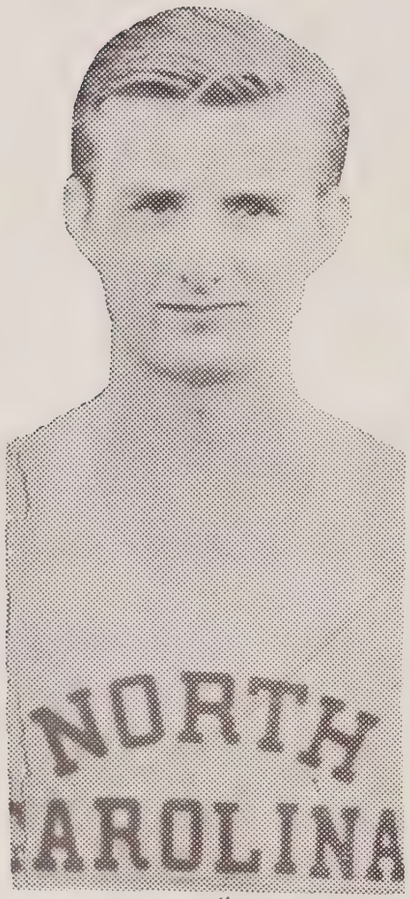
Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

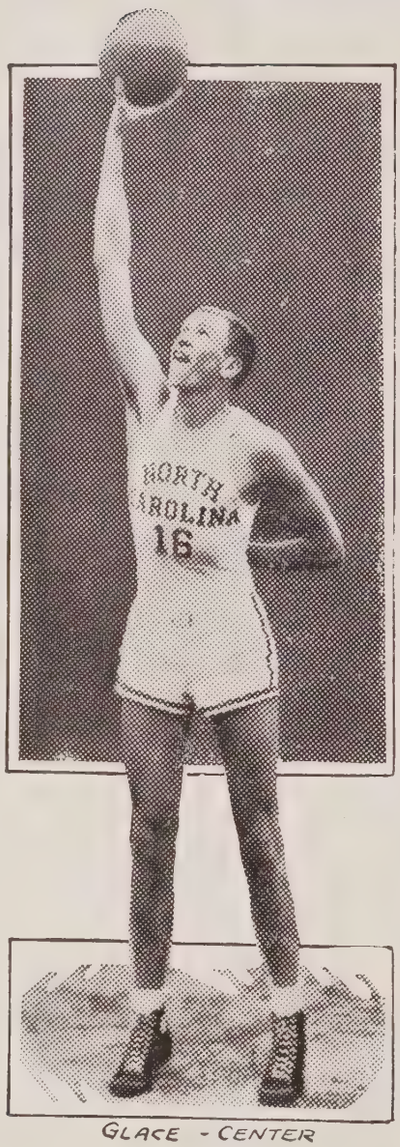
Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

On the opposite page are the Carolina boxers. Led by Norment Quarles, they have an even chance at the Southern Conference title. Next year the team will be almost intact, and with the rising freshmen killers, Carolina will sport one of the best mitt squads in the country.



DAVE McCACHREN - GUARD



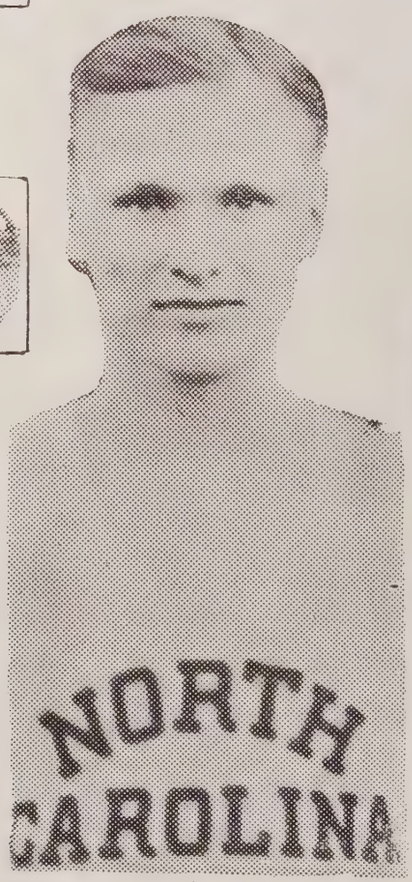
GLACE - CENTER



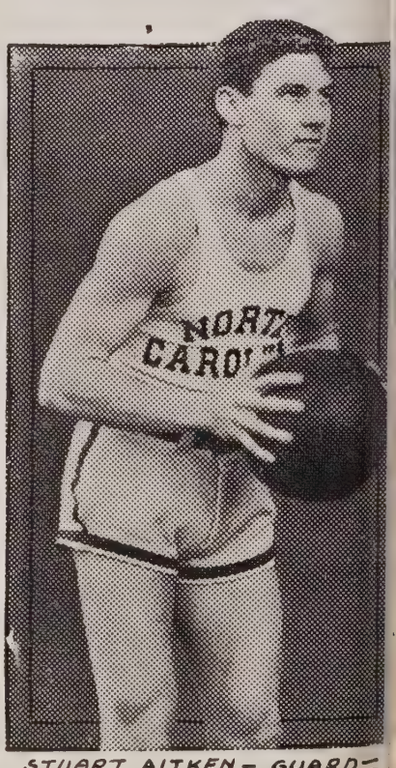
McCACHREN - GUARD



LONG - FORWARD

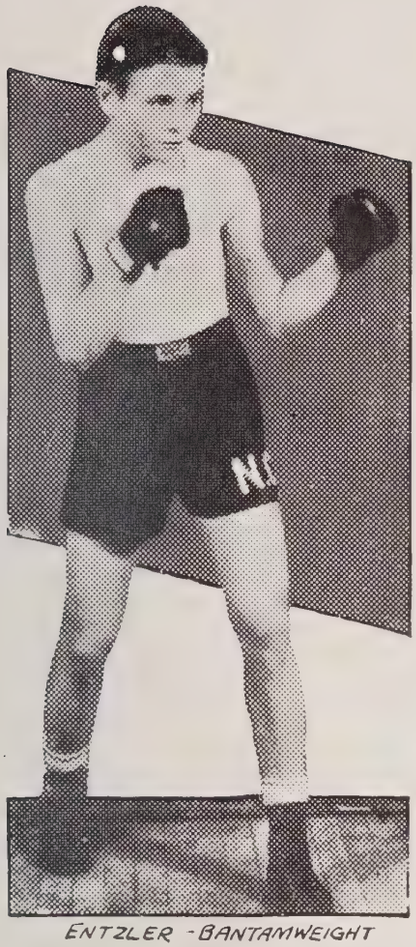


VERGIL WEATHERS - FORWARD

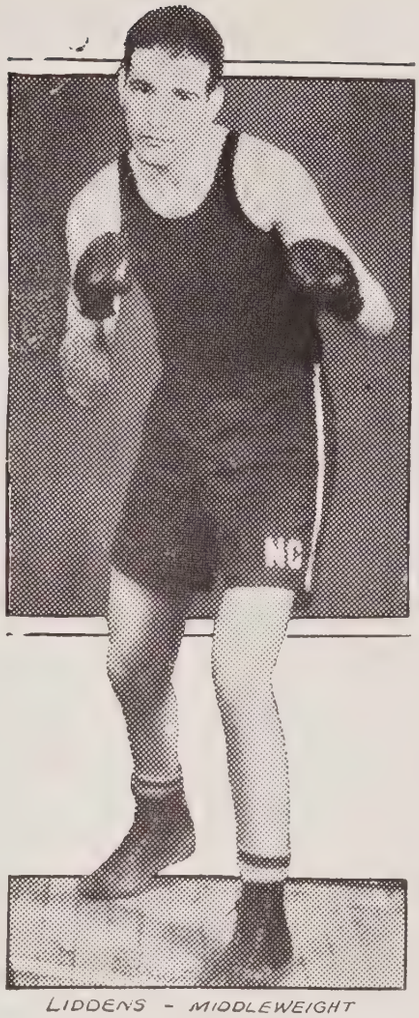


STUART AITKEN - GUARD

On this page are a few of the stars of the White Phantom outfit. They became State Champions when they beat Duke, and this bunch of Tar Heels are now ready to become Southern Conference champs.



ENTZLER - BANTAMWEIGHT



LIDDENS - MIDDLEWEIGHT



NORMENT QUARLES - LIGHTWEIGHT

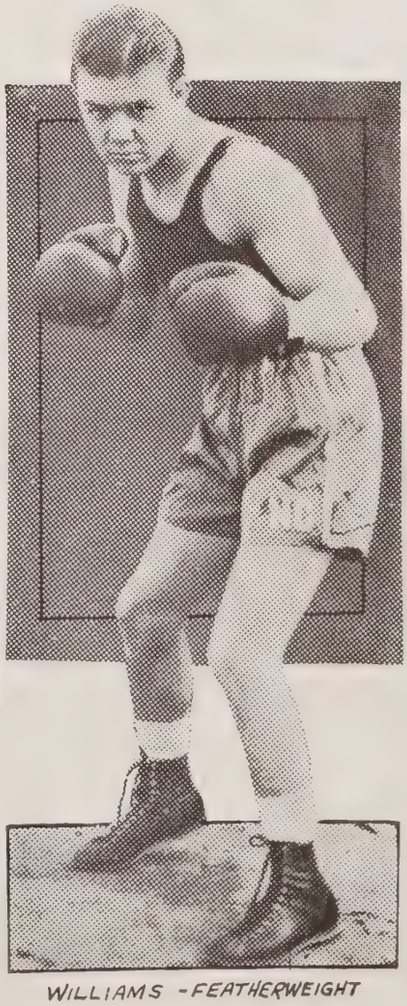


ELLISBERG - MIDDLEWEIGHT



ROWE'S ROUGHNECKS

Reading from left to right, Medynski, Dixon, O'Flaherty, Diehl, Novich, and Fisher. The mug in front is Ralph Gianella.



WILLIAMS - FEATHERWEIGHT



THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

ALWAYS *the Finest Tobacco and* ONLY *the Center Leaves*

BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA



THE LIBRARY UNIV N C

TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER



Those penciled scrawls are a sign of jangled nerves

If you're the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn't feel things very deeply, you'll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you're high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unexpected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST

819472	809702
728196	778421
188632	664321
918243	821863
090628	987654

Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI MARCH, 1934 NUMBER 6

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

M—"Bill's got the biggest orchestra leader in New York following him around."
N—"Who's he playing with now?"
M—"The leader's wife." —*Swiped*

In front of a roadway restaurant yesterday we saw a small ragged urchin watching a girl in the window baking butter cookies. We detected an air if wistfulness about him and our heart was touched.
"Hungry, kid?" we asked.
"Naw" scornfully, "can't a fellow look at a swell dame without drawing a crowd?"
—*Filched*

Bob—"I'll bet you were shaking when those policemen arrested you at that stag party."
Vern—"No, I quit shaking when they entered the room." —*Stolen*

Little Izzy is a funny
And eccentric sort of waif;
Swallowed all his sister's money
Said that he was playing safe.
—*Exchange*

Bill—You can tell Lottie is a lady by the way she dresses.
Hill—I don't know about that. A real lady would pull down the shades. —*Green Griffin*

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.
—*Orange Peel*

"I hear you were half drunk last night, what excuse have you to offer?"
"I ran out of money, Sir." —*Punch Bowl*
"Let me have a sentence with the word archaic in it."
"We can't eat archaic and have it too."
—*Log*

A big game hunter went out one morning without a gun or camera. On the trail he met a lioness. She made a jump at his head and he ducked. She jumped again and missed. Three times she overjumped. The last time she disappeared over a little knoll. He thought this rather queer, so he peeked over the knoll, and there was the lioness practicing shorter jumps. *Columns*

"George," said the young co-ed in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait; you must give me time."
"How much?" asked the love-sick youth. "A week, a month, or even a year?"
"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the co-ed, "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud." —*Borrowed*

She went away.
She couldn't stay.
I didn't even thank her.
Now I can't sleep
Now I can't eat.
She swiped my can of Sanka.
—*Yale Record*

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.
"How dare you?" she shrieked.
"Pardon me," he bluffed, readily, "I thought you were my sister."
"You dumb ox, I am your sister." —*Exchange*



One more and we'll go down and swab the deck.

Cid: Quien era esta senora que you dio con useted noche pasada?

Don Quixote: Esta no era una senora; esta era mi mujer.

1½ wit: I just got a letter from my girl and she signed it with XX. Does that mean kisses?

2½ wit: No, it just means that she's double-crossed you.

It has been reported to the BUCCANEER that a certain undergraduate was seen promiscuously osculating a co-ed's proboscis in the arboretum.

Congratulations to the *Buccaneer on* its tenth birthday.

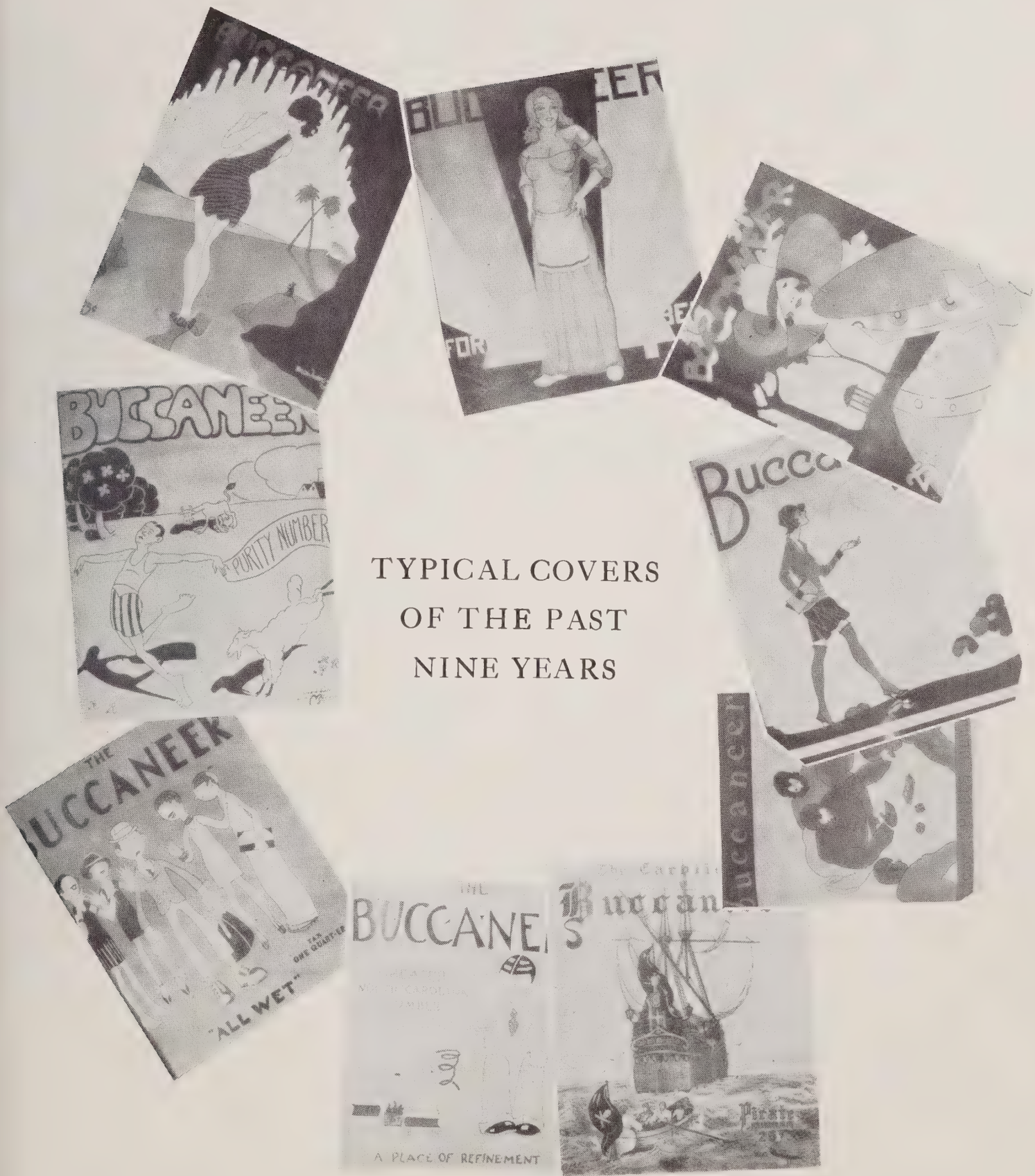
—A Friend.

A Rum Story dedicated to the censors (God Bless 'em). Because of censors, we have been taught that many an innocent word has a double meaning. Therefore, in the following popular tunes for every word which might have a double meaning, we have put a dash (we suggest reading the dashes as "*umph*," "*umphs*," or "*umphing*").

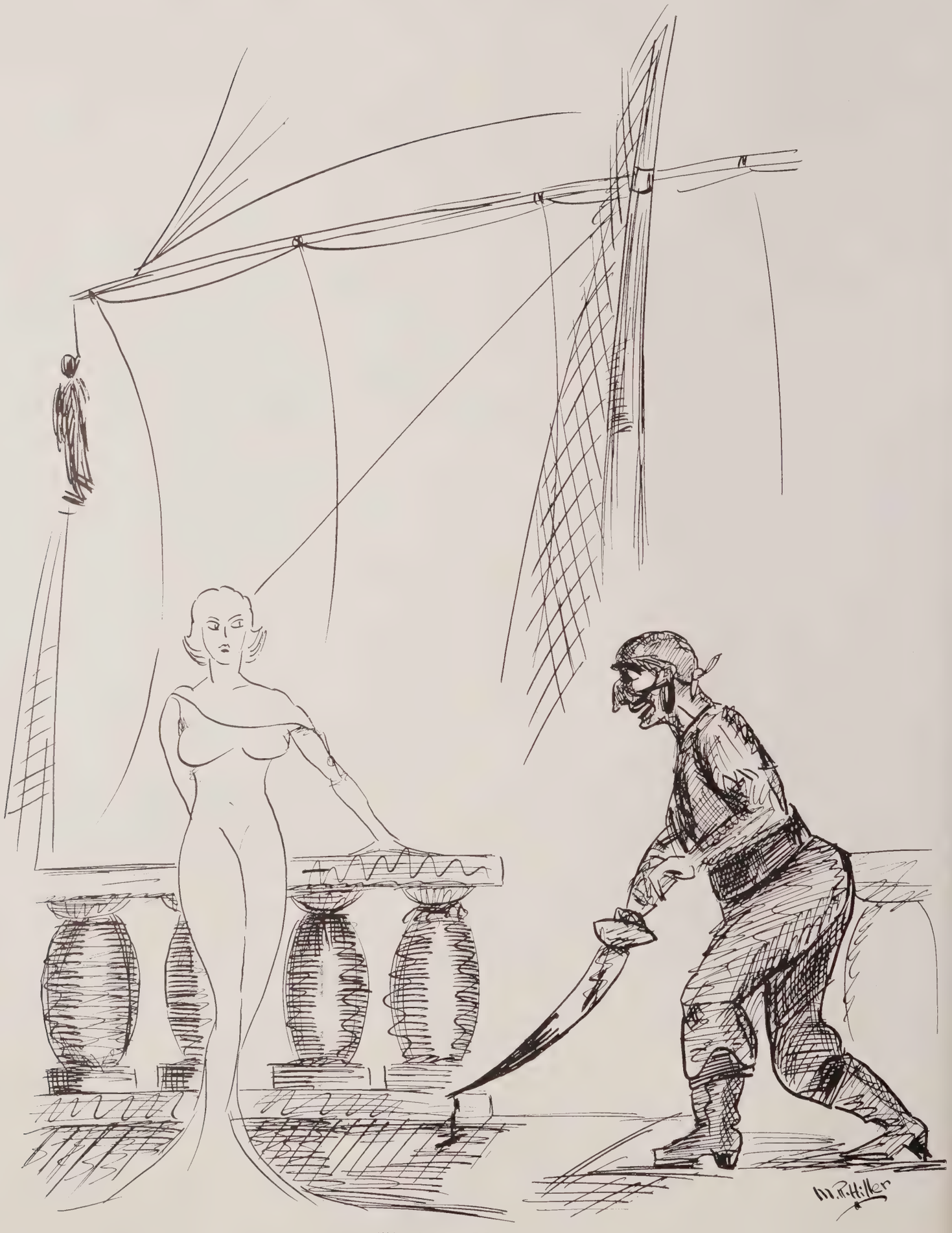
One Minute To ——.
I Wonder How I —— When I'm Asleep.
Annie Doesn't —— Here Any More.
How I'd Love One —— With You.
Smoke Gets In My ——.
I'm Forever Blowing ——.
Don't —— Like That.
My Baby Just —— For Me.
—— A Little Closer, Dear.
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad ——.
—— On a Log (And —— My Dog).
——, But Is It Love?
Lover Come Back To ——.
I Can't Give You Anything But ——, Baby.
Keep a Little —— Handy, (Wherever You Go).
I Got a —— In Milwaukee.
Not For All The —— In China.
I Found A Million Dollar —— In A Five And Ten Cent Store.
You're Going To Lose Your ——.
You Can't Stop Me From —— You.
My Silent ——.
My Extraordinary ——.
——, You Funny Thing.
What Is This Thing Called ——?
Just A Little —— Shop Around The Corner.
You Brought A New Kind of —— To Me.
Lord, You Made The —— Too Long.
—— In the Hay.
Ninety-Nine Out Of A Hundred Want To Be ——.
Did You Ever See A —— Walking?



Oooh, teacher, may I be excused?



TYPICAL COVERS
OF THE PAST
NINE YEARS



"Just an old cut-up."

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI MARCH, 1934 NO. 6

BUCCANEERING

March 10 the Buccaneer was ten years old, but still many people insist that the youthful pirate is not yet housebroken.

Now we ask you, who ever heard of a gentle pirate? Buccaneers such as Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Gasperilla, and Long John Silver have always been known as bloodthirsty cutthroats and dastardly villians; it should therefore cause no very great rumpus if the Carolina Buccaneer merely offends the sensibilities of such temperamental literates as JFA.

For ten long years the Buccaneer has borne the ridicule and censureship of the campus. At times it was thought best for the Buc to lay down its load; but the hardy rascals carried on through adversity with vigor that vanquished all foes and made the publication known from the rockbound coasts of Meredith to the sun-kissed shores of N.C.C.W.

After writing on the Buccaneer for a whole year, we feel that there ought to be a special kind of Asylum to which retired Buc editors may be sent; padded cells could be provided for extreme cases in which ex-editors scream bawdily and throw dangerous looking puns about.

If we dig into the Buccaneer's lurid past, we may find startling facts that would shock hardened and brittled criminals and make their blood turn to dish water. The Buc's father was a desperado known as the TAR BABY, an unholy monster that was captured and lynched after a hectic existence. The mother of the Buccaneer was an insignificant BOLL WEEVIL who led an unrighteous and immoral life, before following the TAR BABY to the grave. The Buccaneer was born a month after the death of its mother, a fact of extreme significance because the Buc immediately took on some of the vile habits of its parents.

Although only ten years old the Buccaneer knows all the facts of life and is fully developed physically—we'll skip mentally.

Threats have been made against the Buccaneer's life; people say the Buc is without principle and exists without a purpose. That is untrue. We will point to several public improvements that have come about during the Buccaneer's lifetime:

1. The Republican party was in power when the Buccaneer was first born; the Democrats are now in Washington.
2. The *Tar Heel* was published once a week in 1924; now it comes out every day—whatever good that does us.
3. There were not more than fifty co-eds here in 1924; now there are over two hundred—(positive or negative?)
4. There are more buildings on the campus than there were when the Buccaneer first began publication.
5. The Buccaneer started out with a lead pencil; now he has two typewriters.
6. The *Carolina Magazine* used to have eight or ten pages to an issue; now there are only four pages. (Hooray!)
7. Important achievements in aviation have been effected since the Buc has been on the campus.
8. The United States has recognized Russia.

"Use a sentence with the word Carioca."
"I Carioca if you carry my car."

First dog: Do you know the difference between a wooden leg and a tree?
Second dog: No.
First dog: Then you'd sure play hell on a pirate ship.

The Dirty Buccaneer

PAT GASKINS

A bunch of boys were whooping it up at a filthy
BUCCANEER meeting;
The guy that handled the censorship had spoken
the need of deleting;
Up on the desk with a copy of *Pep* sat a man with
a pair of shears
And next to him was the editor of the dirty
BUCCANEER.

When out of the night that was ninety above, and
into the frigidaire,
There stumbled a guy fresh from the speaks, dead
drunk with mud in his hair.
He looked like a man with a joke on his mind of
the proverbial farmer's daughter,
Yet he cleared his throat with a salacious whine,
and begged for a drink of water.
There was none of us as could place his face; so we
gave him a loud-mouthed jeer,
And loudest of all in his cry of disgust was the
boss of the BUCCANEER.

His eyes went rubbering around the room, and he
seemed in a kind of daze,
And he looked like a man with an evil brain that
nothing could seem to faze.



**Is there any last request you'd like to make?
Yeah, keep your trap shut.**

He held up his paw with a look of command, and
his mouth widened out in a grin,
And he gritted his teeth with a horrible rasp, that
resounded above the din.
The crowd sank back as if in respect, but with
really an air of fear,
But the most frightened of all was the editor of
the dirty BUCCANEER.

The noise had almost died away—then it burst
with a terrible crash
Then it hushed again and I knew in my heart that
the stranger'd done something rash.
He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue,
and he started in to talk,
And I saw with a glance that caused me to shake,
that his face was as white as chalk,
"Boys," said he, "what the BUCCANEER needs is a
joke that is clean and pure,
And another thing . . . it can't be old, and it should
be a damn sight newer.

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out,
and two guns blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up,
and two men lay stiff and stark.
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead was
the guy with the dirty leer,
While over him with a gun in his hand was the
boss of the BUCCANEER.

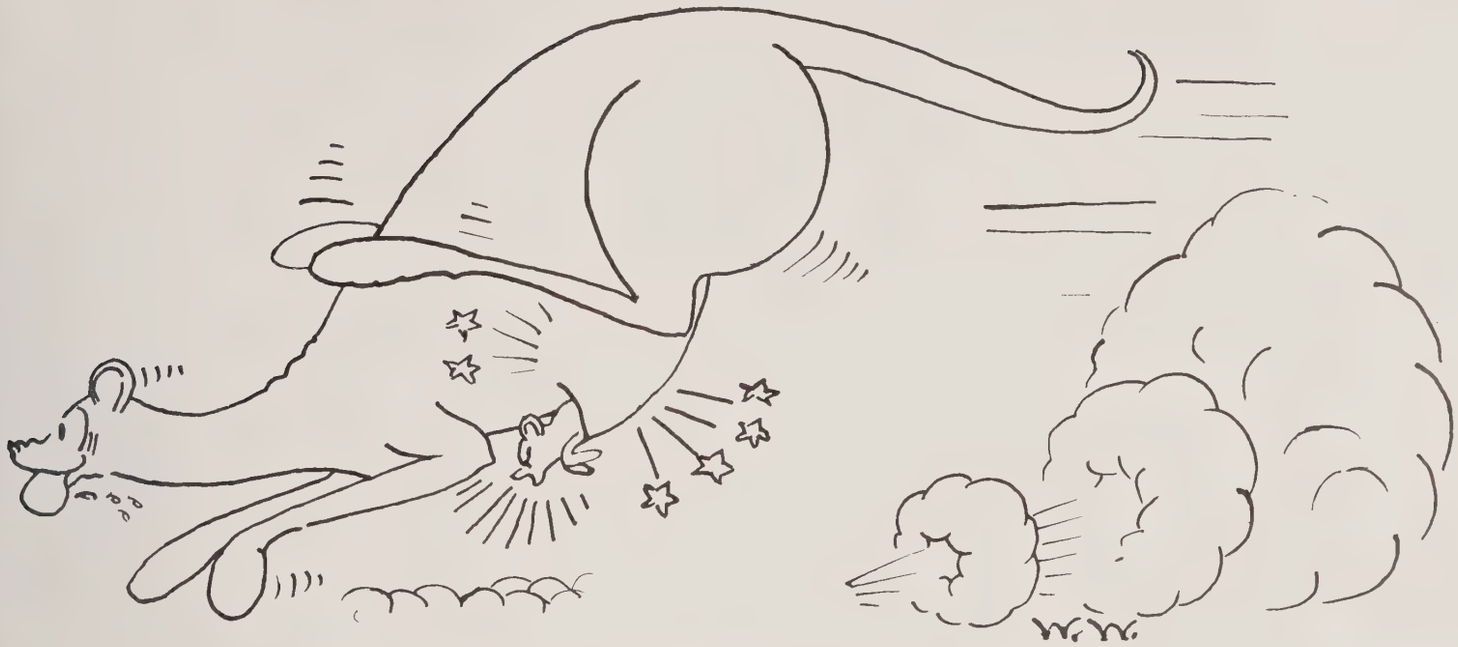
Now it may seem queer that the stranger was shot
with a joke on the tip of his tongue,
But from what I know, and it's really so, he really
oughta been hung,
Cause the point to the story that cost him his life
Was—"That was no lady; that was my wife."

The height of anticipation: The man who bought smoked glasses before going to the burlesque show.

Advertisement: Come out to the Elite Nudist Camp this afternoon, and see Lady Godiva turn handsprings.

"I am a man of few words," said Oscar, whose false teeth had just fallen into the well.

"Get away from that spittoon, sonny; do you want to get your head blown off?"



Hey, ma, to hell with this knee-action!

There was a young lady named Frazier,
Whose memory would often grow hazier,
But the advice of dear friends,
In making amends,
Was, "Don't let your mem'ry aphasia."

The wind howled through the trees as if it were being pursued by some evil demon. The rain came down in blinding sheets. He drew the collar of his cloak closer to his neck, lowered his head and trudged on. Mud clung to his boot soles as if to pull him momentarily into the mire and engulf him forever. The bundle in his arms seemed to impede his progress, but he held it tenderly and carefully as if it were a burden too precious to lose. Suddenly a building loomed up in front of him. Wearily he hastened forward with the wind, the rain, and the mud tenaciously attempting to prevent his reaching his goal. At last he had reached the door, staggered inside, more dead than alive. Laying his bundle of books down upon the desk he shrugged his shoulders. "Gosh, but it's hell to catch an eight-thirty class in this rainy weather!"

When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man I went to Carolina and wrote open forum letters to the *Daily Tar Heel.*

"It's about time," said the tree as a BEWARE OF DOG sign was nailed on.

She: Wanta neck?
He: No.
(Pause)
He: Did you say you wanted to neck?
She: No.
He: Well, get out and walk.
She: But I thought you said you didn't want to.
He: I don't; it's the principle of the thing.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
She heard of Margaret Sanger—the last is hard to tell.
She gathered up her children and threw them in the well.

Speaking of co-ed basketball, we are not interested in whether the juniors beat the seniors or the sophomores beat the juniors or the seniors beat the sophomores; what we want to know is where do they get their costumes they play in.

THE WELL DRESSED COLLEGE MAN
Will Find The Clothes He Prefers At
THE YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
126-128 East Main Street DURHAM, N. C.
Smatness Without Extravagance

JOKES FROM YESTERYEAR

WISECRACKS FROM FORMER BUCCANEERS

Aged old Negro calls at the hospital where his friend has been operated upon.

Nurse: Your friend is convalescing.

Negro: Das all right; I'll wait 'till he gits through. —1924

Perhaps it was the power of suggestion, but anyway the yell leader shouted at the girls' rooting section: "Now go to it girls and show 'em you're blue and white supporters." —1924

He (after breaking in on dance): You know I've never met you."

She (indignantly): Do you know who you are dancing with?

He: No.

She: You are dancing with the daughter of one of the first families of Virginia.

He: Do you know who you are dancing with?

She: No.

He (walking away): Nobody. —1924

A jane is as strong as her weakest wink. —1924

She: I'm going to sell kisses at the Charity Bazaar for $1. Do you think that's too high?

He: Oh, no, people expect to be robbed at bazaars anyhow. —1924

He: Isn't Mabel's evening gown a perfect song?

She: Yeh, Sweet and low. —1924

She licked his lips
And kissed him
And he held up his head for more
But she arose
And stretched and then
Walked over to the dish under the stove.
That's where a mama kitty is
Supposed to wash,
Isn't it? —1925

Where in the hell did I meet you?
What part of hell did you come from? —1925

Where were you born?
In a hospital.
No kidding? What was the matter with you? —1928

She was only the garbage man's daughter, but she wasn't to be sniffed at. —1928

Little boy: When I grow up I want to be a bum.

Parent: Unless your behavior improves, I'll never send you to college. —1928

The height of wasted evenings is staying at home with a bad book and a good girl. —1929

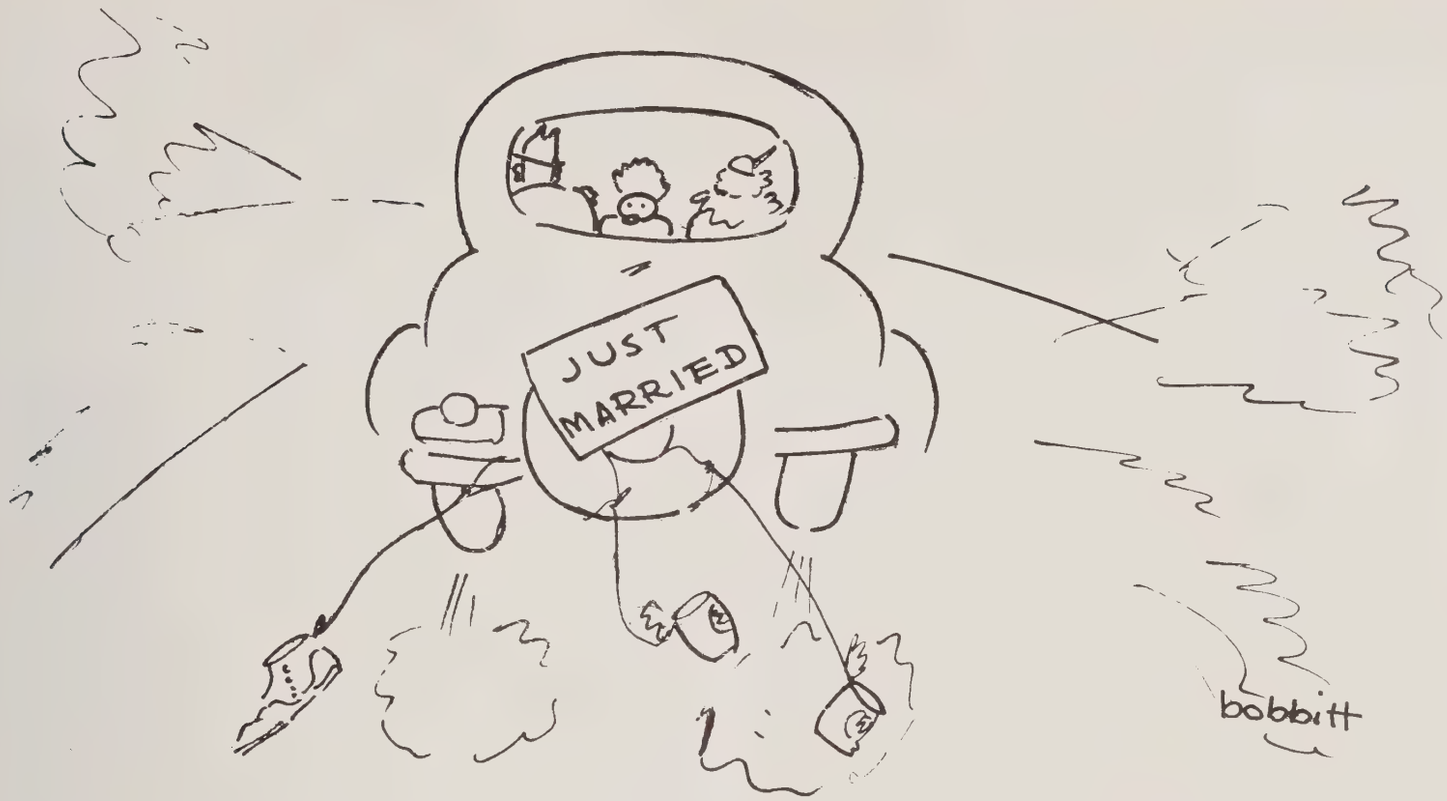
She: I hope you'll pardon my negligence.

He: That's O. K. I thought it was your petticoat. —1929



1st brat: My father won a croix de guerre.

2nd brat: That ain't nothing—my old man is the unknown soldier.



"I see we have some new co-eds this quarter."
"They're just the old ones painted over."
—1929

We all want Santa Claus to be on time, but we can't blame him for getting a little behind in some places. —1929

Here we sit in silent bliss,
Listening to a thrilling kiss.
All at once a laugh and scoff,
Oh Hell! The sound is off. —1930

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black;
His pal, you see, had lied. —1930

Dean (making chapel talk): And remember, you are on your honor in these elections the same as you are in the classroom.

Solo voice in back: My gosh, he wants us to lose the elections. —1930

Man (in store): Give me a bouble-barrelled shotgun.

Clerk: Oh, two daughters. —1931

FEMININE CULTURE

The girl that kisses and tells the world
Is merely one of the throng;
The girl that don't yet leads you on,
Is the kind to shoot at dawn.
The girl that kisses and tells but few,
Is one I'd call a corker;
The girl that don't, and tells the world
MUST BE A DAMNED GOOD TALKER.
—1925

"Why do the boys like to play golf with Eleanor?"

"She always makes a wild drive into the woods at the fourteenth hole." —1925

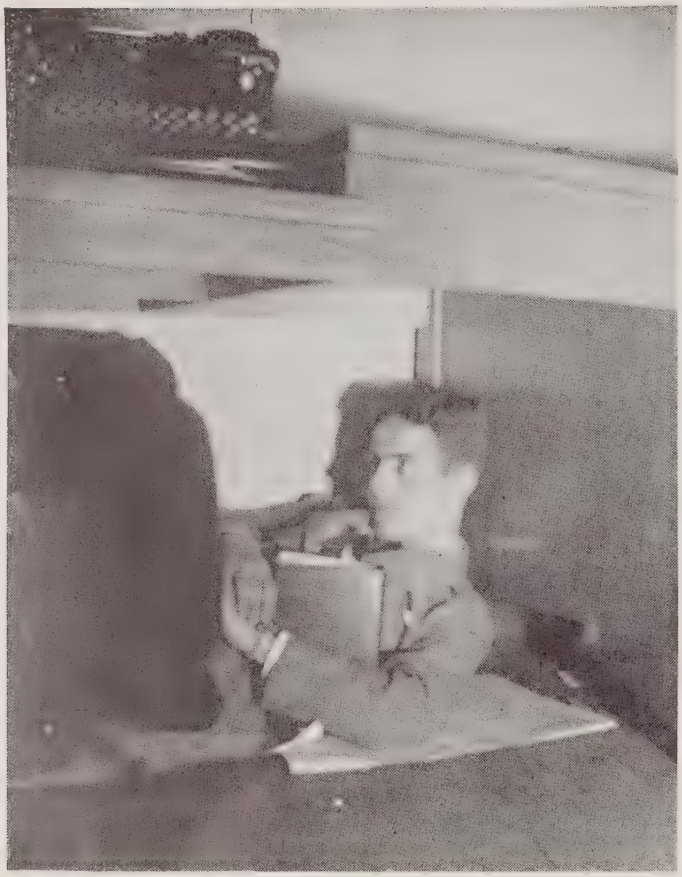
She: Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.

He: Custard pie. —1925

The *Tar Heel* stands four-square to all the winds that blow and expresses itself with withering scorn and virtuous indignation. —1925

She cast me away and ran to her toil
She is the castor, I am the oil. —1925

New suit?
No, new pledge. —1926



Tar Heel staff member under the desk in the *Buccaneer* office. He has just stolen the *Buc* dictionary.



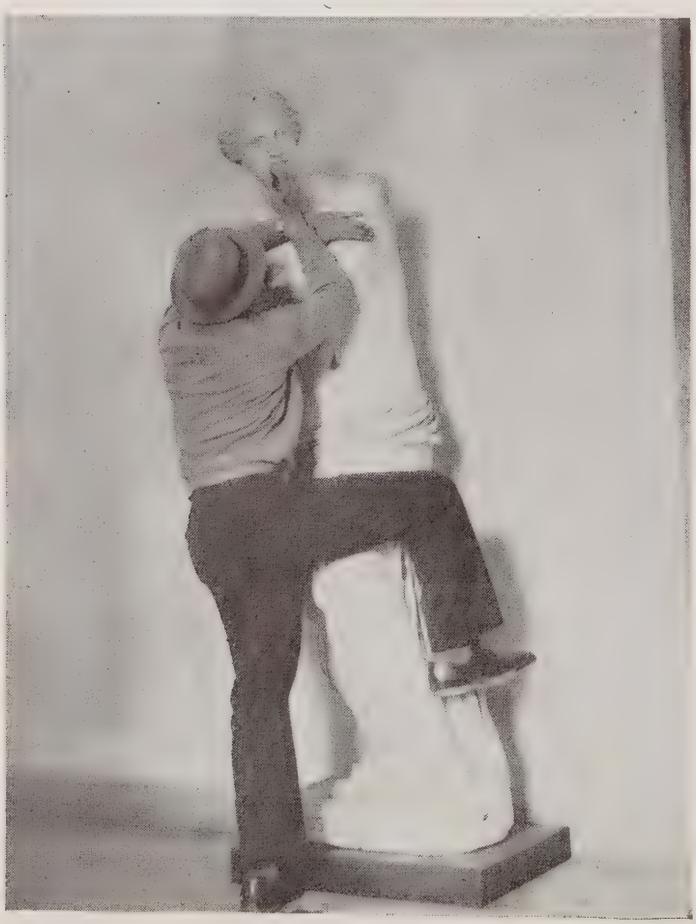




Photo of the editor, showing the side of him that photographs best.

CC's by B. O.

Remarks of a not so modern Pepys—only Pepys couldn't blow smoke rings. Neither can I—I've been trying for years.

Arose this morning on the stroke of nine. After playing tit-tat-toe for forty-seven seconds, hurriedly donned my morning attire and dashed for Manning. Having just finished the ordeal of exams I was still a trifle fatigued, and practically wore out my best pants squirming on classes. All class rooms should be provided with cushioned chairs—also head rests. Oh well, we can't hope for everything, and "after all" as Elizabeth Johnson says. Walked to lunch with "Wimpy" Wessell and Allen Marshall. Wimpy transferred here from Davidson some eight or ten years ago. Marshall is the lad who remarked on gazing at the Duke Chapel, "A beautiful edifice, founded on a dream, and builded with the lungs and tissues of the youth of America." Lunch not so good today—the new chef not up to the standards of the old one. Wended my way down town after lunch. Met John Lindeman and Virginia Deane; chatted for a few minutes; not educational but pleasant. Then to the cinema—not such a good show, but would have gone anyway even if I'd known it before. We all do. There was an amorous couple in front of me. I never approved of necking in such places; I held a girl's hand in one once, and still blush at the thought—my Puritan ancestry, I guess. Virginia Ezzard and Lindy Cate were in Pritchard-Lloyd's afterwards—they finally noticed me after so long a time. Quite a pair; both pleasant and educational. Jess Tayloe Newby, Julia Wood, Flora Johnson, and Lyda Person came in while I was there. Educational, instructive and pleasant—cost me two bits. To the Law library; was surprised to find George London there—reading a newspaper. The aforementioned Shack not so crowded tonight—seems to be losing its popularity, but popularity is a mere matter of degree. Returned to Carr to find Harper hard at work. Languidly disrobed and now to bed.

Pritchard-Lloyd's at Chapel period: Charlotte Windbourne, Katherine Jamieson and the governor's son; Gracie Bowes, Mary Ellen Watts and the Managing Editor of the *Tar Heel*. They seem to work in pairs. "Heat Wave" on the phonograph. Will it ever wear out? All the Pi Phi pledges. Hersheys and ice cream cones. The Moore brothers. Bill Allsbrook and Barbara Holbrook. "Sparrow" Vann and Janie Jolly; I like the way Janie squints her eyes when she laughs. The way Doris Strange does her nose when she looks at one is cute. George Barclay and Barbara Henderson. The hurried scurrying to get to classes at 10:53.

Dorothy Daniels has lovely hands. Sybille Berwanger's giggle. Carolina's courtin' couples in the Arboretum on pleasant Sabbath afternoons. They are harder to see at night. T. Daniel's grin. Jayne Smoot never looks the same to me. Wofford Humphries' puns—but Beverly Isaacs must like them. Mr. Battle's park—nice for an afternoon's stroll. Incidentally, I didn't fall in the stream in Battle Park—it was in a creek on the way to the iron mine. Who wrote that, anyway? Ed Kuykendall, formerly of Davidson, is one of the few people I have ever known who can repeat a story, and have it sound as funny the second time as the first. Jerome Clark, also of Davidson, is one of the most conscientious persons I have ever known, and yet he is very human at the same time, which is unusual. I am all for the Deke parties, even if I haven't been to one. Warren Olmstead likes his rest more than anybody I have ever known—he even tries to type in bed. As I finish this, I realize that I hate to type anyway—with one finger.

THE BIRTH OF THE BUCCANEER

By Jack Lowe

The Boll Weevil said to the Tar Baby,
"C'mon kid and let's have some fun."
Let's go in the woods and then maybe
We'll get us a cute little 'un."

So the Tar Baby went with the Weevil,
And it's sad to relate as to hear,
The result of their devilish evil,
Was our wonderful Buccaneer.

'Twas a time when my wife's hair was youthful and dark,
Like the night I met her in Weequahic park.
But time have changed all, and her hair isn't dark,
And I now spend my nights in Weequahic park.

"I wore more clothes than any other girl at the Artists and Models Masquerade."

"Is that so? How did you go?"

"Unnoticed." —*Log*

BUCCANEER ADDRESS

(With Apologies to Abe Lincoln)

By Albert Ellis

Twelve months and nine years ago a bunch of Carolina reprobates brought forth upon this campus a new student publication, conceived in smutty humor, and dedicated to the proposition that the *Tar Heel* and *The Carolina Magazine* should be ostracized.

Now we are engaged in a great struggle to satisfy the students and to prove that this publication so conceived and so dedicated, will long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of mud-slinging. We have come to dedicate a portion of that mud as a souvenir for those who have lost their respectability that this magazine might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this mud. The brave men, distorted and torn, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our ability to pun and wisecrack. The world will little note nor long remember our jokes, but it can never forget their witticisms. It is for us who are mud-slingers to be dedicated here to the muck and filth which they who organized here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that fields of uncovered slime and obscenity are still to be dug for which purpose we intend to cause a last full measure of commotion; that we are highly resolved that those disgraced shall not have been scandalized in vain; that this BUCCANEER, under the P. U. Board, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that corruption of the students, by the BUCCANEER, for the co-eds, shall not perish from the campus.



She: Pardon my brassie.
He: I wasn't even looking.



New igloo?
No, new air-flow Chrysler.

HOKKU

Approach, but be careful;
I have the gout.
$)!!:%$$@!!:)(!.

* * *

Nice game old boy;
Too bad you flunked.
Rah, Rah, Rah.

In the classroom:

Prof.: Here, Miss Jones, have some chewing gum; maybe now it will stick.

English is too much for me—
How I dread the Deany's wrath!
In history I might get an "E",
And I'll bust right out on math.

The neighborhood priest fell in an open manhole the other day and broke his nose. It seems that he didn't know his mass from a hole in the ground.

Doc: How was that medicine I gave you?
Patient: A washout.

Says the sea hag: When you gotta goon, you gotta goon.

Two little Indians
Sitting in a hammock;
They got married,
And then there were ten.

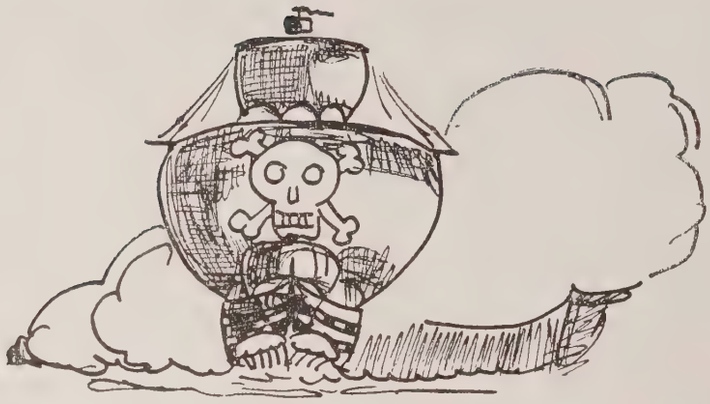
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main;
Many a stormy wind shall blow ere I find a rhyme again.

"I understand that Culbertson just lost another bridge tournament."

"Yep, he didn't know his finesse from a hole in the ground."

A Rolls-Royce roadster
Plus a cute little boaster
Will make any co-ed stir.

DOCCA AZNIMIDE



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Jack Lowe
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pearson

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Margaret B. McCauley	Julian Bobbitt	Francis Breazeale	Jerry Kisner
DeWitt Carroll	J. Rom Gooding	Sanford Langsam	Roy Wilder
Giles Williams	Leon Bedrick	Jack Poole	Albert Ellis

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson	W. R. Fowler	J. B. Lindeman	Ray Braswell
Elmer Oettinger	Bob Bolton	H. B. Johnson	Ben Proctor
Tom Hicks	Parker Morris	Henry Rancke	Milton Sherer
W. C. Durfee	Margaret Gaines	Charles Daniel	Tom Spencer
James Westbrook	Howard Easter	Smith Barrier	Louis Skinner
Myers Whitaker	Laurence Frank	Clarence Weinberg	Scott Miles
Peggy Ann Harris	Sam Roberts	Carl Thompson	Harvey Gwyn
Sherwood Barefoot	Sol Eichler	Milton Kogan	Virgil J. Lee

ART STAFF

David Pemberton	Robert Schlesinger	Opie Shelton	Julian Steinberg
Ed Skinner	J. D. Carr	E. D. Bayley	Charles Noell
Michael Erlanger	Willard Hollingsworth	Bill Henderson	P. A. Karlson

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
F. E. MCMILLAN, *Manager*

Assistants
Robert Cole, Coltrane Fuller



M. P. Hiller



Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

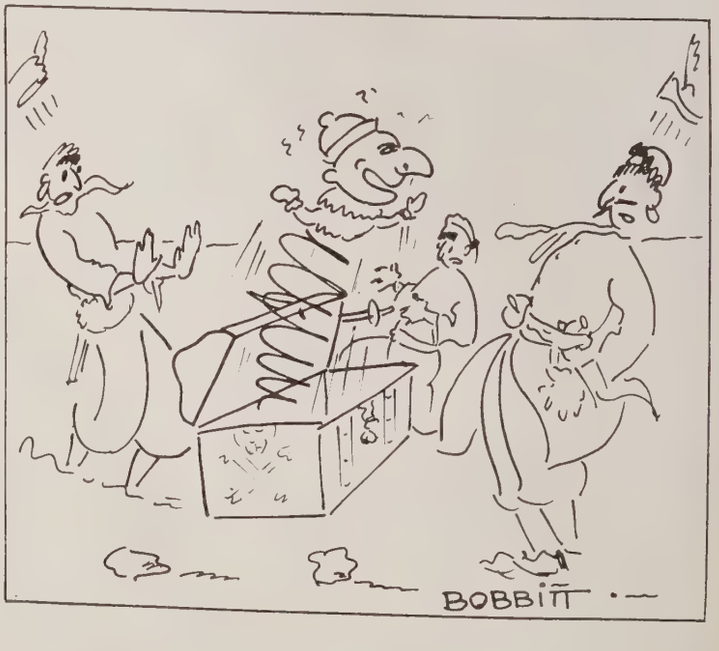











BOBBITT

Guinevere and the Little Dwarves

Pat Gaskins

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Guinevere who had a very wicked stepmother.

One very cold day in February her stepmother called her and said,

"Guinevere, run out and gather me some strawberries."

"But there are no strawberries this time of year," said Guinevere piteously.

"Never mind," said the stepmother, "Get the strawberries, and get them in a hurry," or I will throw you out into the snow."

Little Guinevere left the house crying and made her way into the woods weeping as if her heart would break. Suddenly she came to a little cottage all by itself. Timidly she knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice.

She went in and saw seated around a large table some little dwarves. "Well, what do you want?" said one of them gruffly, "And why are you crying?"

"I'm crying because my wicked stepmother has said that I must bring her a basket of strawberries, or she will throw me out in the snow."

"What will you give us, little girl, if we give you the strawberries?,' asked one of the dwarves.

"I'll give you my ring," said Guinevere; so she received the strawberries and ran home with them to her stepmother.

A few days later her wicked stepmother again wanted some strawberries; so little Guinevere again journeyed into the woods until she came to the house.

"What will you give us this time for the strawberries?" asked the little dwarves.

"I'll give you my bonnet," was the reply; so Guinevere again took some strawberries home to her wicked stepmother.

Not to be satisfied, the stepmother soon sent her after strawberries with the threat that if they were not brought back, she would be instantly killed. When she went into the cottage of the dwarves crying, one of them asked, "And are you still crying because your wicked stepmother wants strawberries?"

"Yes," answered Guinevere tearfully, "and she says that unless I bring them home immediately, she will kill me."

"What will you give us for the straw berries?" asked the dwarf with the gruff voice.

"I'm sorry," wept the little girl, "but I have nothing left to give."

"Don't be foolish," said the little dwarves; so little Guinevere took the strawberries home to her wicked stepmother and lived happily ever after.

KAROLINA KOMMENT

Ladeeees and Gentlemen, in one corner we have examinations and in the other corner we have E. Carrington Smith. Take your pick as to who will be the winner. The favorite is Smith and his theatre.

Sally Eilers and Johnny Mack Brown are two sides to a triangle in THREE ON A HONEYMOON, which shows here the 15th. It's a good show, and it will make you forget the trials and tribulations of exams.

EVER SINCE EVE with George O'Brien and Mary Brian is on the 16th, followed on the 17th with LOVE, HONOR, AND OBOY in which Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts appear.

Then, as far as the collegiate fan is concerned, there will be a pause in the festivities on account of the Spring holidays. Directly following the vacation, however, Eddie Cantor will come for two days, the 26th and 27th, in ROMAN SCANDALS. It is another of Cantor's best. Those who enjoy him on the Radio know that he is ten times as good on the screen.

Richard Arlen plays in COME ON MARINES on the 28th. Such pictures as this are always good as box office receipts reveal. Come and see Hollywood as Uncle Sam's fighters.

MOULIN ROUGE is here on the 29th. Constance Bennett, one of the best looking dames in this world of ourn, is the head woman in this picture. Come and see.

Charles Ruggles in MELODY IN SPRING the 30th is a good show as any Ruggles fan will advise you. It's funny, it's musical, and it has plenty of women. Jimmy Durante in JOE PALOOKA is on the next day, the 31st. Those who keep up with the comic strips will go to see this. Others who don't will go and become Palooka fans too.

Yes, You

"Name two pronouns."

"Who? Me?" —*Dirge*



Two-faced Tom Walker presides at Heel birthday party.

The couple was just married,
And this was their first night.
And they were quietly talking
'Fore he turned out the light.
"Of course you know I never smoke,
And we must never kiss,
Because it might give you a germ,
And let me tell you this:
I only hope you do not neck,
Of course you will not pet.
I know dear that you'll never drink,"
So said the wife Clarette.
"And now dear for our honeymoon,
Shall it be France or Rome?"
The husband sighed and then he said,
"I tank I take you home." —By S. A.

There was a young pirate of the seas,
Who was fond of eating green peas
With a yo heave ho
He had to go
And let a great big sneeze.

He who laughs last interrupts the next joke.

Blackbeard says: A splash in the spittoon is worth two in the bush.

One of the world's worse calamities:
To paint the stadium
With a coat of radium.

Orange county corn
Plus rye drops
Will turn us all
To darn fool sots.

Ride in a car;
Look at a star;
End in a ditch,
You son of the rich.

"See that freshman over there?"
"Yes."
"He was told to come to the frat masqureade as Captain Kidd."
"What of it?"
"He came dressed in rompers."

Gertie, the gun moll, ditched her boy friend because he was too quick on the draw.

The sea called. . .
I went. . .
Feeeesh.

1st actor: I don't think they like us.
2nd actor: How come?
1st: A little bird told me.

The call of the northlands. . .
Moose, deer, . . . good hunting. . .
That makes me an elk.

CAPTAIN KIDD COMMENTS ON HIS SHIPS

By Charlie Daniel

MARY LOU—One trip on her, and you're laid up for repairs.

JOSEPHINE—Has barnacles all over her bottom.

MAYFLOWER—Carries many Buccaneers.

HORTENSE—Nice but bloody from too many encounters.

ANTOINETTE—Did her bit in the Mediterranean (ask Napoleon).

ESTELLE—Would never lay still when there was a man aboard.

BETSEY—Never won a battle, but could she take it.





Here's what happens to boys who hand in old jokes.

C. W. A. Employment Agent: "Do you owe any back house rent?"

Applicant for job: "No sir, boss. I haven't had one of them things in 15 years."

She was only a doctor's daughter, but she sent the blood surgeon through your veins. —*Froth*

Can you give me a word that means "condemnation?"

No, dammit. —*Froth*

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly. How else could you see through them?" —*Princeton Tiger*

Stude—"Let's give a cheer for college comics."
Stewed—"Raw! Raw! Raw!"

"Mamma, can I go out to play?"
"What, with all those holes in your pants?"
"No, mamma, with the little boy next door."



***Buccaneer* joke writer making the blood rush to his head so he can think of a wise-crack. Note the smoke coming out of his pants.**

Hither and Thither on Ye Campus

by george a. moore

DID YOU?

Did you ever watch the campfire
When the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
Round the embers' crimson glow?

With the night sounds all around you
Making silence doubly sweet,
And a full, high moon above you
That the spell might be complete.

Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire
Than when you sat there thinking
With your face turned toward the fire?

—Anon.

* * *

In this, the Tenth Anniversary Number of the Carolina Buccaneer, campus comics are aiming to depict collegians at their merriest, and do so with attempts to be hilarious, humorous, and funny. They will probably end up, no doubt, by irking you somewhat. If you don't like it, we'd like to know why. But in letting us know why, in case you do, we'll just take your word for it. We'll even run your name; that'll save you the task of penning an epistle to the *Tar Heel*.

They tell us that Byrd has finally reached the South Pole. ("Commander Byrd Crosses Barren Antarctic Regions With Faithful Huskies," "Reports No Vegetation In Region," etc.) We don't know whether the Huskies found Santa Claus or not, but, boy, they certainly musta been mad to learn there wasn't any pole, after all.

* * *

Lemme Guess

The latest tale of perplexity concerns one poor lass from Orange County's popular seraglio who spent just oodles of interesting minutes harking to her pal relate just what it was that happened on the last party they attended. The narrative had proceeded to that stage of the game where everyone had become quite squibby, and from then on it concerned mostly the first young lady we were telling you about. (It's, really, not so complicated if you read it a second time.) We're not so much on eavesdropping and that sort of thing, but we did happen to overhear: "Gawd!—well, go on—what did I do next?"

You Cad

It seems that all sorts of things are happening down there at that thar shack these here days. Why, it hasn't been so long ago that we heard about a very ungentlemanly friend of ours who called up down there and asked if anyone knew when his girl would be free.

* * *

Suggestions For the Spring Holidays:

1. Stay here.
2. Go home.
3. Go some place else.
4. Go anywhere.

Hardly anyone will stay here. But if you do, and you're a goil (and mildly, *at least*, attractive) look us up. If you go home we sho hopes you has a good time. If you go some place else keep your eye peeled for the Easter goose. And, baby, you know what we mean by *anywhere*.

And then there was the one about the Scotchman who found a truss in the street and then went home and kicked his little boy in the stomach.

I hear that girl's an artist's model.
I didn't nude that.



A certain woman had twins named Hoover and Roosevelt, and the only way she could tell them apart was that Roosevelt did something in a crisis.

"What is the dairyman's motto?"
"Give me an udder cow."

"What is a muckraker?"
"The fellow who sifts the past issues of the Buccaneer for material for the anniversary number.

The laziest man in the world is the one who married a widow with six children.

Lady tourist: Little man, is that the old ladies' home with all those women on the porch?
Tommy: No mam, that's the Pi Phi house.

Anonymous

Oyez! Oyez! dear readers,
A stein we offer here,
The Buccaneer, our Buccaneer
Has lived another year.

"Youth must be served," the PU's said,
"With thoughts both high and true."
And to the Buc they passed the buck,
To bear these thoughts to you.

We pave the way from day to day,
With truth, and light and zest;
And so we're called, by one and all,
The Gentlemen of the Press.

We spill the beans on all the jeans,
Whose lives have been quite cloudy—
The co-eds bold and virgins cold;
The freshmen, dekes and rowdies.

"You've glorified true virtue,"
Dame Fortune sweet implies;
And so in fame the Buc is named:
A Blessing in Disguise.

So drink again, dear comrades,
Drink well, for we now must flee;
The bedlam bell by the ancient well
Notes the time to cease our glee.

—Howard Easter.

(This eulogy can be sung to the tune of "Tar Heels on Hand.")



What a fool he is! Proud of his beard; yet he has pink toothbrush.

WE NOMINATE TO DRINK FROM THE SACRED SKULL

Charlie Bond—Knows a good magazine when he sees it.

P. U. Board—They raised the editor's salary.

Lonnie Dill—The best censor a publication ever had.

Joe Sugarman—Writes fearlessly, intelligently, and literately.

University Club—Work themselves to death and get damn little for it.

Mark Antony—He made Cleopatra.

First stork: I'm taking this baby to a couple who have been married ten years, and boy, am I proud!
Second stork: I'm taking this baby to a couple who haven't been married but three months, and is my face red!

There was a salacious old gander,
Who often was prone to meander,
And without much ado,
'Tis sad, but 'tis true,
He wasn't a nice propaganda.

She was only a tobacco grower's daughter, but oh, what a Chesterfield.



That's enough—I don't want to hear any more about a forty-hour week!
—Compliments of *Esquire*.

HAPPY DAZE A L'OGDEN GNASH

PAT GASKINS

* * *

March 17,
Happy days;
March 26,
Sappy daze.

* * *

Cramming for examinations
Isn't good for building patience.

* * *

Those with Puritanical zeal,
Constantly write to the *Tar Heel*
That they object to salacious smut
And much prefer "good, clean, duht."

* * *

Comic valentines of anonymity
Usually reveal a case of enmity.

* * *

A Greek who wears
His trousers high,
Most always is
A Delta Psi.

* * *

Examination business
Leaves much dizziness.

Dear Advice to the Lovelorn editor:

I don't like to stay at home, but when I go out with the boys, I usually have to walk home. What is a poor girl to do?

Wondering Winnie

Dear Winnie:

Stay in or give in. Editor.

WE NOMINATE TO WALK THE PLANK

Ben Proctor—For being unable to resist politics.

Benny Carr—General principles.

John Alexander—For coming from New York and trying to develop a Southern accent.

Don Shoemaker—Linoleum cuts.

Carl Thompson—His pipe smells as bad as his editorials.

Brutus—He killed Caesar.

"I'm mad as hell with my girl."

"What's the trouble?"

"She lied to me."

"That's too bad. What did she say?"

"Said she didn't love me any more and I know damn well she does." —1928

March 1, 1934

Editor,
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
Dear Sir,

On this, the tenth anniversary of the founding of the BUCCANEER, I feel it incumbent on me to tell you that I've been a constant reader of your publication since the first issue, and that perusing it these many years has affected me considerably more than I can say. However, there are a few details which might interest you; they certainly interest me.

I had a picture taken of myself the other week and then compared it with one taken about 1924. The difference was astounding. The recent photo looked at least ten years older. At first I was at a loss for an explanation, but then I thought of the Buc. That was it! You can't read that magazine and not grow older.

The poems that appear on its pages have more than once moved me to tears. Many of them are so touchingly, so poignantly, so exquisitely questionable. Superb, magnificent, stupendous! One might even say mediocre.

The jokes and stories have been the source of never ending enjoyment to me. I confess that I rarely if ever see the point, but they are always phrased so neatly and turned so delicately that I cannot fail to delight in them. One this year especially struck my fancy. Imagine a man moving his lawn in the dark and falling down a well! Haw!

Since the first copy came into my hands I have been in court five times on charges of larceny, three times for disorderly conduct, twice each for assault and resisting an officer and once for rape. Yet each time I was found *not guilty!* Could there be a better living example of the moral influence of the magazine? Sir, it has done what no other paper could possible have done.

I am not a little indebted to your advertisements. Since I have purchased a certain medicine which was offered in your columns, I have gotten more miles to the gallon, more yards off the tee, cured myself of American stomach and clutchfoot.

Very truly yours,
Eustace Q. Specklebottle, '83.

She: You remind me so much of Tarzan.

He: Why, is it because I am so big and strong?

She: No, it's because you're continually monkeying around.

CO-ED BONERS

By Betty Co-ed

The brown-eyed sweetheart of the mountains suddenly sat up in her sleep and asked brusquely, "Who's in bed with me?"

Her roommate, startled, answered, "Why, it's only me."

"Well," said the little girl, "I declare," and turned over.

* * *

Then there was the co-ed who, after a nice chatty visit with her friends in the infirmary, said, "Well, I've listened to myself talk long enough, I guess I'll be going."

* * *

Overheard in the living room of Spencer hall, protesting feminine voice from the direction of the radio, "Well, if I'm an ice-berg to you, I'm the North pole to all the other boys!"

* * *

A rising law student was rubbing noses with his dusky Durham lass.

"That," said the student romantically, "is the way the Eskimos say 'I love you!' "

"But, Waffles," sighed the maiden longingly, "I'm not an Eskimo!"

Q.—What do they do with old razor blades?
A.—Throw them away.
Q.—What do they do with old *Tar Heels?*
A.—Throw them away.
Q.—What do they do with old buses?
A.—Run 'em between Chapel Hill and Durham.

P-HEW

Twinkle, twinkle, little Benny,
Where'd you get the shiny penny?
Aren't you sore because the Board
Has decreased your little hoard?

Twinkle, twinkle, little Pete,
Mincing on your dainty feet.
Is it 'cause the P. U. Board
Has increased your little hoard?

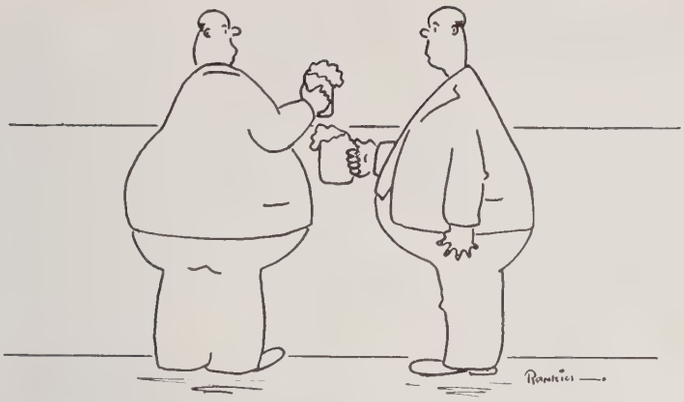
Twinkle, twinkle, little Don,
We noted you have no grouch on.
Is it 'cause the P. U. Board
Has left alone your little hoard?

Twinkle, twinkle, little Alec,
The glint in your eye's metallic?
Is it 'cause the P. U. Board
Refused to increase your little hoard?

—Ganymede.



Ghastly hat, isn't it?



I'm an old beer drinker of the first water.

Don't let that worry you—this is eight-hour stuff.

INSIDE INFORMATION

High Pressure Haplet put his arm around the prospective pledges' shoulders and whispered in his ear, "How about seeing you upstairs for a few minutes."

"Sure thing," said the freshman, all rosy from excessive flattery.

Once in the secluded room High Pressure turned to the rushee and announced, "You like us I suppose?"

"Sure thing," answered the freshman.

"Well, I'm going to be absolutely honest with you. I've reached the end of my rope in dealing with this pledging business, and though I may be double-crossing the fraternity, I'll speak straight from the shoulder."

"Sure thing."

"In the first place, we've been lying when we said we wanted you among us. Don't look surprised; I'm giving you the straight dope. The reason you have been handed all that guff is because we need the money. There is a mortgage on this house, and we intended that you should pay it off. I don't know why I'm telling you all thing, but I suppose it's because I'm sick of the whole dam mess. I told you yesterday we were among the first five frats up here; well, we are; with four more fraternities we owe enough money to buy the University, we are among the first five to default payment of rent fees, we won fifth place in the ping pong tournament, and we have five months' notice to pay up or move. Now what do you say; do you want to put the button on or not?"

Why did you refuse to play poker with that mixed crowd?

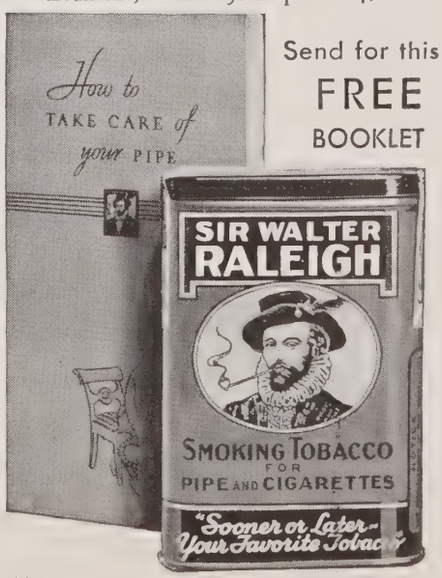
The girls had nothing to lose.

"I CAN USE A GOOD STOKER"



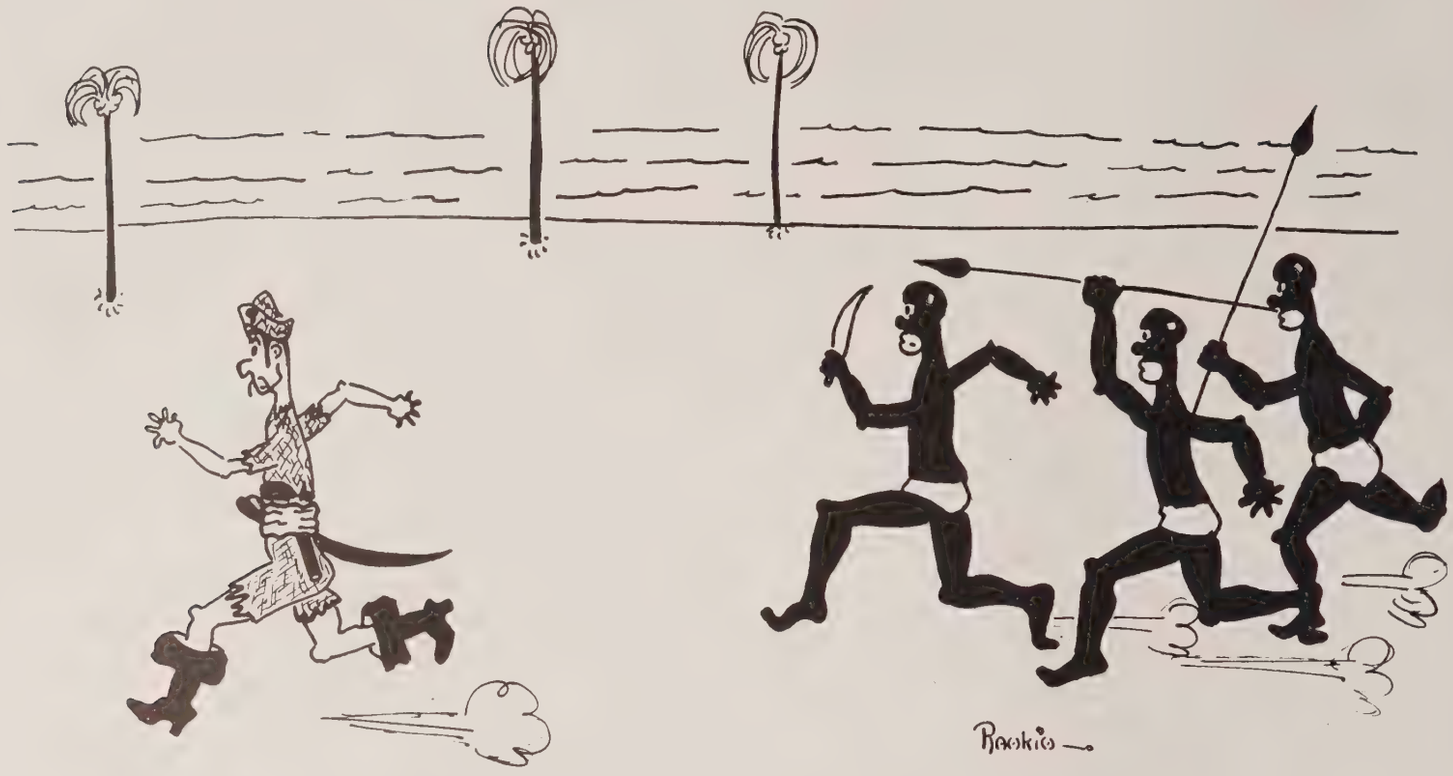
DEVIL TAKE the unpopular soul who neglects his pipe till it's gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved (at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers who tend their briars and fill them with sunny tobacco . . . like Sir Walter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys brings everlasting happiness to a man's tongue. It's well aged and seasoned. Fragrant —but eternally mild. Try it. It *may* be the smoke you hoped you'd some day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



I should have joined the Boy Scouts.

My Bonny

My Ypust is on her vacation
My tdpist's awau fpr a week(
My typudt us in her vscarion
Wgile thsee damb keys plsy
Hude and seej.

Choris

Breng bock, bting bzck
Oy, brung becj mub Onnie.ti
my tp, mr;
OB(?ælb::4xfi, be-ng bicz
Bj, bvong bosk mlbx mlb& beInoi-i
Msk—oh helk! —*Pitt Panther*

Law student to tailor: Do you promise to press the suit, the whole suit and nothing but the suit.

Belch, burp, satisfied;
No more heartburn or gas pain,
Two teaspoons of bicarbonate and I'm all right.
Saw the doc last night,
Lay off the fat and fried;
But nuts, I can't be satisfied—
Belch, burp.

Gotta match, buddy?
Sure, I got matches to burn.

Pat: "I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

Doc: "Oh, yes, very often."

Pat: "Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor according to the doctored doctor's doctrine of doctoring, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor according to his own doctoring doctrine?" —*Purple Parrot*

"Dear teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child, and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense." —*Log*

"F-e-e-t. What does that spell?" asked the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I only have two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected. —*Texas Battalion*

"What did Uncle William say when you gave him the brandied cherries we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid he was not strong enough to eat fruit, but he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent." —*Voo Doo*

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Now that lo! these winter months have passed, and we know now if our work was good enough to pass us, we are back for what is probably the best term of the entire school year . . . Spring Quarter. It is a dizzy, slow, pathetic term and one in which men's clothing seems to take on definite life what with a mad social whirl from beginning to end and what a triumphal climaxical end.

The latest find, one coming out late in February, is the Monte Carlo mess jacket. The jacket is one dark blue linen and the pants of ecru or beige material and a cummerbund of lighter blue than the jacket. However, variations are seen on this with various colored cummerbunds varying from deep wine red to a much more brilliant red. How it wil ltake remains to be seen. However, it will definitely replace the white jacketed black prousersmess jacket of last season—they looked like waiters' uniforms. With this outfit, one may wear a soft shirt and lay down collar. Moreover, the white dinner jacket, with shawl collar and the white tux jacket with peaked lapels are both very strong for spring. However, and moreover, the best bet for spring dances in the South is the dear old full dress which has finally come into its own. At the eastern swank schools the younger set are replacing the spring topcoats and light Chesterfields and polo coats by the rare old Inverness cloak (cape) and is ultra smart.

Sport clothes should interest us here in the south and Gabardines and Palm Beaches are the best bets here. The sport jacket will be seen in a number of variations among which will be found in profound good taste the white Norfolk jacket and many variations upon the same in other colors of materials. Many of our younger smart set are choosing jackets with various yokes across the back, varying from the straight with a series of small gatherings to a definite number of set datright pleats; also, many of our tailoring houses are showing the peaked or down peak yoke with vent below the belt. Belts may be from half to three-quarter and that as well as pocket vents and vents below the belt in back are up to one's own taste. The small check is going quite well, as well as many quiet plaids. Blue gabardine, from battleship grey-blue to deep navy blue, will be most popular and as I have said before, this goes quite well with grey, white or striped slacks.

AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

GABARDINE SUITS

Tailored to Measure

$39.50

by Langrock

Tailored in models of your selection, including the popular bi-swing sleeve. The jacket may be pressed into service with odd slacks as the occasion demands.

Durham Men's Shop

"Style Quarters"

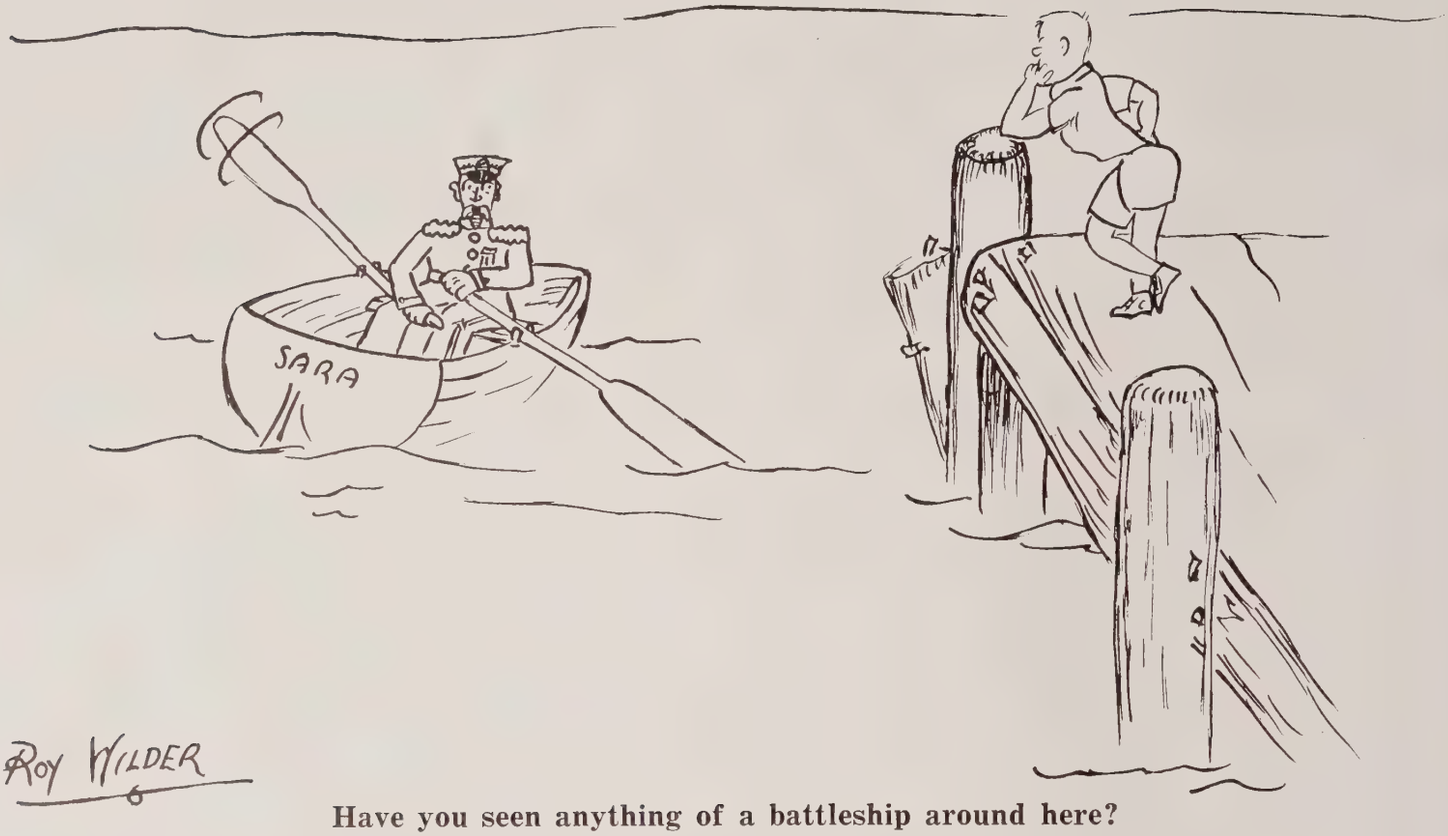
111 W. Main St. Durham

Shoes are among the most interesting of all summer clothes. For example, for business and street wear Bostonians (Durham Men's Shop) have a sorrel brown in wing tip that is both handsome and useful. Young Men's Shop of Durham, Randolph McDonald Stetson D, and Mr. Cooperative Bootery are all showing some quite excellent patterns in sport shoes. The solid white buck will again lead, though a close second will be followed by both brown and grey bucks, all in wingtips. The next favorite who will "place" is the white elk or kid (may be in buck) with black saddle. Incidentally, the patent leather dancing pump is obtaining much favor in the North Eastern colleges and will soon be seen here.

Shirts will go straight to the button down collar with much color but oxford cloth prevailing in materials. This shirt is well adapted to the use of the knit ties having a deep collar with decently lengthened points to cover the knot of the knit tie. Tabs will still be favorites in stripes and deep colors. Nevertheless, the eyelet collar, whether on a shirt of the same color or of different, and whether attached or not, will gain in popularity. Ties to go with these shirts are a question. The satin "tea tie" is dark in color with bright patterns. The useful Paisley design is still strnog as are plaids and checks in both silk and wool. Both in wool and in twills are found dark and light backgrounds with contrasting pin stripes almost an inch and a half apart. One of the most stunning ties I've ever seen was very dark, dark blue, with a light greenish blue stripe. A most amazing looking tie. Very complex to very simple figures are being shown. Foulards are having a extensive play and will be seen everywhere. Somehow or other, patterns in that materials always stand out well. Going back to shirts, they vary from deep stripes with alternating white or lighter stripes and white detached collar, to very narrow pin stripes either in the same or contrasting colors. The button-down collar is very comfortable and looks well with sport clothes. The slightly rounded tab collar is going to replace to an even greater extent the old straight collar.

Sweaters galore, and they will be seen in every color of the rainbow with some very tricky weaves and designs. Also, many of the woolen houses are showing the slipover and giving a great deal of advertising space to jacket sweaters either with zippers or buttons. But, the sleeveless slipover, and the slipover with sleeves is going to be the big thing. They go exceptionally well for class wear with sport jackets and contrasting slacks. Also, the new vests of tattersall design, are being worn more and more and go well with sport clothes. Here's hoping we can soon get them down here.

The narrow belt with an elongated gold buckle is very clever as is the idea recently introduced for sport wear of using a necktie for a belt and making the knot on the side. Seems silly at first, but the effect is at least different.



Have you seen anything of a battleship around here?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, OR UUGHH

(With apologies to the *New Yorker*)

The *Buccaneer* is ten years old. Ten years old. Five and five years today. Twice five, ten times one years old today. Co-eds still wheel when a car backfires, cars in the street and cars; cars backfire, co-eds on the grass. Alas in myopic evisceration of Don Cleavenger, yellow grass, green grass, blue grass, alas. The yellowed shades at the windows of Spencer, dirty yellow shades. The dripping yellow shades of stillness, of black drums; drums go bum, bum, bum, bum, Fitzsimmons, alas, Fitzsimmons, alas. The dirty red shades of Pi Phi, pi phi, fie fie, pi phi. Chicago, San Francisco, Alaska, Noo Yawk, Kalamazoo, Oshkosh and all points west—Jack Starr, alas.

Cars still backfire, co-eds still lie in the grass, still dirty yellow shades, still dirty yellow grass. The House of Sonnelly, I Am Suzanne, I Am the Playmakers, hotcha, hotcha, cha, cha, Kocha, Kocha, cha, cha, alas. The shades are still dirty, the cars are still dirty, the co-eds are still dirty, Cleavenger is still dirty, Fitzsimmons is still dirty, Star is still dirty, Kocha is still dirty, the Buccaneer is still dirty, alas. The Buccaneer is ten years old today. Ten years old. Twice five, ten times one, twenty times a half and forty times a quarter, today. —Ganymede.

Teacher: Johnny, give us a sentence using the word, "torture."

Johnny: A heavy knock hit the door and he leaped from her embrace, exclaiming, "I torture husband was in Texas!" —*Purple Parrot*

Lady—"Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little Boy—"Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?" —*Punch Bowl*

First Cadet: I hear that Mae West's sister is going to assist her in making a picture in Hollywood.

Second Cadet: Hooray! Now we can see four of them. —*Sqipper*

"I see dark spots in front of my eyes," remarked the motorist.

"Goody!" exclaims the girl friend. "Let's park in one of them. —*Skipper*

Rastus—"Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight Ball Club—"I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor." —*Burr*

FOLLIES OF 1934

(Found by Fi Bate)

What Phi Gam passes out both nights of Mid-winters, thus leaving his girl free for late dates?

* * *

What ex-Carolinian is getting a run-around by a shackster?

* * *

Who was the babe "caught" in the cellar of the S.A.E. house one fine Friday night?

* * *

What woman at the shack is "that way" about a certain football man?

* * *

What laddies in this school seem to have taken a more or less permanent residence in Spencer hall? (One is very brunette, one quite blonde, another red-head, not to forget the brown-haired, blue-eyed law student who is the latest arrival.

* * *

What big football man took TWO young ladies to dinner with him?

* * *

What bespectacled athlete was shanghaied into Sunday dinner at Spencer by nine attractive janes?

* * *

What well-known Carolinian received the well-known gate after the social season was over?

* * *

We heard the Zeta Zis had a very nice tea party not long ago.—And the Dekes are always having them.

* * *

What shackster was seen coming in at 7:00 o'clock of one Sunday morning?

* * *

Who do Don Jackson and Charlie Shaffer visit in Durham once a week?

* * *

Not to forget the four manly Manlyites who, on a bet, walked around the quadrangle clothed only in snow and their own little birthday suits?

* * *

Who is the man-crazy dame in Graham dormitory who has been having so many dates of late?

* * *

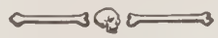
What German professor was seen bringing in a young lady to the same dormitory at 1:00 o'clock? And it's *not* Spann.

* * *

And, by the way, would people please stop threatening these columnists? On account of because, after all, you know, it does get boring after a while.

Members of the *Tar Heel* staff seem to have taken an unusual interest in collecting lingerie (or is that merely incidental?). The city editor for Tuesday, January 30, has thus far been unable to explain the presence in his pocket of ladies' (women's) panties and also why these feminine accessories were so bady torn.

The *Tar Heel's* Rameses-Hoax-Perpetrator Carr was seen walking down the street toward the printshop during intermission at the German Mid Winters with a lady's (woman's) hose hanging from his pocket. You're set; that was my trick.



"Say, I didn't know you rated a mosquito net."

"I don't, that's my bed sheet that just returned from the laundry." —*Log.*



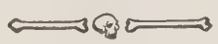
The little dark-haired girl was suing her husband for annulment on the ground that the marriage had never been consummated as the lawyers so quaintly put it. The hearing was before a very dignified looking judge.

Judge: "Did you ever live with your husband?"

She: "No."

Judge: "Do you mean to say that you never resided with your husband at all?"

"She (blushing): "Only once, your Honor, in Grant's park." —*Exchange.*



The professor arrived on class one minute late and began his lecture in a low monotone. About halfway through the period, a sleepy-eyed student staggered and slumped into a seat on the back row. The professor continued his lecture.

After sitting quietly for a few moments, the boy spoke up, "I'm going to get my money back," he shouted as he gained his feet, "I've seen this picture before."



He: Let's sit on that sofa in the dark corner.
She: Will you hold my hand?
He: No.
She: Will you try to kiss me?
He: No.
She: Will you try to feel my-er-pulse?
He: No. Now will you sit over there?
She: No.



1st stude—"Do you feel dizzy?"

2nd stewed—"Yeth."

1st stude—"Good, then lesh go around together."



THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

and in Cigarettes too — Taste is Everything

ALWAYS *the Finest Tobacco and* ONLY *the Center Leaves*

BUCCANEER



SCANDAL NUMBER

Had Your Arboretum Today?

•▲•

Enjoy Life in Summer School

•▲•

1000 • Beautiful Women • 1000

•▲•

Are you troubled with ants in your pants;
if not come to Summer School and
they'll make it hot for you.

•▲•

1,000,000,000 • MOSQUITOES • 1,000,000,000

•▲•

JOIN THE NUDISTS IN THE MOONLIGHT

•▲•

Do your petting and necking
in Kenan Stadium

•▲•

BEWARE OF ELLIS FYSAL!

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI MAY, 1934 NUMBER 7

PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY, JR. . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

Do you believe in clubs for women?
Yes, if hamburgers are not sufficient.

It is reported that a certain individual fellow of the lower quadrangle took a bath for the May Frolics.

Two Indians obtained a room in a hotel. Two days elapsed and the manager, having heard nothing from his guests, became worried and opened the door with his key. He found a teepee set up in the room, and one of the Indians sitting in front of the fire smoking a pipe.

"How," said the Indian.

"Where's your friend?" asked the manager.

"In there," grunted the Indian, indicating the bathroom.

The manager looked in the bathroom and found the other Indian on the floor with an arrow in his heart.

"My Lord, who killed him?" asked the hotel manager.

"Me, I killed him," grunted the Indian.

"Why did you do it?"

"Him spit in spring." —*Stolen*

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's office. Will you please hold the wire?"

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's private secretary. Hold the line a minute, please."

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"Well this is Schneck. Goldfarb, you stink!"

—*Log*

If gents could read
What co-eds thought,
There'd be more dating
Than there ought! —*Malteaser*

"Nice girl you had at the Brown Derby."
"Yes, she was." —*Malteaser*

So she married that damn X-ray specialist. Wonder what he sees in her. — *Malteaser*

THE
BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

M. C. S. Noble, President
R. L. Strowd, Vice-President
M. E. Hogan, Cashier

The Ad Writer's Nightmare

PAT GASKINS

I just woke up to myself the other day. I had been going around for twenty years with never a care, but suddenly everything went wrong. My selling business seemed to fall off suddenly. I noticed that at every house to which I went the lady of the house wasn't at home. They had all finished the day's washing with a minimum of effort and a tub full of Oxygen soap and were off seeing a show. There was no Lux there for me.

In desperation I tried the business section of the town. I entered an office and handed the girl my card. As she went in the inner office, I heard a sound of hammering. When I was admitted, the executive flashed a gleaming smile and proudly fondled a gross of eggs. I sat down and tried to pull the chair nearer to him, but it was nailed to the floor. I shook all over, not because of the excitement, but because I had been unable to sleep the night before. No order there for me.

As I left the office, I heard the stenographers whispering together. One of them said, "Yes, and he wears his underwear a second day." She certainly had her nerve, because I had never dated her two days in succession.

"Yes," said the other, "and he's not a regular fellow anymore, and he's got a goat that you can smell a mile."

Suddenly it dawned on me why I was always a wall flower and never a groom. In desperation I rushed out and bought a bottle of Blisterine, a tube of Blisterine tooth paste, some Instant Boastum, a box of Wet-Lax, and a cake of Bell Buoy soap, and used them all. No longer am I unsuccessful; no longer am I troubled with bad breath or dull teeth, with coffee nerves, constipation, or B. O. I'm dead.

Father and son stood watching the young people dancing before them.

"I bet you never say any dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Dad?"

"Once—but the place was raided." —*Dirge*

THE WELL DRESSED COLLEGE MAN
Will Find The Clothes He Prefers At
THE YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
126-128 East Main Street DURHAM, N. C.
Smartness Without Extravagance

It's wonderful what some women can get by with and still keep their amateur standing.

A miss is as good as her weakest moment.

And there are co-eds who profit by their mistakes.

There is no color, breed nor race
When I meet hash face to face.

"That'll be enough out of you," said the surgeon as he extracted a walnut from the windpipe of the patient.

Sign in Abernathy's Book Shop

Ninety
Cent
Books
90c

Sign in Gobson's Window

Oranges 1c 15c a dozen

First Cannibal: I have the most extraordinary case of indigestion since I indulged in that dinner of roast dog meat.

Second Cannibal: That's indeed too bad. It must have been habituate.

What will the football team do now that their two little sweethearts have deserted them? Not to mention the track and several other teams.

Dedicated to those in the infirmary: "For fleets is fleets and rest is rest, and never the twain shall meet. . . " —J. Mudyard Moscowitz.

Who was that lady I seen you with the other night?

That won't no lady; she's on the *Daily Tar Heel* staff.

What is love?

Love is when two people use the same piece of gum.

Her: You embarrassed me terribly the other night at the prom. Your handkerchief hung out from under your dinner jacket all night.

Him: That wasn't my handkerchief; those were my shorts.

"I'm sweet sixteen and never been kissed," she said, "decently."

TWAS EVER THUS

By U. B. (unpleasant breath)

Middleman: Miss Bop, may I present Mr. Zug?
Miss Bop: How do you do?
Zug: Very glad to know you.
Where are you from, Mr. Zug?
Sunkville.
Sunkville! Do you know Bill Wump?
Oh, sure.
Sadie Oompah?
Yeah.
Wuzzie Floe, Minnie Sizz, and Losh Glotz?
Yeah. Where you from, Miss Bop?
Klumptown; that's near Wuzzville.
Do you know a boy named Mike Poktush?
Sure, I know Mike.
Intruder: May I break please?
Zug (later to middleman): Thanks for introducing me to that girl; she has a swell line.

Flash

One of the BUCCANEER artists drew a hen so natural that when it was thrown in the wastepaper basket it laid there.

Better Planning

The kangaroo and the elephant should change tails.

Who's that working down there on the remodeled tennis courts?

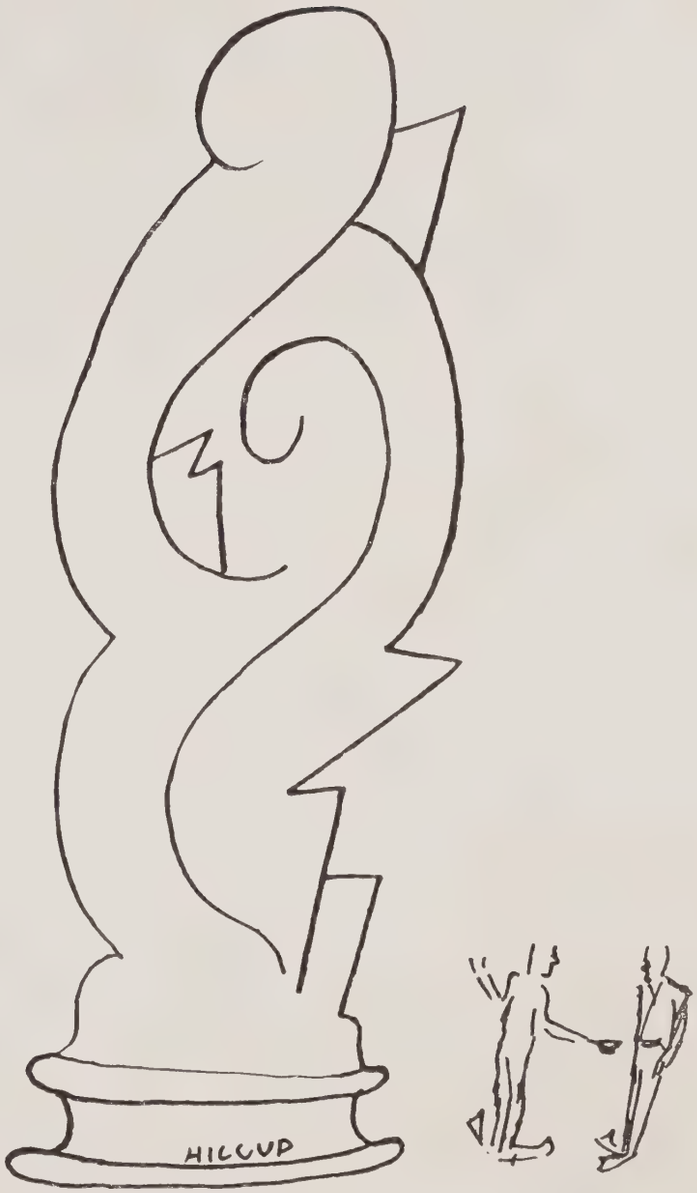
Oh, a bunch of FERA boys.

Spotted by our Eagle-Eye Department: Sign in our local hardware window: "Shot guns for rent."

Picked up in a second-rate pun shop:

"I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine."

"Mine's better! I get mine from the Southern Public Utilities Co."



Trouble is—I don't know what to name it.

Our Eagle-Eye Department overheard the following conversation at campus elections:

"Oh, yes, this is the Australian Ballot."

His friend managed to murmur faintly after being sausaged through the mill, "Gaw'd I'd hate to live in Australia."

I met her at choir practice—she was just a chants acquaintance.

Auto Supplies at Cut Rate Prices

— visit —

MYERS-GLENN

Chapel Hill Street Opposite Washington Duke Hotel



**You ought to know better than bring your dog in here;
it's against dormitory rules.**

The Carolina
BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI MAY, 1934 NO. 7

BUCCANEERING

Seeing as how with the advent of Spring and everything so much scandal has been in progress about the campus, it was thought best to add a few more snooping columnists to the staff.

These undergraduate love birds are getting in our hair; we can't take a stroll in the beautiful woods of Chapel Hill without stepping on spooners dallying among the dogwood. Very few clumps of bushes on appropriate nights are uninhabited.

Perhaps there should be special protection for the petters such as sentry duty in the stadium or the arboretum. The sentry could observe the approach of a couple and challenge, "Who goes there?"

"Billers and cooers," would be the reply.

"Advance to be recognized," the sentry would say. They would and after showing their coddlers license issued by BUCCANEER columnists, they would be permitted to pass. If, however, they did not possess a permit, the sentry would be obliged to report them to the BUCCANEER, and their names would grace the columns of this esteemed publication.

So come up to the BUCCANEER office and buy your lover's license if you want protection.

* * *

Ode to Benedick Ben

Old Ben Proctor had a farm, E yi, E yi, O
And on that farm he had some votes, E yi, E yi, O
With a promise promise here, and a promise promise there;
And here a promise, there a promise, everywhere promise, promise,
Old Ben Proctor had a farm, E yi, E yi, O.

Old Ben Proctor had a farm, E yi, E yi, O
And on that farm he had a party, E yi, E yi, O,
With mud, mud here, and mud, mud there,
Here mud, there mud, everywhere mud, mud
Old Ben Proctor had a farm, E yi, E yi, O.

SPRING

I rambled through the shade of the green primeval forest.
I found myself lost but not afraid in the woodland weald.
Suddenly I came upon a limpid pool, sparkling and fresh.
Around were blossoming trees, flowers, and tender shoots of grass.
My feet uncovered I put them into the cool spring.
They certainly needed it.
Gosh, how they stunk.

* * *

The end is near and we manage to gasp our last few remarks before giving up the editorship of the BUCCANEER. It has been a hectic year, and we are proud of these, our misdeeds. We started the year fresh and with good intentions. Now disillusioned, bloody and bowed, and afflicted with varieties of nervous breakdowns, we managed to scrawl our last fond farewell. We have bit our finger and wrote this with the oozing blood.

* * *

Many people wandering into the BUCCANEER office see several pictures of one Thurston's orchestra tacked to the bulletin board and hanging on the walls about the office. They immediately, and correctly, assume that the editor is the Chapel Hill representative of the band. The orchestra is from his home town, Rocky Mount, and he gets a cut on any engagement that is played in Chapel Hill. The editor wants it clearly understood that Thurston, the Magician, has nothing to do with the orchestra. He also wants to let Claiborn Carr and Bob Novins know that the torch singer is discriminating in her choice of a late date. This is not an advertisement but a public warning not to get around the editor when he is in a talkative mood about Thurston's band; he'll talk you to death and make you like it, but don't be deceived about promises of a late date with the torch singer.

Hither and Thither on Ye Campus

ANONYMOUS*

THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATING—
THEN LAUGH.

Build for yourself a strong-box,
Fashion each part with care
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thoughts of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely
That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong-box securely—
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

—Berta Adams Backus

Entering at last the torrid tabloid class, the BUCCANEER flings to thee this month its Scandal Issue, for no other reason than to take the place of all the political literature you've been forced to content yourself with during the past few weeks. The BUCCANEER is, at least, furnishing you with a better quality of paper, so yap your head off all you want to if you don't like it.

Yet this scandal business is pretty weak at present. Even the ever popular stories are beginning to disappear. The only interesting one we've heard recently is about that track man who wanted to have a date here the night of the William and Mary track meet. The track team (as such) was to remain in historically-rejuvenated Williamsburg over night. But not our friend. He just *had* to get back. And back, my friends, he got. The geographic problem was disposed of first for hastily did he procure transportation, and, with the angel of anticipation leading him on, did he journey the two hundred-odd miles back home, his little heart going pitter-patter, pitter-patter. For a while it rained. But "neither rain, nor wind, nor sleet, nor storm, etc." Then that old dastard time began to fugit. All sorts of things happened as town after town was overtaken. Richmond was passed. Then Petersburg. Then South Hill, Henderson and Durham. (All of this happened one night.) Chapel Hill was sighted at last. The Bell Tower Clock struck twelve. So with but twenty minutes left till midnight, it looked as if love would be triumphant again. Such, my friends, is the tale as it came to us. It is not scandal. It is not campus gossip. It is merely a simple tale of devotion. It comes to you as such. You are men and women, are you not? Are we so small that we would jest with the love of a good man for that of a good woman? Nay, a thousand times nay!

*George Moore.

But in our most jestless manner we wish to add the report which came to us just the day before yesterday to the effect that the proverbial hat was found on the proverbial table.

* * *

Campus elections, being what they were, caused us to redeem from oblivion the fact that we come from old political stock ourselves. Back up there in the hills one of our clan, at least, has always been something or other in respect to managing other peoples' affairs. Then there was Uncle Ned out West. He was about the best one in the lot. He ran for sheriff. He ran for coroner. He ran for mayor. He was always running for something. The last we ever heard of him he was running for the border.

* * *

Note to reader: The following dirty joke has been printed upside-down so that you won't read it unless you really want to.

Then there's the story told us the other day about the small town kid who played hooky from school. His absence wasn't noticed, and probably never would have been, had not one of the school authorities seen him leading a cow down the street. The boy was finally overtaken by the school's principal, only to be asked why he was associating with the bovine when he should have been diligently pursuing the three R's. Though somewhat embarrassed, the kid tried to explain that his absence was due to the fact that he had to take the cow over to his uncle's place, the uncle being in possession of a bull. "Couldn't your father do that," asked the gentleman?

"Well, I reckon so," replied the truant, "but I ain't sure that he's registered."

What with the lawyers getting out their horseshoes, the Graduate Club getting out their marbles, and the co-eds starting to practice on their bows and arrows, it looks like the Spring fancies are again upon us.

And then, politics have come and gone again. Now, there's a Spring fancy worth having. It gives one something to do during that part of the year when everyone else feels like relaxing. Fortunately, however, campus elections, like Santa Claus, come but once a year.

Politics can be taken as an asset, that is if we're to believe what we hear. . . Carl Thompson proceeded to an advantage over Elmer Oettinger in respect to the Nan Norman situation. . . there's a certain guy on this campus who whistles "There Goes My Heart" every time Jean Cantrell passes by. . . and I'll bet that even George O'Hanlon (B.O. to you) can't even find out what they're whistling at Margaret MacCauley these days. . . biggest disappointment of the year: failure of the BUCCANEER to do a good job in its attempt to get an action photo in the Student Council's judicial portals of one of those dates engaged in by the President of the Women's Association and the President of the Student Body. . . How about *what?*

1: I'm the brainiest man that ever hit this town.

2: Well, you may be smart, but my wife's first husband was the smartest man that ever lived around these parts.

1: Sez you?

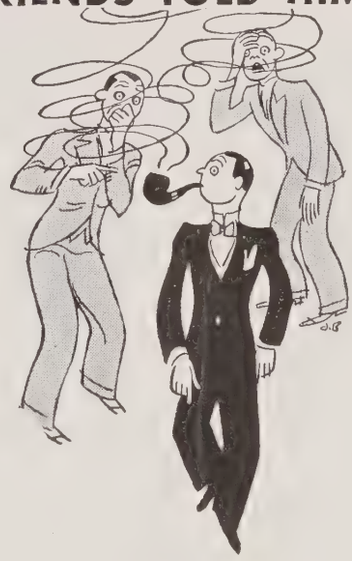
2: Sez she!

Spotted by our Eagle-Eye Department: Sure sign of spring in our local hardware window: "Ferry Seeds—Pansies."



Noah's Auk

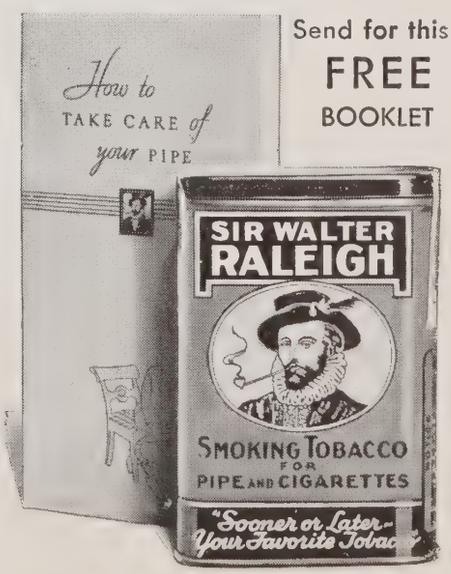
"EVEN HIS WORST FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"



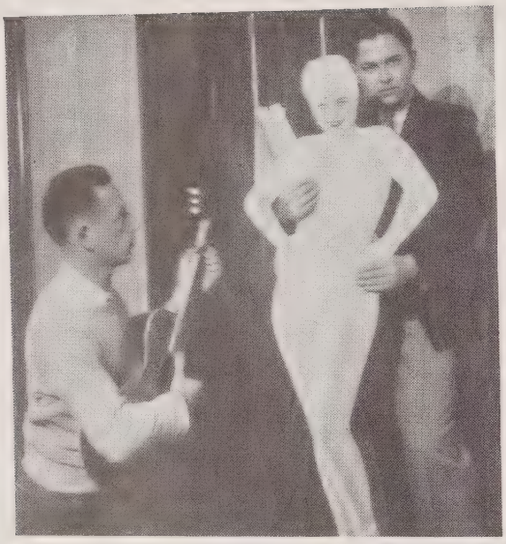
THEY SURE DID—when they recovered! But recovering from the K.O. of that sullen, soupy pipe was harder than holing a golf ball from a sand trap!

A pipe-cleaner, an orange-and-black tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—and how his circle of admirers will widen! This happy mixture of fine Kentucky Burleys has the body that men want, with a calm fragrance that raises you in the estimation of your friends . . . . . and yourself. Trv it. You'll like it.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-44.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER







At the top on the left a couple of campus Romeos try to get some enjoyment out of one of E. Carrington Smith's girls. At the right we have two dames squared off. It seems that Spring is here, and you just can't both share the same fellow, you know. At the bottom is Tarziana with her foot on George Moore's neck giving the victory yell. She thinks she has Georgie at a disadvantage. What do you think? Pat Gaskins and Florence Yancey look on joyfull.y

Happy Daze a l'ogden gnash

PAT GASKINS

Election's
Selections
Meritorious
Are notorious.

* * *

When calling up at Spencer Hall,
Much in vain might be your call
Unless you do elucidate,
You'll more than likely lose a date.

* * *

Scandal writers
For the BUCCANEER
Usually have
A mucking ear.

* * *

Late to bed
And early to rise
Will give your wife
A big surprise.

* * *

Scandal columny's
Dandy calumny.

* * *

Those who write letters and sign their name
For the sake of a lousy autograph
And never afterward reach to fame
Give always afterward a hearty laugh.

* * *

The *Carolina Magazine* has
A paucity
Of literati.

1st co-ed: That platinum blonde friend of yours is certainly snooty. Wonder what turned her head.

2nd co-ed: Mauchand's Golden Hair Wash.

When you give a man like Dillinger enough rope, he usually skips.

A New Yorker and Scotchman shared a cabin crossing the Atlantic. The first morning out the American was amazed to see the Scot using his toothbrush.

"Say!" he yelled. "That's my toothbrush you're using!"

"So sorry," said the Scot, "I didn't know. I thought it belonged to the ship."

Dizzy Definitions

A doorknob is a thing a revolving door goes around without—a straw is something which you drink something through two of them—cobblestones are a pavement that people would rather were asphalt than—a fern is a plant that you are supposed to water it once a day, but if you don't it dies, and if you do, it dies anyway only not so soon—summer is a season that in winter you wish you could keep your house as warm as—a cartoon is a funny drawing that makes people laugh when other people claim cigarettes come in it—cream is something which dry cereal doesn't taste as good without it, unless you use milk, but you haven't any—and one car they are all dying to ride in is the hearse.

NOTES AT RANDOM ON A TRACK TRIP

Bob Reid, six foot high-jumper, couldn't do better than five feet ten inches at William and Mary. When asked for a reason Bob replied, "There were so many girls I couldn't keep my eye on the cross-bar."

* * *

Ed Waldrop and Haywood Curlee ran that mile to a tie because they both wanted to date the same girl. With one lap to go, Ed's female rooter screamed, "Come on Ed, get this thing over and let's go places." And did Ed go to town!!

* * *

The Sullivan twins had a grand time at the dance the night after the meet. Louis could dance with the girls Henry was introduced to and vice versa. The girls didn't know the difference anyhow!!

* * *

The fact that there were eight hundred girls at William and Mary may account for the success of the track meet, what do you think?

* * *

Don Jackson served as a date bureau, getting dates for about half of the team.

Just before the two-mile run Captain McRae was walking up the track with the Sullivans in order to give them some last-minute pointers. He was walking with his arms around both of them. As they passed in front of the stands a W. and M. co-ed yelled, "Oh, look at the triplets.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, when questioned, said they were pleased with the new addition to their family.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

(Unwitting Wit and Wisdom of the Classroom)
From the *Readers Digest* Who Got It
From *Boners*

English and Grammar

The objective of "he" is "she."

A plagiarist is a writer of plays.

A compliment is when you say something to another that he and we know is not true.

Q: What kind of noun is trousers?
A: An uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

The feminine of batchelor is lady in waiting.

Chivalry is the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

Philosophy means being able to explain why you are happy even when you are poor.

The Scarlet Letter griped me intensely.

Religion

The Bible is against bigamy when it says no man can serve two masters.

A deacon is a mass of inflammable material placed in a prominent position to warn the people.

Science and Natural History

Q: What happens when there is a eclipse of the sun?
A: A great many people come out to look at it.

The animal which possesses the greatest attachment for man is woman.

Henry Ford invented perpetual motion.

A ruminant is an animal that chaws its cub.

Heredity is a bad thing and it ought to be prevented.

All brutes are imperfect animals. Man alone is a perfect beast.

The stomach is a bowl-shaped cavity containing the organs of indigestion.

To be healthy don't eat any kind of food.

The liver is an infernal organ of the body.

One of the main causes of dust is janitors.

French and Latin Translations

Arma virumquie cano: I cry for arms and a man.

Poeta nascitur non fit: A poet is not fit to be born.

Cave Caneum: Beware! I may sing!

Hors d'oeuvre: Out of work.

Hors de combat: War horse.

Voici l'anglais avec son sangfroid habituel: Here comes the Englishman with his usual bolldy cold.

History, Politics and Sociology

In Milton's time, England would have been a much holier place if everyone had belonged to the same sex.

Q: Write all you know about Nero.
A: The less said about Nero the better.

A demagogue is a vessel containing spirituous liquors.

The U. S. government builds penitentiaries for the wild life of America.

Donatello's interest in the female nude made him the father of the Renaissance.

Newspapers are useful for reporting calamities such as deaths and marriages.

Wells' *Outline of History* is a veritable millstone on the road to learning.

Andrea del Sarto was not quarrelsome, while his wife was of the opposite sex.

The population of London is a bit too thick.

The theory of exchange, as I understand it, is not very well understood.

The form of government most commonly used in cities is keep to the right.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

Miscellaneous

Last year many lives were caused by accidents.

A person should take a bath once in summer and not so often in winter.

In case of asphyxiation apply artificial respiration until the person is dead.

A scout obeys all to whom obedience is due and respects all duly constipated authorities.

A mugwump is a bird that sits on the fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other.

Original Poem

As I was laying on the green
A small English book I seen
Carlyle's essay on Burns was the edition
So I left it lay in the same position.

PUTRID PUNS

Upon breaking his breakfast egg the man in the restaurant was surprise to find an adolescent feathered animal hiding behind the shell walls. He called the waiter.

After scrutinizing the hen fruit very carefully, the waiter remarked: "Some yolk, eh, boss."

* * *

"Just another slash in the pan," said the drunken frat man as he dressed the wound inflicted while shaving.

BUCCANEER new theme song: Smut Gets In Your Eyes.

Reports reach the BUCCANEER that because of the story in the *Tar Heel* last month about two co-eds from Duke visiting Aycock dormitory (harmlessly, of course) has resulted in strict chaperonage of all Dukesses who may chance to come in the direction of Chapel Hill.

What can I do to observe Lent?
Why don't you give yourself up?

Here's to Annie Laurie,
The maid who inspires my hymns;
She's only a tree surgeon's daughter,
But can she cross her limbs?

They were riding along the lonely road when all of a sudden the car stopped and he said, "Well, I suppose we're out of gas."

She just laughed and laughed, because she knew what he wanted.



Sorry, lady, but the CWA must go on.

KAROLINA KOMMENT

During the month of May, Hollywood, in cooperation with E. Carrington Smith, will send several of the best pictures of the year to Chapel Hill. May is the month of good movies, and now is the time for all good Tar Heels to come to the aid of Mr. Smith.

May 1 Tom Brown, one of Hollywood's younger actors, will play in "The Witching Hour."

On the second of May Colleen Moore makes a comeback. Colleen used to have a Dutch bob, but now she's a treat and no Dutch treat.

"Rip Tide," with Norma Shearer, that great emotional actress, will be here for two days, the 3rd and 4th. Miss Shearer, heroine of "Strange Interlude" and other successes, is at her best.

Bebe Daniels struts her stuff in "Registered Nurse" on the 5th. Bebe looks shapely in her nurse's costume.

On the 6th and 7th is an all-star musical, "Stand Up and Sing." It is recommended to be so good that you can't help but do just that.

Ginger Rogers, the peppery patootie, is at the Carolina on the 8th in "Upper World."

Monsieur Joseph E. Brown is here on the 9th in A VERY HONORABLE GUY. Joe E. is at his best.

Johnnie Weismuller who played Tarzan once before is back again in "Tarzan and His Mates" on the 10th. It sounds like dirty work in the jungle to us.

Blonde Glenda Farrell who looks as if she were playing in most all the pictures now is here the 11th in "Merry Wives of Reno."

CC's by B. O.

As I write this the President is just before going out to date a high school dramatist. Great excitement prevails. I eagerly await the report of progress made.

During the recent hunting season, when some one asked Gracie Bowes what she thought of having another 'possum hunt, she said she was all for it, but didn't see any use in taking along "Boss" Hill and the dogs. Which reminds me that the ex-editor of the *Tar Heel* apparently is back in the running.

Telephones are wonderful things, but there are times when I wish they had never been invented. I feel particularly strong on this subject when I have to answer it at 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning and have a feminine voice ask for Tom Parsons. In the more vulgar parlance, he evidently is power with the women.

There was considerable excitement in the lawyers' domain recently when it was bruited about that a certain so-called Tarzan in this here University had biffed a certain blond haired, blue eyed first year student one for no particular reason, and there were threats of everything from a lynching bee to a law suit, until quieter heads prevailed.

For an apt demonstration that blushing isn't entirely a lost art one should see and observe Mary McElwee. Aileen Smith has an accent that would make a Vermont Yankee turn green with envy. The horrors of driving one's family on a trip were recently spoken of in a Carr "bull" session. One laddie said that every time he'd come to an intersection his mother would tell him to go to the left; his sister would tell him to go straight, and about the time he would start to turn right, his little sister would sing out tha the red light was on. He came back on the train; gray-headed but wiser. One philosophical little co-ed remarked recently that everything is merely temporary. So are permanents. Every time I see a co-ed going up town with a set and determined, not to mention hopeful, look, I wonder what beauty shop she's going to. And they come out looking about the same as ever. But we'd raise h—l if they didn't go. I hear that one little gal at the shack gave up asking her boy friend for dates during Lent. As a result he most thought he'd been kicked. When Mrs. Lee starts going around the shack to put out the lights, that means "good-bye" in any language, and when she isn't turning them out, she's turning them on; as some one remarked, if the Lord won't give us light, Mrs. Lee will. I'm all for her though. Several have asked me if any remuneration is received from Pritchard-Lloyds for the advertising given it in this column. As yet there hasn't been, but it's a good idea. Bob Ruark says he's trying to develop a nice sneer—he seems to be making progress.

And one love sick lad says that whenever his rival speaks to him as if he's glad to see him, he has a feeling that things aren't doing so well.

I hear that Chief Justice Marshall struck out with B. B. Henderson after trying to buck the football team. "Rooster" Trott was calling strikes. And, by the way, what happened to the once budding romance of Handsome Prince Albert Cowper and Betty "L." Hanson?

I shocked a little girly recently when she asked me where my vest was. I told her it was in the seat of my breeches. It's doing far better service there than it could where usually worn.

It was a lovely and ethereal scene that I encountered on going into Pritchard-Lloyds (what, again?) the other day. V. A. Ezzard was busily engaged in manicuring the nails of Homer Lucas, while Lindy Cate and Van Webb were gazing avidly and longingly on.

And then there was the law student who briefed cases for two weeks in the wrong book before he discovered his mistake. He says he knew something was wrong, but wasn't sure what.

Latest budding romances: Hess Weaver and Homer Lucas; Kat Jamieson and Charlie Woolen. Those that continue to bud: Charlotte Windbourn and Eddie Martin; Tracy Scobie and Davie Spiers. Most continuous of all: Fuzzy and Johnnie.

Little Willie, getting bored,
Slashed his grandpa with a sword.
His grandpa said, "Now, now, Wilile,
Mustn't try to act so silly."

You can lead a sot away from a speakeasy, but you can't make him stop drinking.

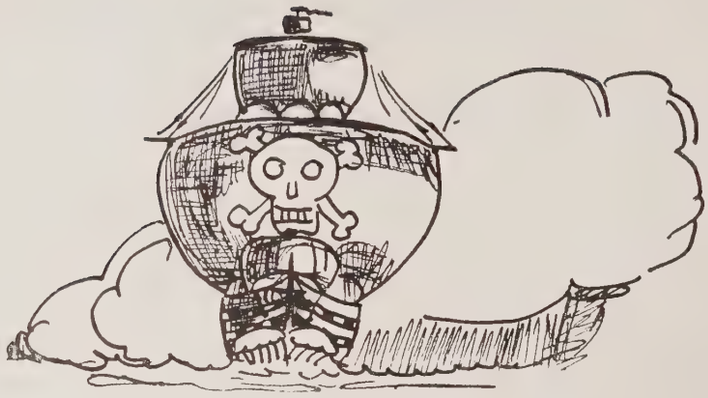
We ought to cut that dirty joke out; it's no good.

Yeh. It's more to be pitied than censored.



My gawd! My roommate and the dean of women!

DUCCA ZUMDUM



PETE IVEY . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Managing Editor*
M. P. HILLER . . . . . *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wilbur Dorsett	Jim Jackson	Geo. Moore	Jack Lowe
Claude Rankin	Alex Mark	R. C. Ruark	Henry Pearson
Margaret B. McCauley	Julian Bobbitt	Francis Breazeale	DeWitt Carroll

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Giles Williams	J. Rom Gooding	Sanford Langsam	Jerry Kisner
Julian Steinberg	Robert Schlesinger	Jack Poole	Roy Wilder
Michael Erlanger	Leon Bedrick	Charles Daniel	Albert Ellis

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Thompson	W. R. Fowler	J. B. Lindeman	Ben Proctor
Elmer Oettinger	Bob Bolton	H. B. Johnson	Milton Sherer
Tom Hicks	Parker Morris	Henry Rancke	Tom Spencer
W. C. Durfee	Margaret Gaines	Smith Barrier	Louis Skinner
James Westbrook	Howard Easter	Clarence Weinberg	Scott Miles
Myers Whitaker	Laurence Frank	Carl Thompson	Harvey Gwyn
Peggy Ann Harris	Sam Roberts	Milton Kogan	Virgil J. Lee
Sherwood Barefoot	Sol Eichler	Ray Braswell	

ART STAFF

David Pemberton	J. D. Carr	Opie Shelton	Charles Noell
Ed Skinner	Willard Hollingsworth	E. D. Bayley	P. A. Karlson
Bill Henderson			

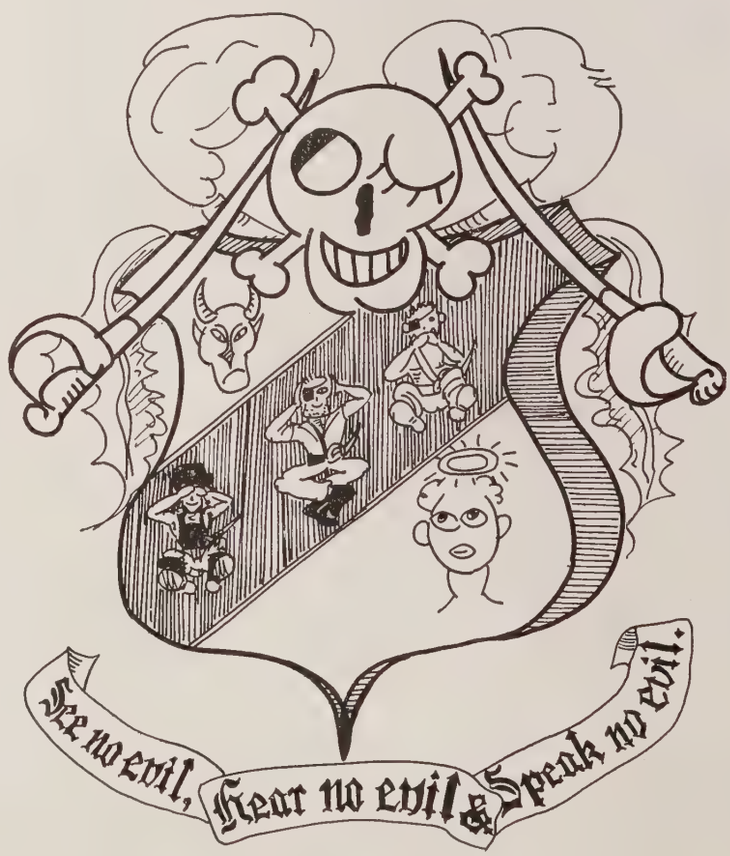
BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
F. P. GRAY, JR.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
F. E. MCMILLAN, *Manager*

Assistants
Robert Cole, Coltrane Fuller



M. P. Hiller

– as we go along



We believe you'll enjoy them

Chesterfield

they're MILDER
they TASTE BETTER

© 1934, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

FOLLIES OF 1934

By Phi Bate

What little dear has arrived from Florida with a quaint soup-strainer and an eleven and a half inch pipe as proofs of his prowess?

* * *

What two co-eds in Spencer hall had too much "wine" one night and had to take a little stroll on Emerson Field before going in?

* * *

How about that innocent pledge, who, on being told that the dining room of Spencer hall, where he was required to eat one night, was on the second floor, wandered helplessly around up there until indignantly ejected by the wrathful inhabitants of the floor.

* * *

Then there's the law student who took off for Washington, Friday, lit in jail Saturday, lit out Sunday, landed in Wilmington Monday, and turned up with a whole skin in Chapel Hill, Tuesday?

* * *

And speaking about law-students, what about the two that landlady caught sneaking up the stairs to visit their girl-friends at 2:30 in the morning?

* * *

And those three college boys who calmly allowed one man with a black-jack to take all their valuables and their car from them? Tsk! Tsk!

* * *

This school will be developing quite a few distance runners if these April fool jokes keep up. Herman Snyder takes first place for his cross-country run when that "farmer" started after him with a shotgun. In a special interview, he himself declared that there is no doubt but that he broke not only Southern Conference and American, but all-time records in his ten-mile dash. The honorable Mr. Killinsworth (not related to the popular Playmaking Miss Killinsworth), Mr. Dunn and Mr. Cooner also placed, when the champions for the several nights were figured out.

* * *

What three residents of Lewis dormitory were seen kicking the gong around up north last vacation with three nifty dames; Skee, Rita, and Betty?

* * *

We hear that George Pierson, stage manager of the Playmaker theatre, made a rule during the dramatic festival that there was to be absolutely *no* necking backstage or on the fly gallery. It seems that the bebanged, dark little stage hand could not be there during that time.

* * *

And by the way, what has been voted to be the most popular window in the shack?

* * *

"How about dat, huh?"

* * *

What Phi Kappa Sigma has been going with his roommate's gal?

* * *

P. S. In case anyone may be interested, the following items were given to ye columnist by a very prominent young man on this campus. Do not believe all you hear, gentle readers, but you make take the following for what it is worth.

* * *

Jim Stephens, dormitory inspector of Manly, has been receiving several love notes from unknown co-eds. He got several Valentines last month from anonymous ladies. Jim is known as a woman-hater.

The service in Graham dormitory is very unsatisfactory according to the female inmates. The janitor is never around when wanted but the matron is always present though not wanted.

Did you hear about the fellow who dreamed he was going over Niagara Falls in a barrel and when he woke up it had been raining in the window and got his mattress wet.

Farmer: So you're the guy!
Victim: Don't shoot mister; I'll buy your heifer.

She was only a daughter of one of the first families of Virginia, but she was no virgin.

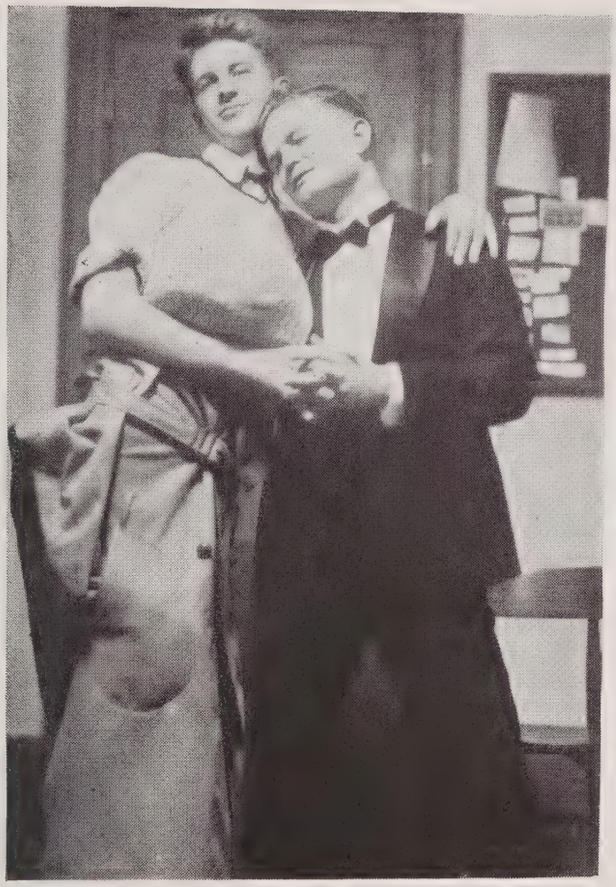
"If you really want a kiss, you will have to buy me a box of candy," she said.

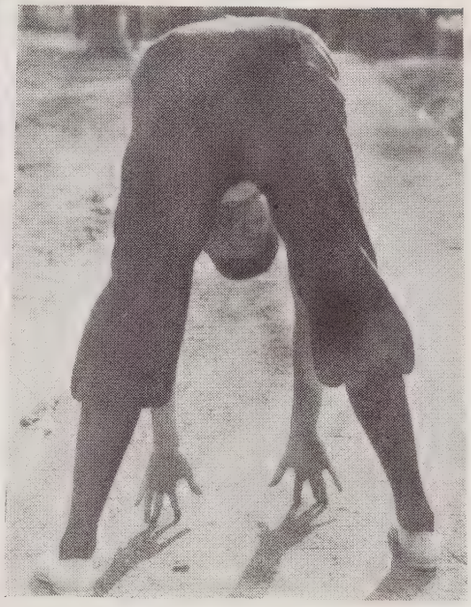
He bought her a box of candy and kissed her.

The next day he bought her a confectionery shop.

Professor: Mr. Jones, it seems to me I read this same essay by Francis Bacon.

Jones: Yes sir, we worked together on it last night.







At the top on the left a couple of the boys get together. "Wildman" Wilder and Giles Williams posed for this one. That bust was the bust we could do on such short notice. On the right are two familiar faces. This is an intimate study of that great artist, J. Mudyard Moskowitz. At the bottom is George Moore, star scandal columnist, getting dirt for this issue. Names of the couples will be furnished upon request if you send a stamped envelope—even then we don't insure return postage.

MOANING LOW
or
THE WET BLANKET
or
TAKE A CHANCE

By Michael Erlanger and Bernard Solomon

Curtain opens: Scene: Any living room in any living house. Large chair downstage. Girl is seen weeping in chair. She is pretty though not necessarily beautiful. Has on evening dress. Father comes in. He is average American father, and has on dressing gown.

Father: Sis, what's the matter?

Girl: OOH, father!

F.: Yes, dear.

G.: How can I tell you?

F.: Tell me what, baby? (Pats her on shoulder. She leans against him for a second, then stiffens).

G.: What are my friends going to say? What am I going to do?

F.: Come dear, tell me about it (pleads).

G.: Well, you know that boy that has been coming over to see me the last couple of days?

F.: You mean the one that calls himself "The bull of the campus?"

G.: Yes.

F.: Well???

G.: Well—we had a date tonight. We drove out on the Gimghoul road and halfway there the car stopped. (Is convulsed by weeping.) Father, you know that it isn't wrong nowadays to kiss a boy?

F.: Of course not. Why should that make you so unhappy?

G.: That's not all. He put his arm around me and kissed me, and then— Oh! I'll never be able to look anybody in the face again.

F.: The rat! I'll make him marry you!

G.: Oh, Father, don't do that. I couldn't stand it. You don't understand.

F.: I understand all right. These college boys who think that . . .

G.: (Silences him.) Oh, but that isn't all . . . after he kissed me he—

(Editor's note: select either ending)

(1) G.: (Silences him.) Oh, but that isn't all. After he kissed me, I . . . Oh Father, I knew I shouldn't have drunk so much beer this afternoon (sobs loudly).

Or (2) F.: He what?

G.: He turned around and drove me home (sobs loudly).

She: Are you an *expert* crystal gazer?
Hindu: No madam, just medium.

Two chorus boys had a feud and they finally came to blows. The result of the battle is that one has a cauliflower wrist. —*Scranton Scratch*

CHICKENS

(Apologies to Gertie Stein, Mammy Goose, and Sinbad the Sailor)

By DeWitt Carroll

To be to are to is to ain't
Hitler is no plaster saint
In Austria they love him not
In Palestine he ain't so hot.
Nazi
Batsi
Pudding and pie
Serve the corn and save the rye.

Nasty meanie nasty Benny
To soak the staff did have a yenny
Screen up down to fall be fell
Missed photographer's sore as hell.
Getsi
Wetsi
Pudding and pie
Serve the scotch
And heave a sigh.

Men
Hen
Gin
Sin
Son
Mon
Tues
Wed
Nerts.

* * *

Hoku

May I break?
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Ditto
Again
Last straw
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sentry: Who goes there?
Voice: A friend.
Sentry: How about lending me four bits, pal?
Voice: Sorry, I'm broke.
Bang!

Sign on the Wake Theatre's Marquee in Raleigh:

"Doris Kenyon
No Marriage Ties
Reasonable Prices"

Galling

"My daughter stays out late and will not tell me where she's been. She is going with a fellow who seems to have more control over her than her own family. When they stay at home in the evening he sits in her father's chair, puts his feet on the porch railing and spits on the flowers and acts like he owned the place. I asked him his intentions and he laughed at me. What can I do?"
—*M. K. L.*

Send me your name and address and I'll discuss the case with you privately. You might take your husband's chair off the front porch. That at least would give the young man a less comfortable place to sit.—*Question column in the Yonkers Statesman.*

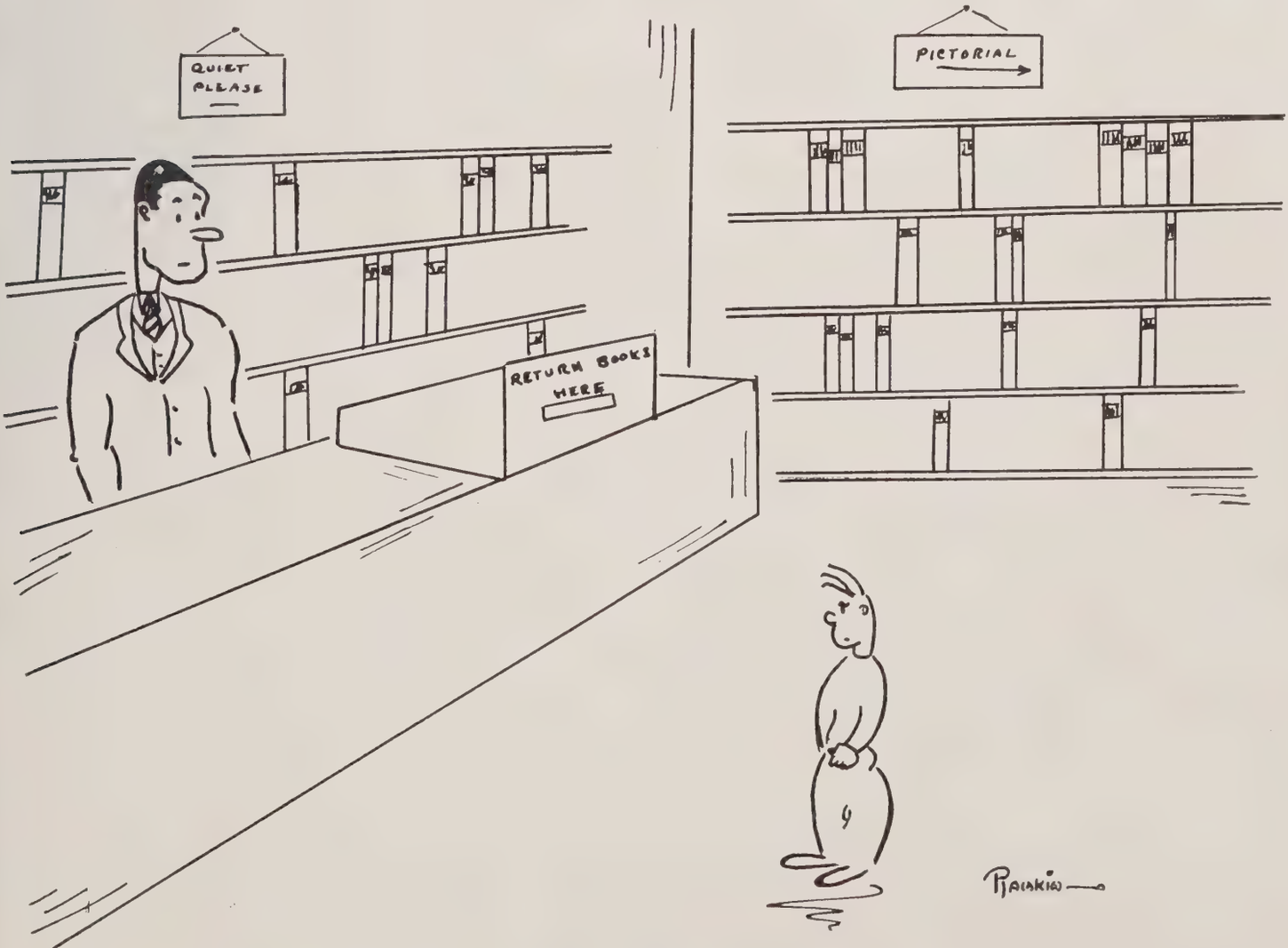
Tear the railing down and pull the flowers up, too. That'll fool the son-of-a-gun.—*Cal. Pelican*

The worms were working away in dead earnest . . . poor Earnest. —*Old Joke*

Remember it's the idle rumor that don't do right by the landlady's daughter. —*Widow*

Mother—"Willie, go in and kiss the new nurse and get acquainted."

Willie—"What, and get a sock on the jaw like papa did?" —*Swiped*



I wanna book on thex.



Hey! You're running it backwards!

TUSH! TUSH! DEPT.

Why must you chew gum like a cow?
The moon is drunk with her own golden beauty.
Yea! They shall find these runes—
thy name brings forth their souls!

We managed to save the stamps of his fingers and half his hand, cut diagonally across it. . . He would calmly take out a plug of tobacco with his bloody hands and calmly chew off a mouthful of it.

She picked up a half-filled wine barrel and put her mouth to the bung.

And to preserve her utility, mama kept her away from all young men.

The body lay in the coffin. It was looking a little bloated.

—poured forth rancid odors from their interior. . . . and the filth of months choked the street.

—keeping the chloroform dripping.

—to the whipping post and flog his bare back. . . Every time the whip struck, a red line wealed on Decatur's back.

"Death is not a pretty thing." . . . I hope he has a pool table when he gets to heaven."

—a beautiful little pistol. He walked in my direction, leveling it at me.

"Sadie was a terror. She almost cut me to pieces when she found me with another woman. If she hadn't died I guess I would have had to do away with her."

—who got his hand mixed up with a slab and a rip saw.

Edd was a bloody mess.

Sometimes the crowd catches it too late, and the knife is snapped shut with a red stain on it.

Till the porpoise founded a magazine
Where they could publish their grunts and groans!

(*Excerpts from The Carolina Magazine, oldest collegiate publication in the United States, April 8, 1934.*)

—And still editorial writers object to a humorous magazine at the University of North Carolina!

ODE ON SPRING

Editorial writers
And other silly blighters
Are not now so prolific
Nor half as darned specific
Because it's spring.

With rather vague meanderings
And half-baked semi-wanderings
Of their minds infantile
They produce unusual bile
Because it's spring.

With "if's" and "but's" aplenty
And other strange lamenti
They whistle in the office
And they loose a lot of Morphus
Because it's spring.

Their pipes go out frisky-like
They drink a lot of whiskey-like
They have artistic temperaments
They chew a heap of peppermints
Because it's spring.

With curdled libidoes
They count their pinky toes
And with composition throes
Their stupor greater grows
Because it's spring.

And so with slight ado
They bid the board adieu,
And with some simple lass
They walk across the grass
Because it's spring.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DANCE DICTIONARY

Date: Dressed-up prune.
Band: Gang of ruffians.
Stag: One who drinks his fill at eve.
Hop: Skip and jump.
Cut: . . . . . .
Hoofer: A big cow.
Corsage: Robbery. (Support for the bust.)
Crooner: One who only sings to big babies.
Leader: First one carried out.
Floor: Place for sodden refuse.
Bouncer: One who rubbers around.
Dress: To neatly cover the subject.
Tuxedo: The next worse thing to tin-pants.
March: Where you get stouck.
Music: Means to an end.
Drunk: Delirious with joy.
Dame: A polite cuss word.
Flask: Fountain of youth.
Chaperone: A headless Argus.
Bid: The beginning of better things.
Shine: A face gleaming with joy.
Corn: A source of pain.
Shak: Unkempt appearance.
Carioca: *Should* be a proposal of marriage.

Ode to the Sophomore-Freshman Dances

Break, break, break, on the cold white shoulders,
O stag.
The only why I can dance ten steps is by struggling
with some hag.
Break, break, break, before I can get my hands
on the dame.

Pajamas are those things that newly-weds keep under the pillow in case of a fire.

Suggested slogan for ex-lax: We Give You a Run For Your Money.

We wonder what has become of the lover's lane room of the Music Hall that was formerly so often frequented by a Spencerite of the third floor and our oboe player.

W.H.W., P.G.H., J.F.A., V.J.L., C.G.T.!?
Our eagle-eye department spotted two *Tar Heel* editorial writers walking across the freshly verdant grass last week.

WE NOMINATE TO WALK THE PLANK

Scandal columnists—They do worse themselves.
William H. Wang—His editorials still stink.
Baseball team—They knock all the balls away.
Freshman and Sophomore classes—For not bringing dates to their dances.
Daily Tar Heel—They stole our photographs.
History—It always repeats itself.
Vergil Lee—A Carolina boy for the *Carolina Magazine* (what? Baltimore, N. C.).
Walter Terry—for his Hokkus.
Bill McDade—"Young gen'lmen, de committee don't 'low dat."
Roy Wilder—Draws lousy cartoons.

WE NOMINATE TO DRINK FROM THE SACRED SKULL

Thurston's orchestra—the editor likes 'em.
Red Rankin—He put politics behind him.
R. B. House—He doesn't like the BUCCANEER.
Meno Spann—He can take it.
Har Heel, Magazine, and Yackety Yack—They're pretty good publications after all.
Co-eds—We thrill at their proximity.

Howard: I am going to give birth to a joke before the deadline.

Hugh: If you do, it will be an abortion.

"My trousers just fell in a vat of oil."
"Oh. A fly in the ointment!"

A DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

By C and M. L.

Exposed—George (Winchell) O'Hanlon

Twinkle on you little star; how we wonder who you are! The campus has become co-ed conscious through your witty peeps at our fairer sex. It is proper that you, our Carolina Winchell, should be Cassanova himself, the pride and envy of our local talent; who courts the girls and makes them cry.

What Ho, my little fledgling, the shack is thine own. In the words of your illustrious predecessor, you have camed, they have seen, and thus have been vanquished. Your frank, boyish smile, and your youthful hilarity always brings a smile from Elizabeth Johnson. She beams at the patter of your little feet. Maybe it is the maternal instinct. Janie Jolly always takes you, her little sunbeam, to the darkest corner of Mrs. Lee's emporium (Hall of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, the woman who rang the bell). Hail Caesar! Thelma Powers is a winsome lass, so why not venture forth and knock ever so gently at the walls of her childish heart and bask in the sun of the daughter of the fourth floor of the much referred to co-ed domicile? Thelma, my sweet!

'Tis rumored that you have had evenings with Mag McCauley, the hefty babe that wore pink D. D.'s in the "Pi Phi—Chi Omega" leg show. What a show! You should have been there to assist when the lower extremity of her shirt fanned in the breeze of Bynum gym. We all longed for you to sing Anchors Aweigh. But caution my little man, 'tis said that our "Mag" can lick her weight in wildcats—don't bite off more than you can chew!

Now son, being sane, reasonably prudent, and given to undue modesty, we tactfully refrain from commenting on the episode of Battle Park. However, we use this column to request the Student Council to engage your services as a vocalist for Awards Night this year. You would sound sweet singing, "I've Been Picking Petals Off of Daisies."

In spite of your romantic eyes and soft hair that closely resembles the feathery breast of the little birdling, you just can't woo all the girls even though fourteen dates in one week does awfully well. Why not settle down and try to beat out John, your barrister friend, with Cecile Piltz, and be her 'ittle Georgie dear. But that is being so unfair to Miss Jess Tayloe Newby—think of her heart! Yoo Hoo!

You are, and justly so my lad, the joy of the C. W. A. (Carolina Woman's Association). We know not what course others may take, but to us you will always be our "Buster." All the world loves a lover, and a handsome Romeo like "Buster" O'Hanlon is justly loved.

A little hotel in a small town had enjoyed the privilege of entertaining over night a newly married couple on their honeymoon. Morning found the new husband at the clerk's desk settling matters before getting on their way.

"My good man, how much is my bill?" asked the recent husband.

"One dollar apiece," was the reply.

After a little thought the young man responded, "Well, here's eleven dollars; I think that's right."

Here's to good Ole Man Happy
With his trips to story-land;
For to anyone so sappy,
We will gladly lend a hand.

This little piggie went to market,
This little piggie stayed home;
Because all the others had a target
When he left his wife alone.

It seems that our local thunder-god orchestra leader had some time judging the music festival contestants because he couldn't keep his eyes off the daughter of a certain Elon dean.

A dumb sailor entered a ladies' specialty shop, and told the young lady behind the counter that he wanted a blouse for his wife. "What bust?" asked the girl. "I don't know," exclaimed the tar, "I didn't hear nothin'." —*Shipmate*

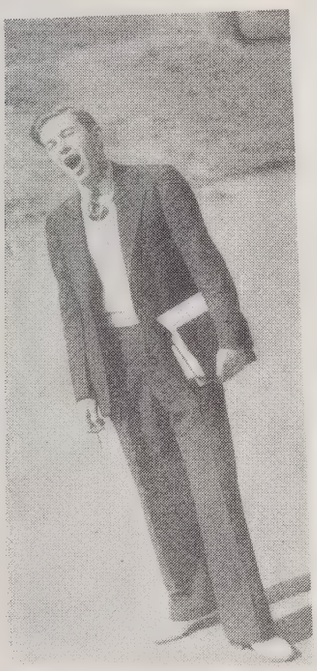
It was so dark in the night club that the chorine couldn't tell who she was doing.

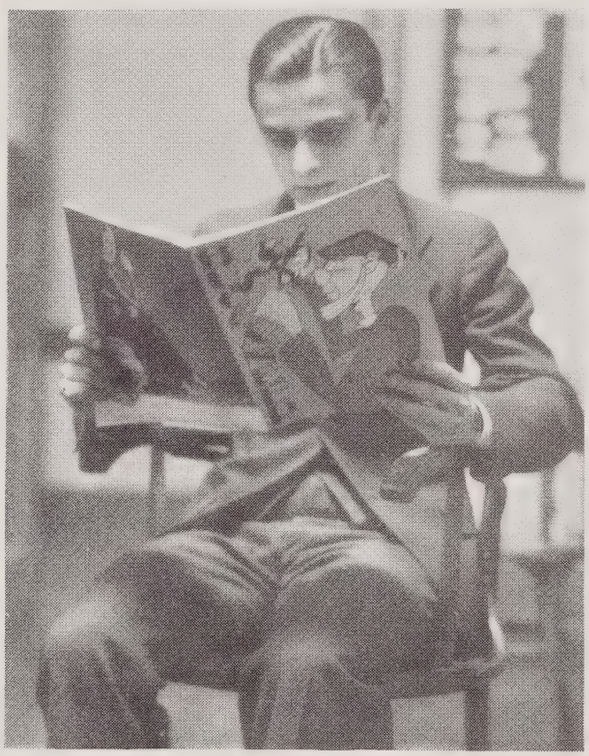
—*Chicago Phoenix*

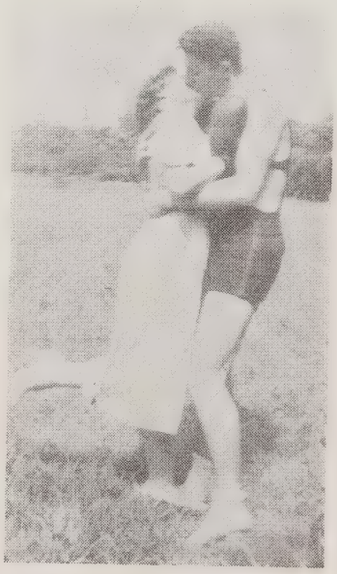












In the upper left hand corner of this page is Margaret Belle (Babe, Boss, Susie Spencer, Betty Co-ed, Phi Bate) McCauley, the Tarziana of the campus exhibiting her strength on Peggy Ann Harris. In the middle is Jean Cantrell on her bicycle built for one. Note the gleam in Jean's eye. In the upper right hand corner Miss Dorothy Bowen becomes overcome by Spring and takes a high dive off the Library steps—*Tar Heel* editorialist Holt prepares to catch her. In the left hand corner at the bottom Y. M. C. Acee, John to you, sings of "The Daring Young Man on The Flying Trapeze." He took care that he was two miles from Carrboro when he sang it this time. At the bottom in the middle Joe Sugarman, new editor of the *Carolina Magazine,* learns about literature from the BUCCANEER. Note the rapt expression on Joe's face. And now, Ladeeez and Gents, at the bottom on the right Max Novich, one of Rowe's roughnecks, goes into a real clinch. See Mr. Novich for particulars.

It Happens In the Best of Fraternity Houses

By Gumbo Soup

MISS MABEL LOUHAM
SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
LYNCHBURG, VA.
CAN YOU COME TO DANCES THIS WEEKEND STOP WIRE RIGHT AWAY
BILL

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
BILL I CAN'T COME ON ACCOUNT OF STUDIES STOP SORRY STOP LETTER FOLLOWS MABEL

MISS FALOWOK
CONVERSE COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.
CAN YOU GET HERE FOR DANCES THIS WEEKEND STOP WIRE AT ONCE
BILL

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
SORRY BILL STOP CAN'T MAKE IT THIS WEEKEND STOP LOVE
LOUISE

MISS DOROTHY DUSTPAN
N. C. C. W.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
CAN YOU COME TO WEEKEND DANCES STOP WIRE IMMEDIATELY
BILL

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
SURE STOP EXPECT ME TOMORROW
DOROTHY

(ONE DAY PASSES)

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
MEET ME ON FOUR-FIFTEEN BUS BIG BOY DOROTHY

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
HAVE CHANGED MIND STOP MEET ME ON FOUR-FIFTEEN BUS
LOUISE

MR. BILL SLUMPAWAY
SIGMA SPINACH
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
HAVE PUT STUDIES OFF STOP MEET ME ON FOUR-FIFTEEN BUS
MABEL

PEEKABOO

(By Pussyfoot)

Who was seen where at what time in what place doing what with who else when?

* * *

Who did what how many times?

* * *

Who was playing tit tat tit near Gimghoul?

* * *

What oboe player got mad with his gal when she drank a dope with another fellow at the Freshman-Sophomore dances?

* * *

What Chi Omega hit Janie Jolly with a rock?

* * *

Who's lovin' who else—Aren't we all?

* * *

What dormitory store man of Old East (not Tom Henry) insists he has never been in jail, and hopes this won't get in the Buccaneer.

* * *

What pot-gut slew-foot, ugly, ornery, cross-eyed, snaggled-toothed punk (time, November 10) gets drunk every weekend?

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
In his arms a pretty brunette;
She resisted a while
'Til he tuned in the dial,
And did he have fun?—You bet.

The tailors are objecting to the enforcement of the new code—they want freedom of the press.

"Gimme $25 worth of scratch paper."
"What?"
"Hurry up. I got the seven years' itch."
—Texas Ranger

Mark: I hear Cleopatra died the other day.
Antony: Yeah, she didn't know her asp from a hole in the ground.

What to Say When You Break on the Wrong Girl at a Dance

1. I beg your pardon, I thought you were Joan Crawford; she's at this dance, you know.
2. I'm sorry, I'm looking for a girl named Mary Smith. I was told she was the most beautiful girl here and I thought it must be you.
3. Pardon the intrusion, but do you happen to know if there's a doctor in the house?
4. Don't get excited lady, but the place is on fire.
5. Don't say a word; I got you covered.

He: I feel as though I had known you always.
She: Yeah, and you had better cut it out.

Cribbers' new theme song: Over Somebody Else's Shoulder.

Dr. Harland's Archaeology 93 class unanimously agrees that Alice Faye's shape is of much greater interest than that of a Doric or Ionic temple. It has been rumored that Doc contemplates getting a new set of slides and substituting Harlow and Crawford shapes for that of the different Greek statues, statuettes, and figurines.

Dog Chases Tail, Collapses, Dies

—Boston Herald

The wages of sin. *—Lampoon*

Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy storekeeper, is the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is the first blonde Virgin for a century.

—Town and Country

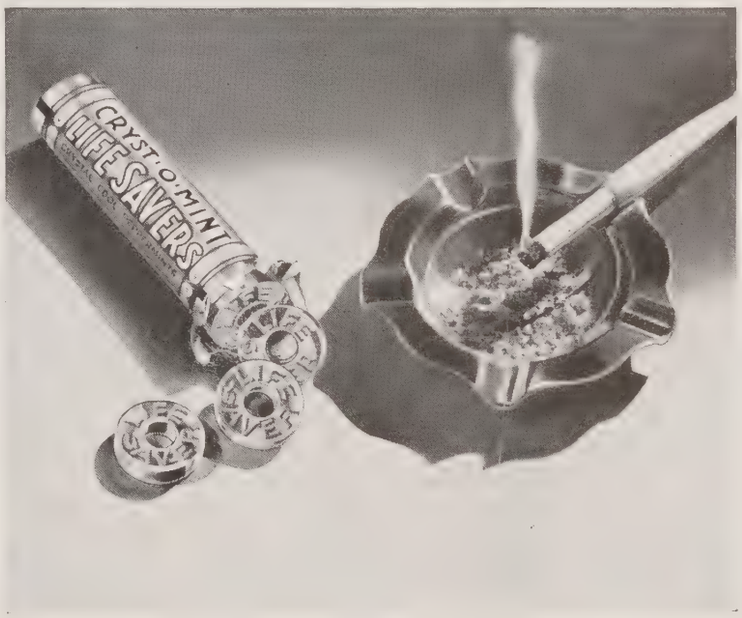
For two cents I'd punch you in the nose.
Capitalist!

Mary had a little lamb,
Her skirt was very tight.
Who gives a damn for Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight?

—Grabbed

Barkeeper: Can I bring you a scooner of beer?
Tipster: Yes, and the scooner the better.

A COOLING SYSTEM FOR CIGARETTES



Adopt the system of eating one Life Saver after each cigarette. See how much cooler your mouth stays!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE.....IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER!

AH!

The sedan was parked at the side of the dark road and as I drew near I could hear the noise of a struggle within. I heard a rustle, as of silk, and the muffled panting of a man. The body of the car swayed to and fro. I heard a harsh curse, and then, again, the muffled panting. I crept softly around to the side. I looked into the window. I saw—a motorist trying to fold up a road map exactly as it had been. *—Widow*

The little boy, just gone to bed
Got up and drank some water
When he awoke, his face was red
'Cause he'd done what he hadn't oughter.

He: Do you think that two people could live on fifty dollars a week?
She: Yes, indeed.
He: Then let's get married for a week. I have fifty dollars.

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Back again after a rather glorious holiday with some few new ideas as to what the well dressed young man shall wear this spring. Strangely enough, the answer is not what he wore last spring. Incidentally, those expecting jobs—remember I said "expecting"—would do well to consider that places where they will work work, for dressing in Podunk Center is quite different from that in New York or Philadelphia and the like. First of all, consideration should be given to the types of clothes needed in an average wardrobe. I have heard a lot about the average man and never met one, since to me he seems to be more or less of a myth and has become somewhat of an approximation. Therefore, I take the liberty of applying this same principle to clothes when I speak of the average wardrobe. I do not intend to lay down hard and fast rules about what clothes a wardrobe should contain but there are at least the general outlines to be considered and that is the point in case here. First of all, at least two pairs of sport shoes, one pair solid white—buck preferred—and one other pair in any model of black and white or tan and white. Incidentally, tan and white goes with anything whereas black and white will not. In the lines of shoes that have been shown there is one sport model called the Jai Alai (HL LI) which is a very thick sole—about an inch or more—and the upper varies from very soft white kid or elk to smooth buck and canvas, often with stripes. The solid white is best and will probably take better here in the South.

Having disposed of shoes it might be well to mention socks; for sport there has been since three seasons ago the anklet which is quite comfortable and while not precisely neat is in all good taste. Then, socks for business, dances (non-formal, called by the elite informal) and sox for tux and the like. Any man should possess at least 15 pairs of hose if for no other reason than a change a day as they last longer that way as borne out by certain soap advertisements. (I didn't get paid for that either.)

The subject of slacks comes to mind and white gabardine leads I believe, or will by th end of the season, with white flannel a close second. Next, a pair of grey slacks (solid grey) or plaids—grey or brown—or checks either in grey or tan. The more frequent the change the longer the clothes last and that goes for shoes too.

AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

Presenting the 1934

Palm Beach

$18.50

You thought it great last year . . . well wait until you see the 1934 creations. New weaves, new styles, and new colors.

- Suits
- Tuxedoes
- Sport Coats
- Mess Jackets

Durham Men's Shop
111 WEST MAIN
DURHAM·N·C

As for suits, it is most difficult to say very much that I have not written before as I still believe that gabardine is going to be the leader this year. It is economics (can be worn about eight months out of twelve down here) and still and makes up quite well in a variety of styles. The colors are staple, range from white to blue with all sorts of intermixtures for the man who desires his slacks and jackets to contrast. The common old blue jacket and white slacks still holds more than its own. Green is going over swell this year but is a dangerous color for certain complexions and before you order be d—— (Censored, Ed.) sure that green is the color you want. As for the backs on sport jackets which is what most of you wish to know, there can be any number of variations from the plain half-belt to the three-quarter belt, bi-swing, yoked, pleated. Also, I do not wish to remain narrow-minded but I can not see the belted back double breasteds, though many of my readers (there are 25 this year not including myself) are quite nerts (they are about other things too or they would not tell me they read the column) about them. Incidentally, gabardines will get a good run for their money now that the Goodall Company—makers of Palm Beach—have started their advertising in the *Tar Heel*. Watch those ads, they are very clever. Watch those ads, they are very clever. There has also been shown a white cotton whipcord suit with belted back and bi-swing pleats. It looks quite nice and launders beautifully. Tweeds in light weights as well as tropical worsteds are still up and should be given consideration as well as serge in any number of colors.

Shirts stick to tabs and the rounded eye-let collar which I think is the greatest innovation since shirts have been made, since the appearance of the collars on that particular shirt gives the neatest effect yet seen. In any wardrobe should be some tabs, some eyelets, some button down collars, and some regulation length collars (very good for tennis etc. and for business and cooler than the average shirt). For sport the dark polo shirts in mesh weaves are being shown and strangely enough dark blue (navy) is leading and then white. Very comfortable for beach and golf and tennis.

Ties, stripes and light backgrounded dark figures are good, also solid colors or fine pin stripes. The tie pin and clasp is the thing now that vests are being shedded and they come in any number of varieties. I do not like to mention anything except exceptional colors in ties since they should match or contrast with the rest of the outfit.

SHOES: JAI ALAI (Hi Li)
NEW AND DIFFERENT—SOLID WHITE
BOSTONIANS
IN MANY NEW STYLES
SHOE DEPT.:
DURHAM MEN'S SHOP
"Style Quarters"
111 W. Main Street Durham

BAND BUNGLES

a. j. ellis

When Guy Lombardo is on the air,
And Casa Loma will soon be there,
They're too much "Temptation"
For me to do some concentration.

When Carmon plays the saxophone,
I hardly hear the telephone.
And I'm never in sorrow,
When Lombardo plays "Tomorrow."

I'd give anything that I might,
To hear "Just A Year Ago Tonight,"
As played by the famous Jan
And his ultra clever band.

I'd go a week without food
To hear Kemp play "Blue Prelude"
Followed by the renowned Weems,
Giving the signal for "Girl Of My Dreams."

But Guy and Jan and Hal and Ted
Always give me a thought of dread,
And my head goes in a whirl,
When they play "You're Gonna Lose Your Girl."

Hot Stuff

"Why do you call your girl fire?"

"If I play with her I get burned and if I don't watch her she goes out." —*Froth*

"STYLE HEADQUARTERS"
FEATURING
Styles in Recognized Lines of Clothing
at $22.50
Arrow and Manhattan Shirts
PRITCHARD-BRIGHT
WASHINGTON DUKE HOTEL
DURHAM

Not Far Enough

He was always sleeping in class. There he sat, in the front row, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, from one end of the hour to the other. At last the professor could stand it no longer. One day, when the discussion had been particularly intricate, he stopped in the middle of his lecture and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been working on the hardest problems in this course and there sits the man who needs it most, asleep!"

The student gently opened one eye and whispered so that all might hear, "I wish to God I were." —*Lampoon*

Trivia

If I had Shakespeare's power
Or flair of Keats
I'm sure this verse would have more
Meat.
If I had Milton's touch
And Shelley's brain
To write this wouldn't cause such
Pain.
I haven't Dryden's wit
Nor Swift's cold hate,
Yet when I write this stuff I think it's
Great. —*Yale Record*

I started eating wheaties every morning for breakfast and got to like them fine. But pretty soon they started taking effect. One morning I tried to pull myself out of bed and tore the thing to bits. Last week the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into the ditch. This morning I banged the door of my fraternity and the house collapsed. Just a little while ago I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her back.

Tomorrow morning I'm going back to grapenuts. —*Frivol*

Spring Fever

Do you want to get off the beaten track,
To stride where the wind is blowing?
Do you long to sail off and never come back?
Don't let me keep you from going.
—*Yale Record*

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French—but the joke as on him. I told the waiter to give him the check. —*Pointer*



Again spring comes to Chapel Hill—and with it some of the better bands . . . to make us the hosts to some of the better dance sets—a harking back to the old days when Carolina really had dances—and dances that were sure to work their way into the conversation of those places where talk of dances WAS the topic of discussion.

Barring inefficient management, breach of contracts, and numerous other situations that change the plans, our springtime festivities should be most enjoyable.

The May Frolics have come and gone—they were good . . . a very successful set. Noble Sissle's black boys put out their best music . . . in short, everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost—in more ways than one.

If Hal Kemp's smoothest of the smooth rhythms fail to make Juniors and Seniors one of our finest—then it just won't be Hal Kemp.

We heard Kemp years ago when he was playing at the Hotel Manger in New York, not long after he had left Chapel Hill. That was when he played "Washington and Lee Swing" after every other number—and some one accused him of making a Victor record with it on both sides. He was mighty good then as evidenced by his tremendous drawing power.

Then he left the Manger and was unheard of for quite a spell, after which the Blackhawk took him in.

When Hal Kemp's sweet tunes were sent out from there, the management started having to buy a lot more White Rock and Perrier, much more of everything that super-dancers sip and nibble at during their interspersed dances.

The boys at Notre Dame, Northwestern, Michigan began to find something a little different that made these weekends in Chicago a bit more than the usual run.

Houseparties journeyed en masses to the Blackhawk—supper parties, stag parties—they all began to take to Hal Kemp and the new Blackhawk.

Then, there's the older crowd that prefers the better hotels for their evenings—maybe these old patrons of such as the Drake, Palmer House, Edgewater Beach, or the Sherman found something new at the Blackhawk to warrant their frequent visits. Yes—Hal Kemp has proved himself to be among the best, and now he's headed home to play for his University's Junior and Senior dances.

Finals are still quite a piece away—and as usual there are the numerous customary rumors. We are told, with some degree of authenticity, that we may dance to a split bill. It is said that the three day finals will be played between Isham Jones and Jan Garber. Pretty nice, that—and truly a fine way to work off a most persistent deficit.

SENIORS!

Make yourselves a pair of shoes from that
SHEEPSKIN

Who Cares About a Diploma?

—:—

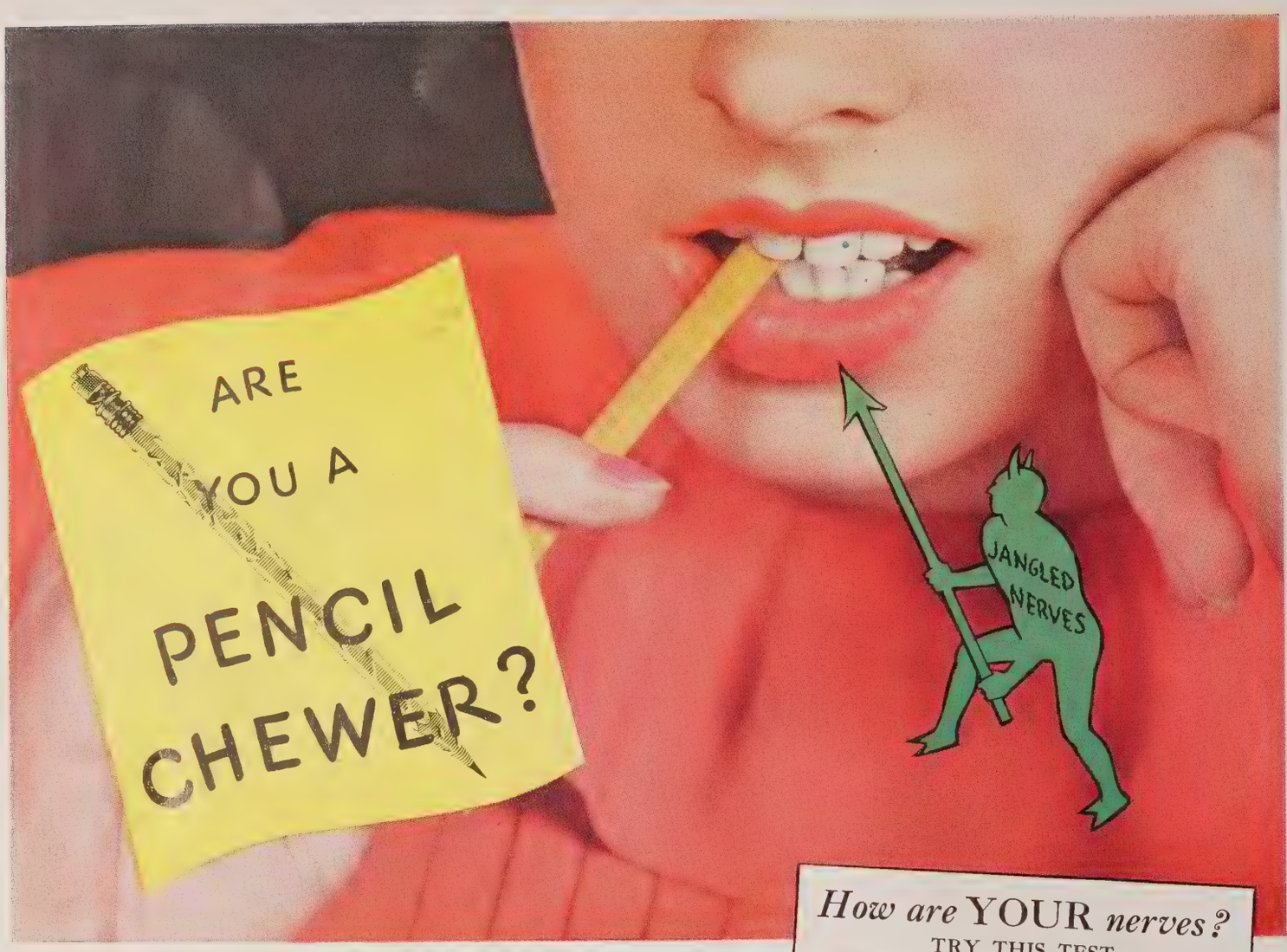
Just take home a copy of the
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER
of the

BUCCANEER

and give the home folks something
they'll apppeciate

—:—

Look for the Buccaneer out some time this month
—we hope



Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don't—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for *jangled nerves.*

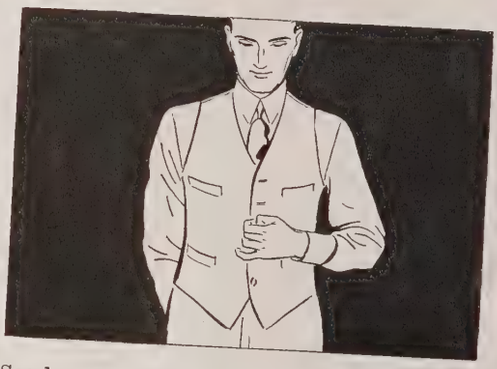
And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your smoke, particularly if you are a steady smoker.

For remember, Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how many you smoke.

How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



See how speedily you can complete this test. With your left hand (or with your right hand, if you are left-handed) unbutton your vest *beginning at the top.* Now button it again, *beginning at the top.* If you use more than *one* hand you are disqualified. Average time for six-button vest is 12 seconds.

Jack Summers (Camel smoker), national professional squash racquets champion, completed the test in 9 seconds.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

THE CAROLINA

Buccaneer

THE LIBRARY UNIV N.C.



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

RUARK



LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT

"It's toasted"

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

The Cream of the Crop

They Taste Better

NOT the top leaves—*they're under-developed—they are harsh!*

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and sandy!*

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME XI JUNE, 1934 NUMBER 8

PAT GASKINS . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
F. P. GRAY . . . . . *Business Manager*

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor

Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

They were walking through a gloomy path in the woods on a dark and stormy night. As the thunder boomed overhead and the wind shrieked, he took her hand.

"Makes me feel sorta nervous," he gulped, "to think of the two skeletons hidden away near here!"

"Skeletons! Where?" she gasped.

"Inside of us," he moaned.

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

"Have you heard what song they are going to feature at the Blanket Hop?"

"No, what?"

"'You're Such a Comfort to Me.'"

—*Old Maid.*

Mr. John Dogge, the noted magician, will be here Saturday night with the same program as last year.

—*Wicasset Chronicle.*

You can't teach an old Dogge new tricks. —*Lampoon.*

In the wee hours of the morning a Tech student entered one of the better known eating joints for night owls and took a seat by a man who was giving his order to the beautiful but dumb waitress.

"Make it a cup of coffee, toast, and ham and eggs. I want the eggs boiled for exactly two minutes."

The said waitress approached the aforementioned collegiate and upon requesting his order he replied: "Give me the same as this gentleman's but eliminate the eggs."

The waitress tripped off to the kitchen only to return with this of all cracks: "I'm terribly sorry but the eliminator is broken. Would you like to have them some other way?"

—*Yellow Jacket.*

First—And what did Mae West say when you kissed her?

Second—She told me to call on Friday, that's amateur night.

—*Old Line.*

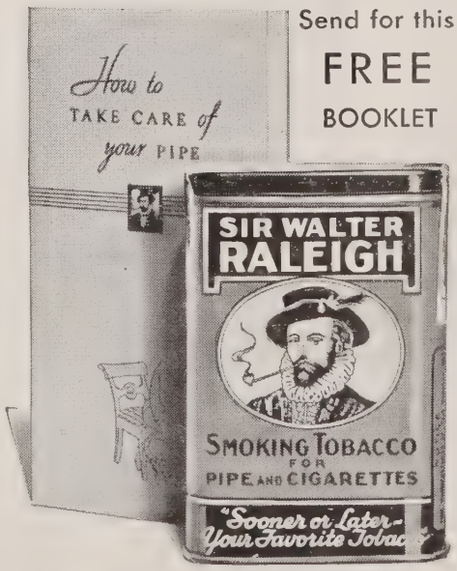
"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE!"



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why *will* a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fumy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver . . . . . and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers . . . . and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-45.



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

A DRAMA IN SIX SCENES

Scene 1

Locale—A restaurant.

Zilch—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter—Only one? Must be that new code they signed.

Scene 2

Locale—A restaurant.

Zilch—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter—Whaddya expect for a dime—humming birds?

Scene 3

Locale—A restaurant.

Zilch—Keep your eye on it—maybe a trout'll come to the surface.

Scene 4

Locale—A restaurant.

Zilch (he's getting used to it by now)—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter—That's all right—we don't charge extra for it.

Scene 5

Locale—Still a restaurant.

Zilch—Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter—I told that chef not to leave his pants around the kitchen.

Scene 6

Locale—A restaurant.

Zilch—Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter—I'm sorry, sir—I'll bring you another order immediately.

(Zilch drops dead).

(Curtain)

Columbia Jester.

Keep Driving

Driver of the Car (unfamiliar with the road)—I take the next turn, don't I?

Muffled male voice from the back seat—Like hell you do!

—Princeton Tiger.

Bill Eddleman is henpecked. He takes his girl's dog for a walk on Sunday afternoon.

THINK I'LL WRITE A DETECTIVE YARN...

I first noticed the body when I stepped into the room and found blood up to my knees. It was then that I suspected that something was amiss. The rug was a mess, in fact the whole hall was a mess—sort of a mess hall. So I said, "This is a hall of a mess." As I looked further into the room I discovered the body; it was heavenly; a heavenly body, which makes this a four star story. (Courtesy Liberty Magazine, Dec. 1702). There were three or four knives protruding from various parts of the body and the man (fooled you—it isn't a story about Mae West after all). Go West, young man, go West, or as the tailor said "Go Vest"—which falls short of being humorous—the pun, not the best, which as Shakespeare said, "Is the trouble with the NRA."

As I noticed several bullet holes in the torso of the victim I decided that he must be feeling very badly indeed. His chest was bare, but being a modest youth (youth's last stand or still better—youth's last—but this gag would be censored anyway, so just skip it), he glared at me and drew his coat together. I was perturbed (whatever that means—is my thesaurus red! I get these big words out of Listerine ads.)

Aw, to hell with this murder; I'm not getting anywhere—and the train tickets cost too much and the seats are too hard—which, after all, is the seat of my troubles. Shakespeare and I haven't written many good novels lately anyhow. *—Banter.*

A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor jumped up and shouted to him: "Quick, how many feet has a centipede?" The man came back in a dry, dry voice: "Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"

—Log.

PSYCHOLOGY

Don't—read—this!
Don't—read—this!
Don't read a single particle.
Peruse some other article
But don't read this!
Don't—read—this!
Don't—read—this!
It tells a secret true
But it isn't meant for you.
So don't read this.
Don't—read—this!
Don't—read—this!
Oh, well, if you insist,
The secret, boys, is this:
(Don't read this!)
(Don't read this!)
If you must have something done
And you can't get anyone
—To do it, tell him not to,
Then of course he'll feel he's got to, that's why
You—read—this!

—Washington Columns.

Radio Voice—"We will now hear from Professor Jones on "The Advantages of a College Education."

Listener-in—"There they go with another one of those damn mystery stories." *—Awgwan.*

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only a garbage man's daughter, but—"

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."

—Ranger.

Doctor: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Student: That was no lady. I'm a Beta.

—Oklahoma Aggievator.

Little boy,
Roller skates,
Open sewer,
Golden Gates.

—Washington Dirge.



In Memoriam

To the Class of Nineteen Chirty-four

The Commencement Number

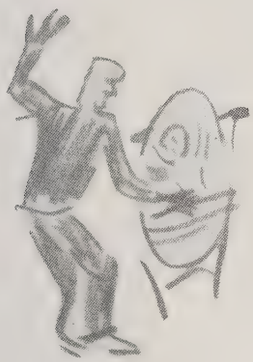


Naw, I didn't buy this; I got it from the Pullman company.

The Carolina
BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI MAY, 1934 NO. 7

BUCCANEERING



Repetition

A story, which either ex-editor Gilchrist or ex-editor Mason printed in one of their issues, has always amused us; so for that reason, the story again appears in the pages of the Buc.

A woman was pushing a baby carriage along Franklin Street one sunny afternoon just before the last of school, and one of the more sedate seniors happened along. He stopped a moment to look at the cunning little child in the vehicle.

"Daddy," cooed the child.

The senior blushed profusely and rushed off.

* * *

. . . — — — . . .

One of the scouts in the Eagle Eye department happened to be down at the Western Union office the other day wiring girls to come to the Junior-Senior dances without much success. Between wires he amused himself listening to the talking of the woman behind the desk. Once a wire came in addressed to the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra.

The woman turned to one of the boys in khaki lounging around and said, "What is the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra? Is it Bill Allsbrook? It says something about Lamar Stringfield here, and I've never even heard of him."

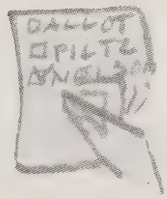
The eagle eye is now wearing smoked glasses.



Drone

Dr. Dobbins, eminent analytical chemist of the School of Applied Science, is a drone. By drone we do not mean that he is closely akin to that particularly lazy bee that is known by that name, but by drone we do mean that his quality of speech on his lectures is such that most of the class is soon asleep. He knows that his voice has this strange hypnotic effect, for the other day a dog wandered into his class, which made the class laugh and titter very hard indeed. Dr. Dobbins without raising his voice merely said,

"That's perfectly all right. Just leave him alone and he'll soon be asleep too."



Mud at the Shack

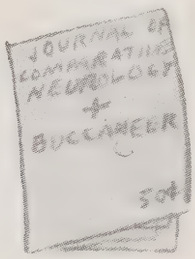
It seems that the co-eds were not left entirely out of the recent elections. Besides being allowed to vote for the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, they had their own little political squabbles. When the run-off for the presidency of Spencer Hall between Isabel Nelson and Lois Byrd took place, Lois had a very ardent supporter in the person of Cecile Piltz, who worked incessantly all the day of the elections asking for votes. Strangely enough Isabel got the job because when the inmates of the Shack were approached by Miss Piltz, they for some odd reason immediately voted for Isabel. Such a nice friendly group down at the Shack!

* * *

Lust Among the Paramecia

We suppose that the whole campus knows by this time that the Buccaneer in order to obtain its best jokes cuts with a pair of shears held in the right hand numerous jokes from

contemporary publications, with which it exchanges copies for just such a purpose. Little did we realize until just the other day the great esteem in which this publication was held by the more literate and pedantic journals of the country. What was our surprise to find upon opening our postoffice box a heavy volume ad-



dressed to the Buc, which upon opening was found to be *The Journal of Comparative Neurology*. By some unsuspected means the *Dully Tar Heel* obtained the information of the tome's arrival. However, we of the Buccaneer knowing in advance that something of the sort would happen carefully wrote, "Please Exchange" on the front of the book. One of the *Tar Heel* writers upon finding that we were honored in preference to his rag made an especial point of the two words "Please Exchange." The *Tar Heel* instead of scoring a scoop merely forgot that the Buccaneer members could write. Anyone doubting the truth of this story may come up to the Buccaneer office upon any day and compare the editor's handwriting with that upon the *Journal of Comparative Neurology*.

* * *

Economy

This one happens to concern one of the beautiful damsels at the Woman's College branch of the University. For some reason unknown to us she decided to be economical and to make herself a dress. She immediately put her thoughts into action by traipsing up town to one of Greensboro's larger stores. However, she could find no cloth priced below sixty-four cents a yard and therefore found herself a sales-lady.

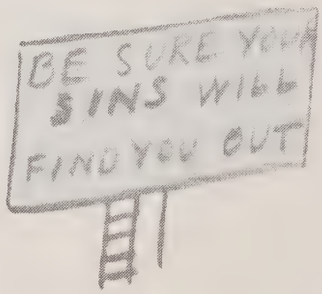


"Do you have any goods priced lower than sixty-four cents," was her query?

"No, I'm terribly sorry, ma'am," was the reply, "this is the cheapest material we have at sixty-four cents."

The young damsel will most probably not attempt to make any dresses of her own in the future.

* * *



Religion

On the way back from Greensboro the other day (don't ask us what we were doing there) a friend of ours pointed out a very pretty little stretch of woods. The trees were very thick and hung very low over the whole place. A dirt road wound into the very thick of them and was not visible for more than a few feet. That place, he told us, was where the boys and girls from neighboring towns would park their cars when they wanted to sit and talk awhile. However, what impressed us most with the place was a sign, crudely painted, which was nailed to one of the trees. It read thusly: "BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT." Rather effective, we think.

Idea

Me: They tell me you're smoking Y. M. C. A. cigarettes now, What are they?

He: That's the brand that Young Men Cast Away.

STORY WITH MORAL

Once upon a time there was a photographer who was out of work and had been in this position for some time. Suddenly the brilliant idea came to him that if he could take a picture of a ghost that he might be able to sell it for a lot of money and thus manage to keep body and soul together. Accordingly that night after dark, when the wind was howling through the trees, and fitful clouds scurried across a murky sky, he made his way to a nearby graveyard in search of a ghost.

Whoosh! A ghost suddenly popped up from a nearby mausoleum. The photographer quickly gathered his wits about him and put the question to the ghost about having his picture taken. Finally the jobless one's new found friend consented to pose.

The photographer immediately took his camera in his right hand, and with his left hand he raised high the pan containing the flashlight powder. Just before he took the picture, however, it started raining, and since the rain got his powder wet, he couldn't take the picture.

There happens to be a moral to this story. It is, "The spirit was willing, but the flash was weak."

Economy

Save your cigarette ashes and put them on the slippery sidewalks this winter.

Sign in a Greensboro Drugstore

Special
Perfumed 5c soaps
Two cakes 11c

When a man starts carrying his watch to bed, he's two-timing his wife.

Bill Eddleman is henpecked. He takes his girl's dog for a walk on Sunday afternoon.



A bit buttonish, don't you think?

Characters a la Mode

Co-eds—who, when kissed on one cheek, turn the other to you.

Fan dancers—who sometimes hide their lights behind ostrict feathers.

Playmakers—who strut and fret all the time on and off the stage.

Girls—who say, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Tar Heel Reporters—who go about biting dogs.

Ode to Halitosis

All sad and lonely
is Bill Mcbeth.
The girls won't date him
on pain of breath.

Old Joke

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

That was no lady; that was my wife. —*Duke Chronicle.*

RICH RICHARD'S ALMANAC

No nudes is good nudes.

* * *

Cold feet, poor bedfellow.

* * *

Write in haste, re-pen at leisure.

* * *

A beard in the hand is worth two in the blush.

* * *

Too many spooks spoil the novel.

* * *

Half an oaf is better than dumb.

Then there's the carpenter who got drowned in the well while looking for his saw—the coroner thinks he didn't know his rasp from a hole in the ground.

A professor, being a bit indisposed one day, caused to be posted on the door of his lecture room the following notice:

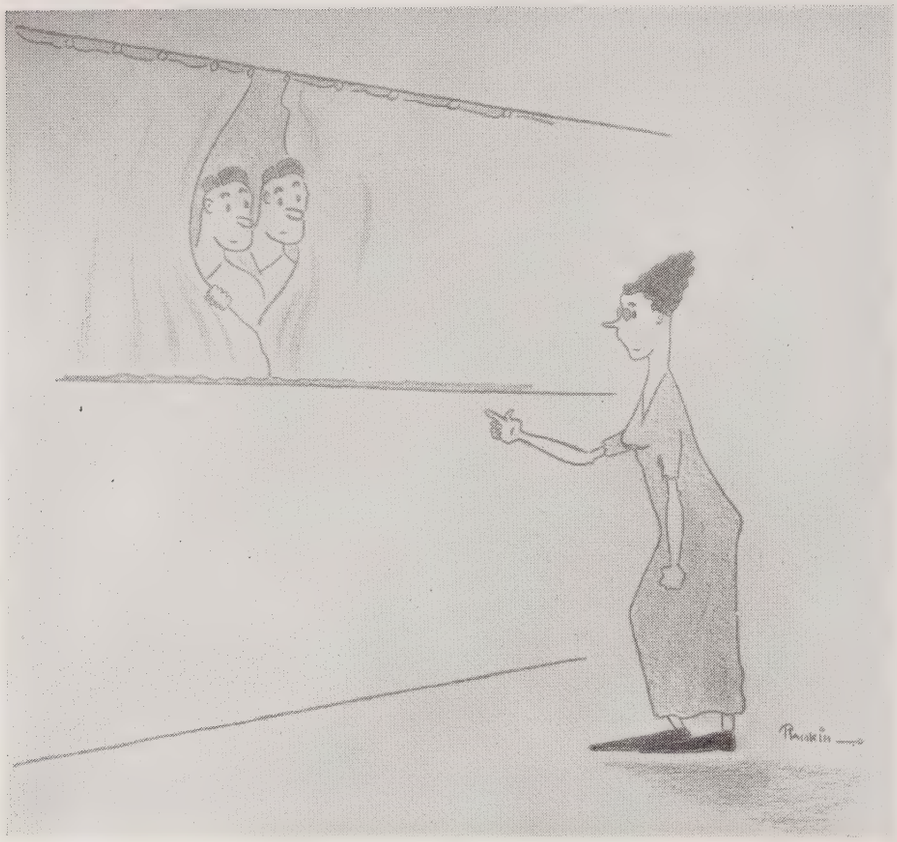
"Professor Black will not meet his classes today."

A student who was a bit of a wag erased the "c" in "classes." The professor, hearing of it, sent a messenger with instructions to erase the "l."

Teacher: Johnny, use the word blasphemy in a sentence.

Johnny: My father was working down in the quarry the other day, and he couldn't get a rock out of the ground, so he called a workman over and said, "I can't get this rock out; so I guess that you'll have to blasphemy."

When you gotta ghost, says Hamlet, you gotta ghost.



Old maid: I'm sorry, boys, but this is my berth. One of you will have to get out.

Buccaneer Farewell Address to Class of '34

By Albert Ellis

After four years (maybe five or six) of constant loafing, manifested by low grades and unlimited cuts, the class of 1934 has been compelled to yield to commencement exercises and diplomas.

We need not tell the survivors of so many final exams, who have remained on the border line to the last, that the faculty has consented to this result from no confidence in them; but, feeling that unintelligence and continuous "booting" could accomplish nothing for the loss of time that would have attended the continuation of the college career of the class of '34, they, the faculty, have determined to avoid the ineffectual sauntering of those whose past services have made them the bacchants of Carolina.

By terms of agreement, officers and other members of the graduating class can return to their homes and remain there until employed by a local filling station.

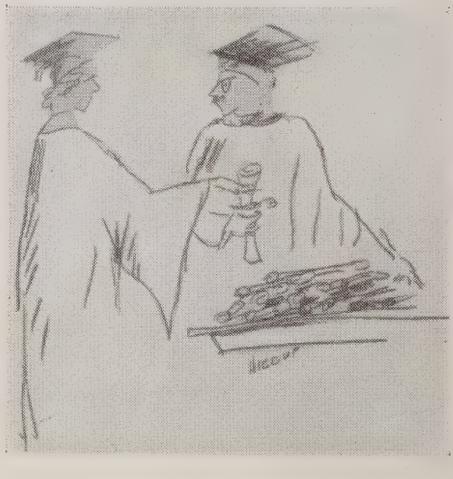
You, class of '34, will take with you a piece of sheepskin that proceeds from the passing of your comprehensive examination as well as about 36 credited courses, and we earnestly pray that you will ever remember the campus of the University of North Carolina by subscribing to the Buccaneer ($2.00 per year).

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to the Arboretum, and a deep sympathy for those who will be harassed by your ignominy, we bid you three no trumps.

—The Buccaneer.

More O. Gnash

There was a young lad who resided
in Lewis.
His girl had turned him down and as
a result he had the blueis.
So, one morning after some deliberation, he went to see a friend of
his in Steele
Who asked him if this emotion he
was feeling was real.
This young man was noted as one of
the campus intelligentsias,
And it had been bruited about that
he knew practically all of the
Spencias.
Although he was from Steele he took
part in all the Aycock athletics,
And had beaten the Grimy Ruffins in
their Manly calesthenics.
His answer was that in days of old
when women knew nothing whatever about the dance
Or the orgies in Vance,
And before that delectable dish
known as Brunswick stew
Was served nightly in Pettigrew,
And when nightly the cards in Graham
Were bid for a grand slaham,
And before they raised Everett and
Battle
Where the boys are now herded like
cattle,
And when Old East is Old East and
Old West is Old West
Then he'd know how to advise him
the best. —Ganymede.



What! You here again.



Your move, Oscar.

When your girl refuses to put her head on your shoulder, remind her—"A head is worth nothing unless it's on a good pair of shoulders."

Would you try to take your brother's girl away from him?

Do you mean by big brother or my little brother?

Soaked: How do I open this can of juice?

Ditto: You'll find the instructions inside, sar.

There was a man named Beech,
Who married a girl named Veech.
They honeymooned—maybe!
But—oh! what a baby—
Ah! the little son of a Beech.

A roadside gas station
LADIES' REST ROOM
EXPERT GREASING

Bill Eddleman is henpecked. He takes his girl's dog for a walk on Sunday afternoon.

MENU

Appetite Destroyer
C. Winborn

Entrees

Red Pepper — C. Ward
Mashed tomatoes — L. Person

Sour Pickles
Dilly Dill

Meats

Chicken — G. Sarrett
Leg of Lamb — J. Cantrell
Ham — E. Gillespie
Spare Ribs — J. Killingsworth

Fish

Herring — Betty Barnett
Shad — A. Smith

Dessert

Nuts — G. Moore
Raspberries — Any D.K.E.

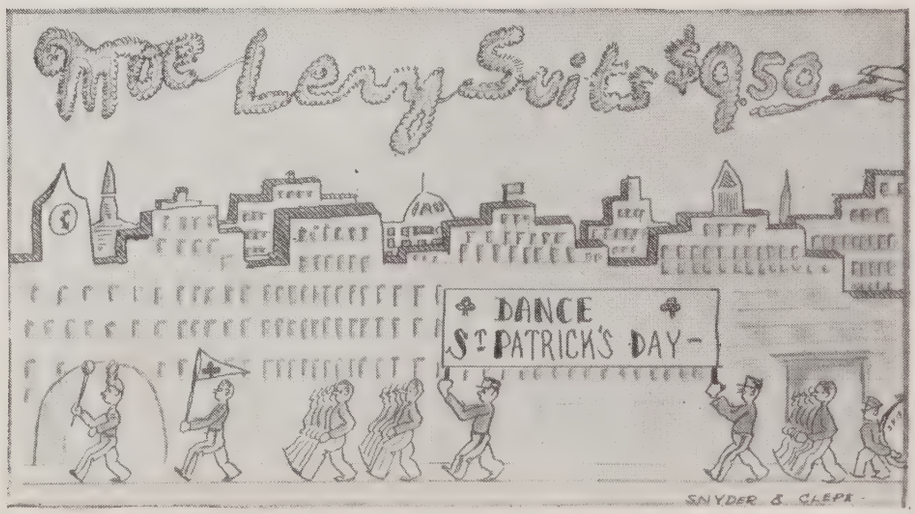
Sweets
Louise King

The talk of the Loch Ness monster over in Scotland being a fake makes us wonder if King Kong Kahn is but a figment of our imagination.

"I hear that you went to the masquerade as Titus Agricola."

"Not so—I was cold sober."

—*Exchange.*



Memoirs of a Deposed Editor

(By Pete Ivey)

Plunk, plunk, plunk, PLUNK! The last drop hit harder than any of the previous. I searched myself to find out why. Did you ever go walking in the shade 'neath the wings of a giant caterpillar; no, then you will never understand how I feel when I tell you that for not all the ivory in Madagascar would I be editor of the BUCCANEER again.

That I am mentally unbalanced we all admit and grant to the gentlemen from whatever state they may be representing. We let anyone else have the floor whenever they so desire, but that is not the point. The point is this that if doodle bugs are forced on the shorter hour scale what will become of the future fundamental economic structure of Patagonia.

But the agnostic will object saying "Ah, but you are goofy." I will quit this pitter and this patter and get down to facts as expressed in poetry:

I shot my bean into the air,
It fell to earth where I don't know;
But you know and I know, my bare-
foot boy.

Bean shooters are apt to miss often.

She grasped my hand and whispered into my ear, my left ear to be exact, "Do you want to buy any ice today; what is this world coming to with women taking the men's jobs. But I repulsed her and biffed one off her thick skull. Oh, no you won't, Dick Dangerfield, I said. I am too quick on the draw for you. Bang, Bang, Bang!

He shouted to the policeman, can you tell me the direction to where I want to go if you know the way that is. How should I know said the cop I'm a stranger around here myself. HHHaaaaaa That was why Marshall Ney was executed we all agree but why must it be so? If a bird wants to fly backwards or forwards it is the bird's business not yours or mine.

"Why are you crying, son?"

"I just saw a snake."

"Well, that's nothing to be crying about."

"Yes, but he bit me."

Bill: I hear that old age is creeping up on Mae West.

George: Oh, boy, what I wouldn't give to be Father Time.

Bill Eddleman is henpecked. He takes his girl's dog for a walk on Sunday afternoon.



Little boy: All right, then, from now on we *will* be platonic.



CC's by B. O.

After waitin' patiently for several months Spring is here (at last in time for finals). The bees are buzzing, the birds are birding, the blooms are blooming, the dogwood is doggy, "Lindy" and "V. A." continue to be amorously inclined, and apparently all's well with the world; but my heart is heavy—words fail me. After this no longer may I see and comment on the various "goings on" in and around this so called seat of liberalism. In other words, dear children, this is the last "C. C." until next year. Sad, sad, 'tis true, but I shall wait more or less patiently until next fall, when once again I may regale you with my words of wisdom. Can you wait? However, at that time I think the name of this column (the best in the BUCCANEER) will undergo a change, but in name only will the change take place, and it may be recognized by my usually inimitable style, and then once more, my dears, you may gaze with avid eyes on the bright sayings of O'Hanlon.

Before going any farther, I may as well remark that in his first column in the *Tar Heel,* in which I figured more or less prominently, Tom Walker handled the truth rather loosely. It happened at the Shack just as he said only the question "Do you live here" was propounded to both of us, and I personally believe was far more applicable to him than to me. After all, I never have gone around there more than twice a day.

I hear that at a recent dance a phenomena, called love at first sight,

(Continued on Page 27)

Skin specialist: How old is your baby?

Mother: Ten months.

S. S.: Impossible! He must be older, judging by the strata on his skin.

The two Marx brothers, Groucho and Chico, were discussing the big league pennant chase.

"Say, Groucho, are you pulling for the New York Giants?"

"No, Chico, I'm an athletic supporter."

"Some Jock, eh, boss?"

Students walking across campus—snakes in the grass, alas!

I am
You are
Turning toward oblivion
Darkness.
Carrboro niggers
Sweat, heat, blood.
A man hung himself in South Carolina
So what?
Poetry.

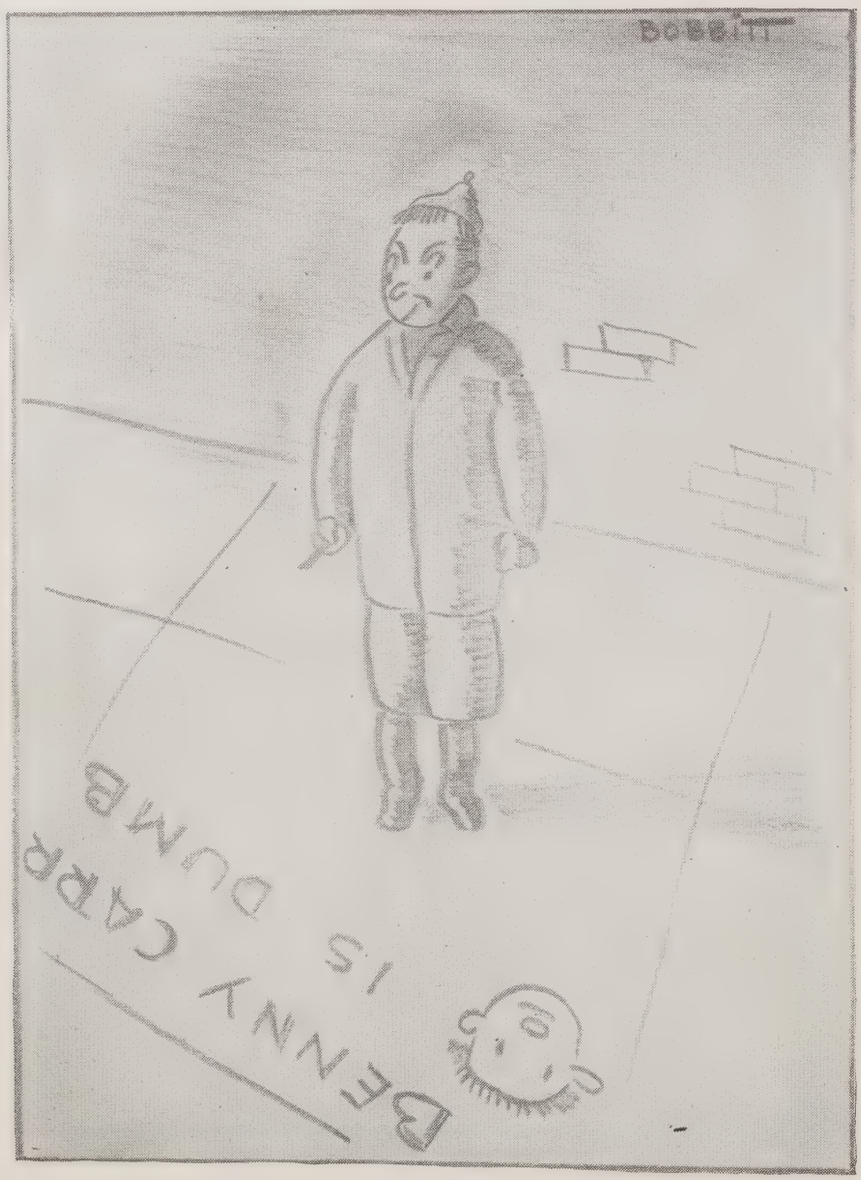
S. A. E.: "Were you secretly married?"

Phi Delt: "Naw, the girl knew it."

—Wampus

The Era of Specialization

The new super-pediatrist—the diaperologist.



Revenge

HAPPY DAZE
A L'OGDEN GNASH

Seniors with their caps and gowns
Resemble much a bunch of clowns.

* * *

Graduation's
Elations
Are short and
Fallacious.

* * *

A.B.'s and M.A.'s,
Mr.'s and Misses
Should never
B.S.'s.

* * *

Cerebral upheavals
Though somewhat medieval
And often much dummer
Will sometimes obtain
A sheepskin diplummer.

* * *

The baseball diamond
Since it's free from weeds,
Does certainly have
Just what it needs—
No pitchings on the grass, alas.

* * *

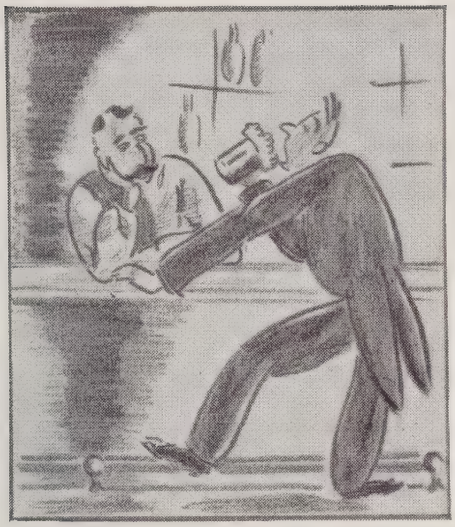
Dance attendants of both the seckses
After Finals, look like wreckses.

Famous last words: Yours, till debt do us part.

The capitalist in stove-pipe hat,
Who owns a town and country house,
Who spends ten dollars just like that,
Cannot my proper ire arouse,
Although the cause that I espouse
Is of the reds and not the blues;
But God! I could murder the dirty louse
Who steps on my newly-shined shoes.

Skin specialist (after a thorough study of the child's rash): "Madam, I am very sorry, but your baby's rash is due to congenital syphilis."

Mother: "What a relief! I was afraid he had the measles."







WE NOMINATE TO DRINK FROM THE SACRED SKULL

Phil Hammer—Because he manages to indulge in so many activities and still stay in school.

Ben Proctor—Because he is so idealistic that he thinks the BUCCANEER ruined his political reputation, and because he was a good sport after the elections.

Dr. Metzenthin—Because his bark is worse than his bite.

Pete Ivey—Because he still works on the BUCCANEER.

Mayne Albright—For the improvements he has made on Graham Memorial during his regime.

Dr. Meyer—Because he makes his lectures interesting.

Jean Cantrell—She isn't ashamed to admit that she's on the *Dully Tar Heel.*

The pall-bearers were slowly marching to the opened grave that was waiting to receive the body of the aged minister of the Gospel. As the procession neared it, one of the leading men stumbled over a potted lily, fell, and caused the coffin to drop. The lid came off, and the corpse rolled out into the dust of the path. "That's a hell of a place to put a lily," he said.

And for your approval, the bath song—Soap Gets in Your Eyes.

shades of archy the cockroach

(with apologies to don marquis)

who hit me
on the head
the
captain
shouted

i
hit you
on the head
he
said

you
said the
captain

yes
me he said

mutiny
said
the captain

call
it what
you will said
the sailor
but
as for me
i'll swap grandmothers
with you
any
day.

Mary had a little slam,
Although she didn't bid it,
Cause everything that Mary did
Her heart wasn't quite in it.

WE NOMINATE TO WALK THE PLANK

Alice Hutchins—Because of her talk, which is a combination of Georgia nigger and a two months old baby.

Mrs. Lee—She blinks the lights too much at ten-thirty.

William H. Wang—His editorials continue to stink.

William T. Wheat—Because he acts it.

Tom Lee Crowell—He sits on his foot like a woman.

Anonymous—The blonde, curly haired guy who plays the Vic in Suttons all the time and jitters on his heels to the music (?).

Bill Eddleman—Because he has started hanging around the Playmaker Theatre.

Progress

The old-fashioned girl used to set her cap for a man. The modern girl sets her knee-cap for him.

Service

Student (in restaurant): "Say, who is the oldest waiter in this restaurant?"

"Hensen has been with us for fourteen years."

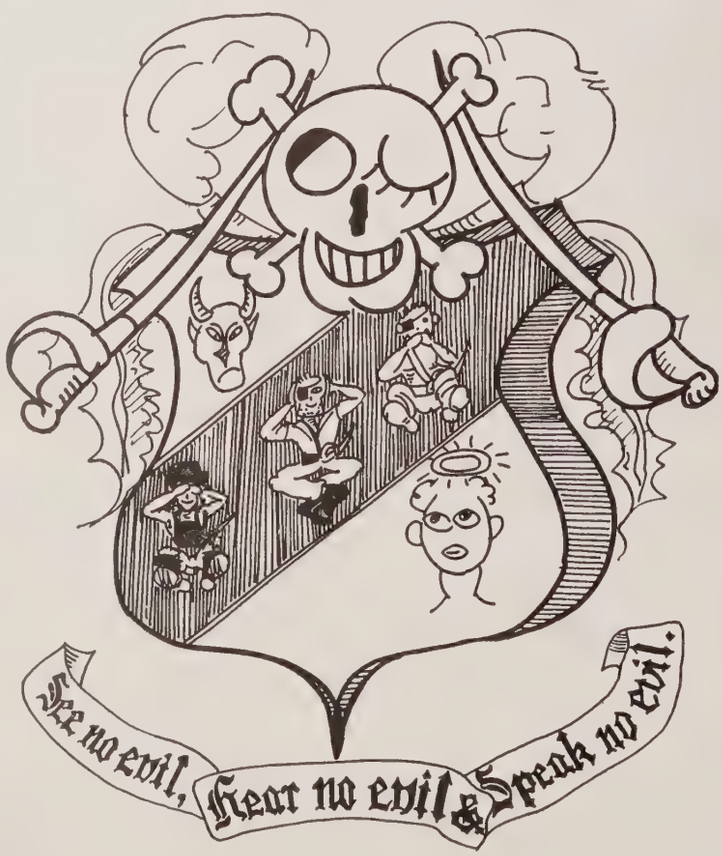
"Well, maybe he's the one who took my order."

Carolina Buccaneer

PAT GASKINS ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
CLAUDE RANKIN ..... *Managing Editor*
BOB RUARK ..... *Art Editor*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Albert Ellis
Stuart Sechriest
Margaret B. McCauley
DeWitt Carroll
Leon Bedrick
Peggy Ann Harris
Sol Eichler
Carl Thompson
Tom Spencer
Sam Willard
Charles Daniel
Alex Mark
Francis Brezeale
Michael Erlanger
Sanford Langsam
Howard Easter
H. B. Johnson
Milton Kogan
Jim Jackson
Jack Lowe
Clarence Weinburg
Geo. Moore
Bernard Solomon
Jerry Kisner
Sam Roberts
Smith Barrier
Ben Proctor
Nelson Lansdale



ART STAFF

Julian Bobbitt
Julian Steinburg
Henry Pearson
J. E. Snyder
Tom Henley
George Butler
Roy Wilder

HAS BEEN
Pete Ivey

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
F. P. Gray, Jr.

Assistants
Bernard S. Solomon
R. D. McMillan, Jr.
Bartram Robeson

Circulation
Ralto Farlow, *Manager*

Assistants
Robert Cole
Coltrane Fuller

EDITORIAL

The initial issue of a new editor is usually read more carefully and with more thought of criticism than were the majority of the issues of his predecessor in office. There are always quite a number of questions which might be asked by the subscribers. What will the policy of the new editor be? Will he make any radical changes from the magazine of the former editor, or will he be satisfied to leave the publication as it has been in the past? What will his attitude toward "dirt" be?

The BUCCANEER in the past has always been the most widely criticized of any campus publication. Ever since its conception ten years ago, there has been much of the time some movement on foot either to abolish it altogether or to put it under a strict faculty censorship. It has even been suggested that it be published, somewhat as is the *Carolina Magazine,* as a comic supplement to the *Daily Tar Heel.* By some quirk of fate the BUCCANEER has remained a separate campus publication with no provision for censorship by any part of the student or faculty administrative boards.

Last year the editor appointed an advisory board to read the copy for the BUCCANEER before it went to press and to recommend that those jokes be removed, which they thought to be too salacious or pornographich for campus consumption. While we believe that this move was a good one in that it offered more than one viewpoint besides that of the editor as to what material was acceptable for publication, it would seem to indicate to the campus at large, although the editor did not intend for it to, that he was shoving some of the responsibility for the printed matter in the BUCCANEER off on the shoulders of others. For this reason we intend to appoint no advisory board and to take all responsibility for anything printed in this publication.

After the vociferous indignation that was registered by the campus last year when the editor announced a policy of printing a "clean" BUCCANEER, we realize the futility of trying to make this magazine vie in purity with the Ladies' Home Journal or Better Homes and Gardens, but we do believe that the BUCCANEER can be published upon a higher plane of humor than it has in the past ten years. It is upon this assumption that we intend to work during the coming year. As to the meaning of "higher plane of humor" we leave that for you to decide. We therefore wish to present to you the Commencement Number of the CAROLINA BUCCANEER for your amusement and enjoyment; we hope.



So long, ma, I'm goin' East and fight gangsters.

B.O.'s by C.C.

Which of the recently discharged campus leaders was seen at the Washington Duke early one fine bright morning?

?????

What two co-eds were rescued "in the nick of time" by what handsome Romeo?

?????

What's this about the Sigma Nus getting up a list of co-eds on the campus with certain vital facts attached to each one? Ought to make interesting reading, boys. . .

. . . . .

Who is the unfortunate track star who is continually hearing of dates made for him by someone else? And how many girls has he unwittingly stood up by now? (Note: Girls, be very careful that it *is* Odell Childers that is asking you next time he asks for a date over the phone.)

. . . . .

What little Deke got the world's worst bawling out over the telephone by the gal they call Mae West?

?????

And when even George O'Hanlon and the former Woman's Association president go bicycling on dates, things have come to a pretty pass.

. . . . .

As couples are leaving the Arboretum, why do the girls always go ahead?

?????

What's this about that little Navy man's indiscretion? Oh! Oh! Uncle Sam'll pank!

!!!!!

And oh! those Juniors-Seniors house parties!

!!!!!

By the way, what attractive import was caught in a rather embarrassing situation at one of them?

?????

Who said the May Frolics were, "upon the whole, pretty hammy?"

What is the strangest blossoming romance on the campus?

?????

Which two young people are rumored to be engaged to each other, though each still goes with others?

?????

And which couple is said to have been secretly married lately? Ahem. (It might be a good idea to watch for developments.)

. . . . .

What little dear, upon seeing his moustache made fun of in the BUCCANEER immediately shaved it off? And then felt hurt because none of his girl-friends noticed it.

. . . . .

What goes on in the little green garden behind the little cream house when J. Fraser Allenby of *Carolina Magazine* fame has dates? T'is said this grey-haired old gentleman can really go to town. T'is also said that he has a live miniature specimen of that seabeast described in one of his articles. But he will only show it to visitors on holidays.

. . . . .

What "alumnus" of Carolina and Dix Hill is now selling "Crazy Crystals"?

?????

Ann what's this mystery about one of the new editors of the *Tar Heel Daily?* T'is said to be very mysterious indeed, but one knows what to do in case of all mysteries. "Cherchez la femme."

" " " " " "

What former hard BOILed egg of a columnist had to go clear up to the third floor Spencer one night to get his girl?

?????

What little import two-timed the one who brought her down and then lost out with the one she thought she was making?

What other visitor managed to have six heavy dates in one night? And were they heavy? Just ask her!

!!!!!

What couples took off for Southern Pines immediately after the last dance?

?????

Who has earned the reputation of being the most notorious boy on the campus?

?????

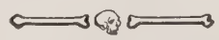
Who-o-o-o-o, I'm a night owl!

And so, good-night, girls and boys. Station C. C. now signing off.

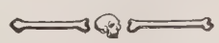


ODE: TO A CO-ED

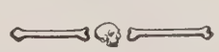
Other girls give me love ere the eve
is spent—
Not so, with you, my lass;
Instead of giving me joy and content,
You give me a pain in the heart.



The play director had just picked his cast for *Hamlet*. While en route to the first rehearsal at the Forest Theatre, he fell in an excavation left open by the CWA workers . . . Poor fellow—he didn't know his cast from a hole in the ground.



He tinkered with her appliance. . . He stopped for a moment and watched the circular motion with which it revolved. . . He wondered what could make the rear part of it so hot. . . Suddenly he discovered a hole, and then he knew that a good screw would fix everything O. K. So taking his screw driver, the electric repair man replaced the lost screw which had caused the short circuit in the lady's electric fan.



And then there was the contortionist who broke his back trying to make both ends meet.

These Buccaneer Contemperorries, From Their Looks Must Have Their Worries



THEODORE DREISER

Oh, Theodore Dreiser
Why be a miser
With a name that's a teaser
For the poetic phraser
Who is thy addresser
Of this enunciation
To seek pronunciation
Of thy name?



JIM TULLY

Oh, Mister James Tully,
There is ree-ully,
No comparison
Between the way your hair is on
End and the way
Your stories play
Up your toughness
And extr'ordin'ry roughness
But this ditty absolutely
Had to rhyme.



IVAN BUNIN

From the picture of Ivan Bunin
Who must have had a run in
With some dirty lowdown punnin'
Buccaneerite,
We'd say that very few min
No matter how very humin
Can't help but start a fumin'
When he has a Nobel prize loomin'
Up on the horizon.

Caricatures by Esquire
Verses by *Buccaneer*
Apologies to both



And if a girl answers, hang up.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
You alone remain a damn fool!

"Drink to me only with thine eyes" . . . the guy who wrote this was obviously not a Deke.

Advertisement: "Wanted, a two-room flat by man and wife without children until after June 1." . . . Hmmmmm, get it, Winchell?

The Wimpy song: "Why Can't This Night Goon Forever?"

What Price Love

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your 'fancy' free."
And I was one-and-twenty—ask me,
Did he play hell, tellin' that to me?

He's only a suckling babe, but boy, can he draw interest!

Sail on, O Ship, with the Seniors' fate
And give 'em all places in the ol' North State.

Campus Information

To make a raccoon coat, take your old rain-coat, smear it evenly and thoroughly with a good grade of heavy glue. Put it on and then roll on the floor of any nearby barber ship. Brush lightly to secure the proper effect.

Postus Scriptus

Darling, this is lousy verse,
Darling, this a lousy pen,
But darling, darling, how much worse
Could you and I have ever been.

Colorado's popular saying:
Denver the good ole days.

"And a Very Good Time Was Had . . ."

By Nelson Lansdale

With apologies to the late (journalistically speaking) Ben Proctor, we beg leave to present the following version of the Junior-Seniors: Vision of innumerable ties being carefully adjusted before innumerable mirrors. Piquant little hats at an angle. Big floppy hats. Hats like halos. Hats like buckets. Hats like nothing in the world but women's hats. Hats get in your eyes.

Hello there smile. Flashing smile. Cute smile. Demure smile, Genuine smile. So nice to see you again. Stardust. Dresses that swirl, dresses that sweep, dresses that ripple, dresses with trains. Dresses from the ends of the earth. Dresses that were fought for. Dresses that were cried for. Dresses that were prayed for. Dresses that were paid for. Temptation. Traffic jam in fraternity court.

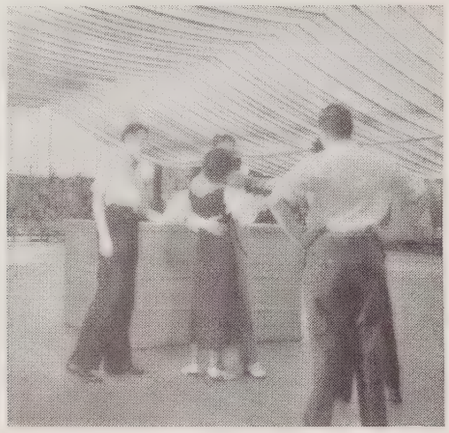
Fraternity playboy passed out on the grass, alas. Torch singer with the mannerisms of a great artist. Orchestra leader with same. You nasty man. Genuine kick the entertainers got out of entertaining. Red jackets, black faces in the orchestra. Lime and lemon sherbet decorations. People standing up in Harry's. Crystal ball revolving. Familiar nameless faces. A slick-haired, square-shouldered Apollo. The consciousness of being definitely smart set everywhere. Smell of expensive whiskey.

The veranda of the Inn being swept with the long dresses—looking like an illustration out of a book on the Old South. You have taken my heart. Cigarettes before dinner. Cigarettes with soup. Cigarettes with steak. Cigarettes with coffee. A ready-tied tie slightly askew. A hand-tied tie considerably askew. Chaperons sitting—sitting—sitting. Minnie the Moocher. Two males on the steps of the stately Zeta Psi house at half past ten in the morning—in tux. An adorable snub nose. Breakfast in the coffee shop. Slurr or student-commanded wheels in the driveway. Glistening blonde heads in the car ahead.

White linen suits flashing in the sunlight. White necks, soft in the flattering light. White shoes. White faces. White dresses with trains. White is the symbol of purity. How funny. Gleaming flask uplifted. Full moon. Dorothy Parker on the Yale prom. Love thy neighbor.

Gentlemen in tails wobbling solemnly down the middle of Columbia street at half-past three in the morning on Agnew Bahnson's bicycle—not Agnew. Yeah man. Sea of faces around the orchestra during the specialty numbers. Standing on the running board of a car speeding into the night. Evening wraps. Evening bags. Ice in glasses. The House is Haunted. Such a lovely time.

Occasional flash of light from the crystal ball on a pretty face. Immorality may be lots of fun but its not worth 100 per cent virtue and. . . Weary look of the man waiting on the table. Do or die look of the girl sitting at the table. Enforced cheerfulness of the man sitting at the table. Expressionless look of the man under the table . . . under . . . under . . . under the table.



Action photo of Junior-Senior Tea Dance.

Fooled

Co-ed: "I'd rather you wouldn't--"

Stu: "Aw, please; just one."

"But what will mother say if—?"

"If I take just one, your mother'll never know—"

"Oh, yes, she will; she has all her cigarettes counted."

Tell Him

"I've been to every country on the globe and I've seen everything there is to see."

"Did you ever drink Carolina corn."

"No."

"Well, then, you ain't been nowhere and you ain't seen nothin'."

A pal of ours landed a soft job—he's in a bloomer factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

—*Exchange.*

"Don't kick a man when he's down—he may get up."

—*Exchange.*

Stranger: "Are you an instructor in this college, sir?"

19XX: "No. My room-mate got dressed before I got up.

—*Baboon.*

Ezra: But I say, Hiram, why do ya call the baby Diploma.

Hiram: Well, Ezra, they told me that my daughter would bring back a diploma from college, and this is what she brought.

Limerick

There was a young lady from Athens,
Who handpainted china just lovely,
When someone asked her,
She said, "I don't care,
You don't get paid much for it anyway."

The Morning Dew

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn;
But when of you, my dear, I dream,
Woe is me in the morn.

Ode to Insull

Highly rated,
Soon deflated.

"What's worse than being a bachelor?"

"Being a bachelor's son." —*Log.*

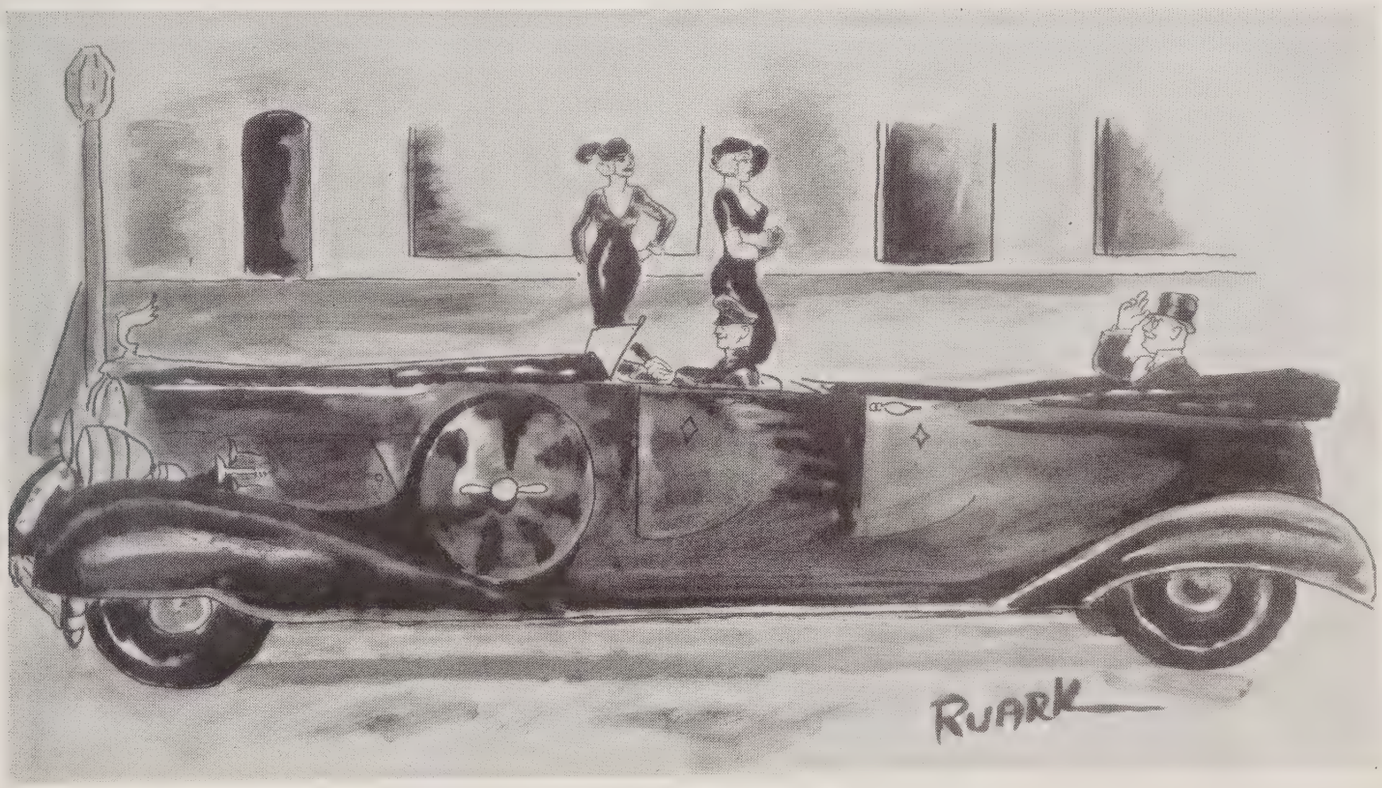
Three Ways to End a Dinner Conversation

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say, "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says, "No," ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says, "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*



Hiya, Babe?

Thoughts Just Before Graduation

I must go out on the seas again
Of pink elephants and pale green rye:
And all I ask is a clean sweep
And a friend to steer me by.
And exams all through and the songs sung,
And the speakers, thinking,
And a rosy mist on my own face
And a soft sun sinking.

I've collected a Playmaker mask,
And a Tar Heel key on the side,
And a Phi Bete key and a dogwood prize--
That cannot be denied,
Also some thoughts from the good, old Phi,
And a ribbon of the Grail;
And once (you might not believe it's true) but once
I was in jail.

Soon I'll go out in the cold cruel world,
To the stiff professional's life,
To the good man's way and the bad man's way
Where honors like these are rife;
But all I'll ask in humble prayer
Of a laughing fellow rover
Is a quiet place and a Buccaneer
When long day's over.

Gilded Fuzz Raps Andrews

Episode Number 1

Alex Andrews, the erstwhile editor of our college annual, not so long ago was in Memorial Hall when the Gilded Fuzz with hooded heads and yellow fur tapped him. Much elated he looked forward to the final initiation, which was to happen soon.

One night, not so long afterward, he was awakened by a bucket of exceedingly chilly water being thrown in his face. Much awestricken by this sudden visitation, he demurred not one whit when he was told to go and kneel before the bell tower until called for. After occupying the better part of an hour and a half in a somewhat cramped position, he was visited by a hood of masked men, who not so tenderly bundled him into a car and hauled him away into one of the more bucolic regions of Orange County where they massaged the most tender part of his anatomy, the part he is most addicted to using. Subsequently he was tethered to a neighboring tree and left there. After hours of struggling, he released himself, and limped back to the cheerful environs of Chapel Hill secure in the belief that he was a full-fledged member of Golden Fleece.

The rub came when he discovered that not only was he far from being an initiate of the campus honor society, but that the band of hooded figures was only a group of his fraternity brothers.

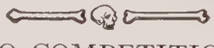
Episode Number 2

Alex entertained no hard feelings, for, after ascertaining the ones of brothers responsible for the outrage to his mental and physical senses, he asked them if they would accompany him to the woods again to search for a five dollar bill, which he lost the night before. They acquiesced, and together with Alex they climbed into his two weeks of age Terraplane (adv.), and sped outward into the night.

Upon their arrival they immediately set out in search of the missing bill, but their investigations proved fruitless.

"Just a minute, boys," quoth Alex, "I think that I lost it in back of the car. If you'll wait a minute, I'll turn the car around, and we can look for it with the lights turned on the spot." What was his surprise and chagrin upon climbing into the car to find that the keys were missing. What he did not know was that brother Hump Snyder had removed the keys, but what he did think was that he had lost them. Immediately he sought for the missing keys in the vicinity, while his fraternity brothers, weary of useless searching walked back into town with his keys. Alex, being afraid that some uncouth individual would inadvertently drive away his vehicle, stuck by it for the remainder of the night and arrived back at the SAE house only after dawn had come and gone.

For Alex's benefit we present the old saying, "What's salts for the goose is salts for the gander."

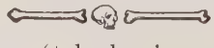


NO COMPETITION

The professor's secretary saw a magnificent blonde carrying some papers enter the office smiling sweetly.

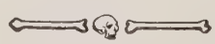
"Lissen, ya lousy co-ed," snarled the jealous secretary, "if you try to muscle in on my territory, I'll plant you among the potatoes."

"Hell, don't mind me," answered the other, "I'm only the professor's wife." —*Rammer-Jammer.*



Woman (telephoning to desk clerk): There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register." —*Exchange.*

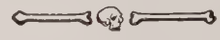


Attendant: "How's your oil?"

Cotton Belle: "Ah's fine. How's yo' all?" —*Yale Record.*

"We used to have to pay our little brat, Jimmie, to take his milk. Now we beat hell out of him with a baseball bat, and he likes it fine."

—*Colgate Banter.*



Chinese civilization may be older than the Western hemisphere. But its language has felt a distinct Western influence.

Chinese word for virgin is "Tu-yungtu."

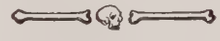
Pronounced Tu-yung-tu.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*



Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her with cider
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*



Then there was the guy who had a dirty joke tattooed on his forehead —and was his face read!

—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*



"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say, 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use going on with the conversation." —*Log.*



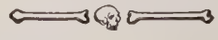
A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully.

"I am," she repied.

—*Mugwump.*



One: "Don't you think my girl's teeth are beautiful?"

Two: "Absolutely—both of them."

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party;" that being, as well as I know, the best way to start a column when there is as much to say and such little space in which to say it. This is the last column of the year, and while "much water has passed under the bridge" there is yet much to come. For, as we must all know, styles are changing more rapidly today than at any other period in the history of men's clothing. The Junior-Seniors were dotted, verily, with many mess jackets, many combinations and much white in the evening dress. The mess jacket is here to stay in the South due to its coolish comfort. I have finally decided that the reason for dinner clothes and evening clothes for men having become so set is that so many of us have such poor taste in clothes or else just don't give a damn. Far be it from me to say anything further on that particular subject; all I know is what I hear and have told to me and read, but, you seniors in particular, when you are being interviewed for positions this summer and next fall, will be noticed for your cleanliness, your taste in clothes and the like even though your interviewer may be the perfect example of what not to wear.

High schols take to the fads much more rapidly than the colleges though the college men get the blame for being "collegiate." Moreover, I personally feel that there is a definite trend on this articular campus towards the wearing not only of better clothes but for the wearing of neater looking, more tastefully selected clothes.

You juniors and sophs and frosh might well get into the habit of acquiring taste in your clothes for you too will some day be faced with looking for a job or position. I have tried to evaluate the worth of this column and wonder if it has been something of a sponsor in the direct uplook for this campus in better dress. It is so easy to appear neat and decent looking that there is usually no excuse for appearing otherwise. Having been severely criticized and lmost chastised for saying last month what I thought was an average ward-robe, I'd like to be even clearer in saying that that average wardrobe was selected not only by me but by style leaders on the campus and by leading merchants basing their opinions on what is sold in Chapel Hill and Durham and what they know the boys spend on clothing up here and elsewhere.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. John C. Lindaman, Mr. Robert Reynolds, Mr. Bobbie Carmichael, Mr. Morrie Long, Mr. Julian Frankel, and many others for their fine cooperation in the submission of articles and tips as to what is what in mens clothing. This group is among the better dressed element on the campus and they have aided me no little this past year in putting across many ideas that seemingly were unconventional in men's dress. Also, I should like to thank Durham Men's Shop, Young Men's Shop, Jack Lipman, Mr. Randolph, Miller-Bishop, Pritchard-Bright, Stetson "D," and Foister's, for their ideas and cooperation and hope that they will aid me again next year.

Dressing is merely a matter of taste; if you have not that taste, then depend upon your merchant, from whom you purchase to aid you in selecting the proper articles of wearing apparel. You must have confidence in them, tell them your needs, what you have and they will surely aid you in rounding out your wardrobe. It is to their advantage to do so. Moreover, they are quite willing to do this for us.

The tips this spring-like summer season are first, in bathing a kit containing trunks, a shirt, pull over jacket for beach wear and sandals for beach wear. The Seniors had the right idea in selection of a terry cloth pull over for the official regalia since it can be used for so many things after senior week; such things as for the beach, golf, tennis, and numerous other activities. Linen jackets, as well as Palm Beach and Gabardine, in white, make splendid odd jackets for summer and will be worn even more frequently this season than ever before, contrasting with grey and brown plaids, plain flannels and gabardines. All sorts of combinations are acceptable but the point is case is not to get too reckless and appear in something that goes beyond the bounds of good taste and appears outlandish.

Seer-sucker ties in the fore-in-hand and wing bow styles are going over well and may be laundered with ease. Bow ties are coming in again though how much play they will have is hard to indicate since they have never been exceptionally popular on this campus though they were fairly strong about 1925. Other ties are the familiar foulard, a light weight silk, very fine and unusually fine patterns. Botany wool ties are light in weight and their designs for spring are real "designs for living." The knit tie is well worth having, though it takes somewhat of an expert to tie one of them. Most of you know how to tie a cravat, but the proper result is often very poor. In all good taste, and for the correct sized knot, the wide and narrow, front and back, lengths should be equal. Moreover, this holds true for some knots should be larger than others. The foulard ties in a medium small sized kknot, while wool is medium. Calvary stripes and club stripes are medium to large. Please do not use a tie that ties in an exceptionally large knot.

C-O-O-L
Palm Beach Suits
Light, Cool Comfortable
$18.50
Crashy Weaves --- Sport Models
Durham Men's Shop
111 WEST MAIN
DURHAM·N·C

Sheep and Goats

Spokesmen—We are Sigma Nus and honest men.

Judge—Fine, the Sigma Nus line up over on this side and the honest men on the other side.

—*Puppet.*

A Short Drama

Mother: Were you discreet, daughter?

Daughter: Hell, yeah! We locked the door. —*Voo Doo.*

No Competition

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking about their childhood. Said the old lady to the old man: "Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes, you would hardly recognize the old place, would you?"

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

You know, our marriage is not legal.

Why?

My father did not have a permit for the shotgun.

George: What do you like best about Sally Rand?

Bill: I like her ankles.

Pete: I like her hair.

Joe: I like her face.

Jim: I like her cheek.

Statistics prove that more children are born now that so many poor people are out of work than before the depression.

Too much leisure!

Q.—What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving the duck, it should skid off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?

A.—Be very courteous. Say: "May I trouble you for that duck."

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

A MOUNTAIN IDYLL

Little Nell was in the front yard of her mountain home cooking soap grease. They called her "Little Nell" to distinguish her from her mother "Big Nell." However, Little Nell was brawny enough to lay out Big Nell which she frequently did when the girl tired of her old lady's arguments.

Lem Livergood sat moodily watching her lithe form as she slowly sloshed the grease around the kettle with a wooden paddle. Her placid face changed expression occasionally and her cherry lips murmured "damn" when a drop of grease hit her arm or coal from the fire touched her bare foot.

"Ain't no use Lem, I just can't make up to marry ye."

Lem shifted his tobacco and said, "I got the frightenest hound dog in these 'ere parts."

Little Nell shook her head. "Any gal would be right proud of thet but 'tain't 'nough, Lem."

"I make the best whiskey on the mountain, gal."

"I know, Lem, I know."

"Last week I killed two revenoo officers, Nell."

"So has lots of fellows killed revenooers, Lem, but I can't marry you for that."

"Who give ye that black eye yer carryin', then," he demanded.

"Yew did Lem Livergood and I respects ye fer it, but I don't love ye."

Then the mountaineer played his trump card.

"Where's yore pappy and yore two brothers?"

"I don't know," faltered the girl. "They ain't been home since hog feedin' time last night."

"I'll tell ye whar they are," countered the swain, "I licked all three of 'em down at the corners last night and they ain't bin able to git home."

Little Nell dropped the paddle and her eyes glistened, "Yew did that for me, Lem? Throw that tobaccer out of yer face and come and kiss me!"

—*Student.*

Saturday morning. . .

Bell ringing in the mist. . .

My groping fingers silence the intruder. . .

Heavy eyelids. . .

Blissful sleep. . .

Sudden premonition. . .

Sway drunkenly out from beneath the sheets. . .

Realize another 8:30 has passed. . .

The way of them all—

Long trek towards silent cubby hole. . .

In yonder postoffice. . .

No letter—

Resign myself to two eggs. . .

And a ham sandwich.

So what?

Dopey Definitions

(By J. Mudyard Moscowitz)

Risqué—99 44/100% vulgar.

Cuspidor—Man who buys tobacco.

Urn—Prize in beer-drinking contest.

Petter—Wanderer of the Waistland.

Paddle—Means to an end.

Pet—Make a wager (or should we leave off the wager?)

She: "You're from Carolina, aren't you?"

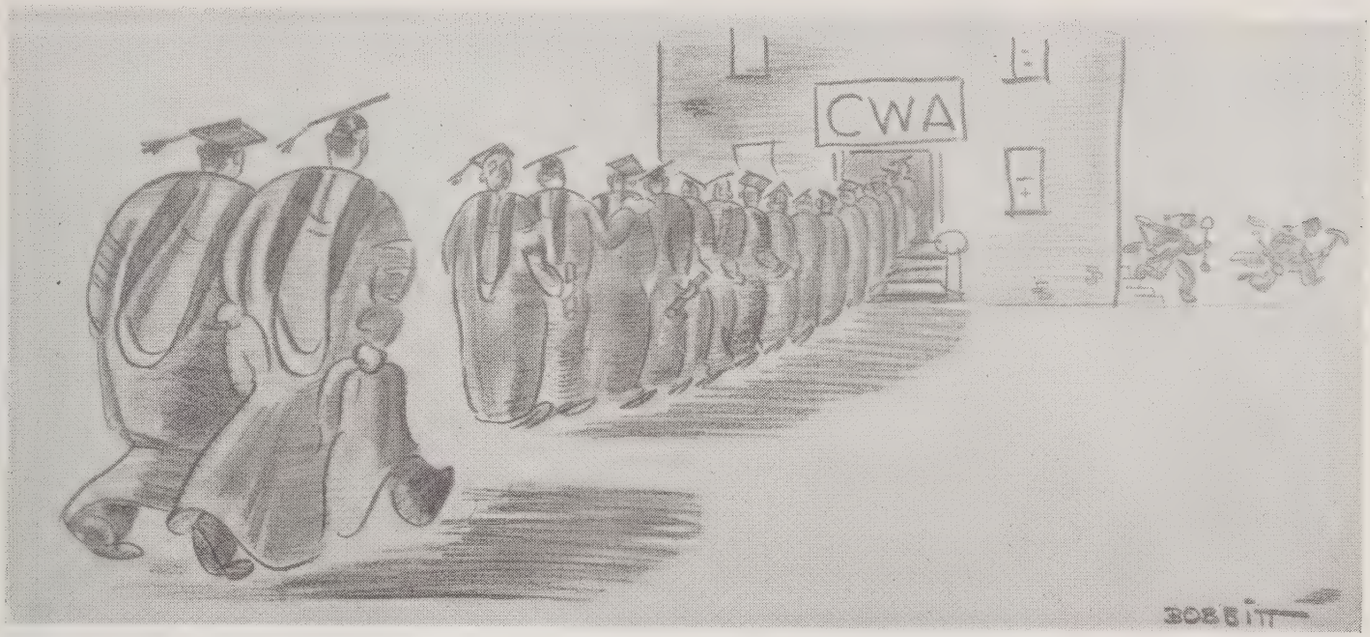
He: "Yes, but how did you know?"

She: "Oh, I just saw the circles under your eyes."

"Tell me, to what do you attribute your popularity?"

"I give up." —*Red Cat.*

There is no such thing as a good girl gone wrong. It's just a bad girl found out. —*Ski-U-Mah.*



Carolina Comment

Mr. Smith's palladium (word courtesy of Joe Sugarman, who corrupted it) is doing more than its share to provide entertainment for the studious students during the period of stress and strain known as examinations. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 30 and 31, George Arliss, in his best picture since *Disraeli,* will appear in *The House of Rothschild.* Friday, June 1, to relieve that hot feeling will be that bloodcurdling masterpiece produced by Earl Carroll, who knows the most beautiful girls in the world, *Murder At The Vanities.* Saturday, June 2, Frank "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Buck presents *Wild Cargo* starring the sex life of wild flora and fauna. Sunday, June 3, Janet Gaynor appears in *Change of Heart.* This is reputed to be her best picture since *Tess of the Baskervilles.*

Monday, June 4, the man who nose, Jimmy Durante, appears in that collossal, stupendous, and gratifying chef-d'oeuvre of photography, *Strictly Dynamite.*

Tuesday, June 5, *This Man Is Mine* comes to the screen starring Irene Dunn. On Wednesday, June 6, Adolph Menjou with his "Curse you, Jack Dalton" mustache stars in *Little Miss Marker.*

The prize optimist is the old maid who lets down her folding bed every night and looks under it for a man.

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Henry and Sylvia were out driving. Henry had one arm around Sylvia, when the car hit a bump and skidded.

"Oh Henry," gasped Sylvia, "use two hands."

"Can't," says Henry, grimly, "Gotta drive with one!" —*Log.*

"Daughter, is that young man down there yet?"

"Damn right, I am. What's it to you?" —*Punch Bowl.*

She laughed when I sat down to play.

How did I know she was ticklish?

—*Dirge.*

Then there's the one about the girl who stole her mother's corset and then didn't have the guts to wear it.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

C. C.'s by B. O.

(Continued from Page 11)

happened, which foretells a Carolina-Duke alliance. He looked at her and she looked at him, and they couldn't wait to be introduced. The lady's name is Connie P. and the lad is Carolina's own Bill Scott.

Speaking of Duke reminds me that the erstwhile president of the Carolina student body, cousin to Lewis, has lately become quite attached to a certain young lady at Duke named Norma. Our staff photographer was given the round about by said same lady because he fell for her girl friend, Nancy. And I won't neglect Benny, our ex-editor, who also at present has amorous inclinations in the direction of our traditional rival.

Contrary to an erroneous report which has had some circulation, there has been no severance of diplomatic relations in the Northeastern North Carolina-Western West Virginia alliance. An interview with the lady involved herself enables me to quell this rumor. So apparently all the romances continue to bud.

Nothing irks J. C. "Lashes" Goodwin more than to have feminine remarks in admiration of his eyelashes (they really are lovely) but the girlie

will do it. I think he secretly likes it, though, even if he does turn red on such occasions and sort of foams at the mouth.

It is along about this time that one can hardly wander in the arboretum (day or night) without tripping over parked nature lovers.

One evening at the shack:—On entering one (yours truly) found Lindy patiently awaiting the descent of the divine Virginia. Since they disappeared for the remainder of the evening nothing more can be said, but perhaps the less said the better. On going into the main "hall" I found Doctor Hamilton and Sarah Vann, esconced at a table, both reading, looking as if they'd been married ten years, and thoroughly bored with the world and each other. However, it's not always thus: Recently on Georgie Moore's entering the shack, Sarah arose hurriedly from the lap of "Freddy" with a muttered exclamation about a columnist (anathema) seeing them. Unfortunately, though, Georgie says he's quit being a columnist, but after all such little items of interest deserve to be written up. Tom Walker and "Dopey" Johnson were listening to the radio even if it was after eight o'clock. Tommy Erwin and Doris Strange sat restlessly by for a couple of minutes and then meandered out. Dave Spiers and Tracy Scobie didn't wait that long. Peter Jamison and Eunice Mae Pope dash madly for the little hallway by the dining room; if any one else is there it's just too bad. "Waffles" Humpheries and his "Senorita" the "Durham Eskimo" prance merrily in and out. George Moore and Jess Tayloe Newby breeze in and blow out, with the former leaving happy smiles of appreciation in his wake. At closing time Mrs. Lee valiantly tries to shoo the lads away; the front hall is cluttered up more or less indescribably with Homer Lucas and Hess Weaver; Nelson Lansdale and Eleanor Bizzell; Charlie Robinson and Flora Johnson; Jim Tatum and Lydia Person. With slowly breaking hearts the young gentlemen leave—some to go to late dates. With anticipation of very future bull sessions as to their respective dates, the lasses trail up the steps.

I hear that in the recent campus elections at the University of Alabama one candidate was kidnapped and another was shot. And that was the first intimation the writer of this column had that the Sigma Chis had a chapter there.

One little lad cut his face rather severely recently while shaving after imbibing well but not wisely. When asked why he didn't wait until he was sober (to shave) he said he couldn't go a week without one.

An eternal triangle has arisen in the law school now. Said triangle includes Bill Markham, Dot Daniels, and the Zeta Zip's pride and joy, "Win" Blackwell. Even the lawyers can't keep out of trouble.

How's this for a fish story? Mina (Minnow) Le Grand goes to Fountain (L. H.) to avoid Anglin (Bill).

I've found that Carr is no place for an afternoon's siesta, what with the "Quack" playing baseball on one side, and the lawyers pitching horse shoes on the other (side).

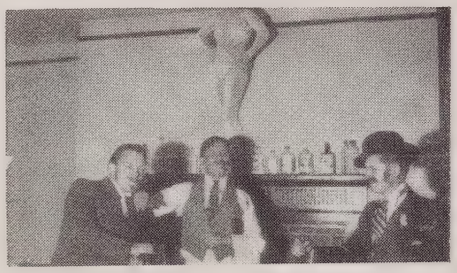
It is rumored that a certain member of the freshman track team was caught by the night wacthman behind the dorms at N. C. C. W. the night of the Junior-Senior dance—after the dance.

I hear that cute little Janie Jolly has it bad with a certain Junior or Senior at State (the Raleigh branch of the University).

Goodbye.

There was a young man from the city
Who thought that the skunk was a kitty,
But when he gave the nice cat,
A light little pat,
They buried his clothes out of pity.

Chansons Sans Paroles









Mable: "Should the name Fanny be capitalized?"

Flapper Fanny: "I capitalize mine." —*Exchange.*

I hear you call your friend "Esso."

Yes, he sure is the "Standard Oil."

Gambler (flipping coin in the air): "Call it!"

Stooge: "Yoo, hoo!"

—*Ohioan.*

REGISTER EARLY
for
VACATION



And Make Your Dreams Come True

Who gives a damn
About exams?
WE DON'T.

SIGNED THE BUCCANEER STAFF



Chesterfield
Mrs Smith?



Yes, thank you
Mr Smith!

They Satisfy

© 1934. LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.